AN INTRODUCTION TO GENERAL PRACTICE

TO MY WIFE

Without whose constant help encouragement and criticism this book would never have been written

AN INTRODUCTION TO GENERAL PRACTICE

By

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With a Foreword by

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TH W TE R T D I G S ESS D B IT I LO DON Y D RIDGE

FOREWORD

THE most significant feature of the medical outlook at the present time is the resurgence of general practice the fresh hope and confidence that animate its members and the increasing esteem in which it is held by the public and by other branches of the medical profession

The family doctor has always held a position of trust and honour Throughout the centuries as his knowledge increased with the increase of knowledge round him and as his skill increased with the addition of new methods and the improvement of old ones by each succeeding generation he was the central figure of his community the one to whom his fellows turned in trouble to whom they came for guidance But in the reassessment that came with the planning and rushing through of the National Health Service Act the needs of an art that had grown up over five thousand years and the structure of a profession that was rapidly changing as it had often changed in the past in response to changing social conditions received scant consideration by the planners A plan that has grown up over the years has all the natural rightness of something shaped by evolution by trial and error by retention of what is good and rejection of what has proved unsuccessful A plan that is planned by planners has all the inevitable weaknesses of the planning mentality because the planner is usually apt to be one who is determined to set right the affairs of others because he has made a mess of his own and who has the time to plan because he is not much good at anything else His statements have the dogmatic finality and his actions the intolerance of opposition or argument that the psychologist would recognize as the outward and visible sign of an inward and unrecognized doubt

In the reassessment of 1948 the general practitioner was allotted a lowly sphere that seemed at the time to have the sanction of history and tradition behind it Till the beginning of the present century medicine was one All doctors received the same training attended the same hospitals and took the same degrees After qualification they spoke the same

language and used the same methods limiting their practice to certain aspects of work only if their talents their natural inclinations or the circumstances of their life led them in that direction The leaders of medicine and surgery the founders of the specialties the early pioneers of radiology bacteriology and clinical pathology all came from the common stock The attitude commonly held in the twenties that the specialist was in some way superior to the practitioner had some substance behind it for the specialist had made his own position by his own ability

This was no longer true in 1948 but the legal view of medicine is always a generation out of date In a court of law a fracture of the skull is still considered a worse injury than concussion Even so the planners of 1948 were unaware of the subtle but fundamental change that had come over the structure of medical practice between 1920 and 1940 a change of which the medical educators are still ignorant No longer was it usual for a man to graduate into specialist practice because of specialist ability he chose it at the outset of his career very often for the opposite reasons because he was looking for a trade rather than a vocation because he wanted to work trade union hours with weekends free because his aims were social rather than scientific and he was attracted by the snob value of a house in Harley Street because he had not the ability to cope with the whole of medicine or the guts to face the hardships of general practice The specialties themselves formerly recruited from men with a sound training in general medicine or surgery had become segregated by special degrees special associations and specialist journals so that they were accessible only to those who had abandoned general training at the outset of their career Thus what has now been labelled consultant practice (though the great majority of those now labelled consultants are technicians to be employed rather than wise men to be consulted) was even then no longer the province of men of special ability but of men of special ambitions and real consultant practice that is the sorting out of clinical puzzles and after the preliminary sorting the decision as to what particular expert should be selected to carry the investigation or the treatment one stage further was tending to pass into the hands of the better type

of general practitioner men who had chosen rather than drifted into general practice men who found in the exercise of general medicine among a group of people whom they could study from the cradle to the grave in sickness and in health in joy and in adversity the highest fulfilment of their ambitions the fullest use of their talents

Across this inevitable development of medicine came the chopper of the 1948 National Health guillotine wielded by men of small vision The practitioner was cut off from everything but the simplest examinations from every treatment but the routine use of approved remedies Cottage hospitals most of which had been founded by his vision and energy were denied to him Radiological and laboratory investigations could be obtained only at second hand and after considerable delay Degraded in the eyes of his patients he was exposed to the complaints of every malcontent and unable to complain himself robbed of important professional work and overloaded with clerical work To meet the undertaking that all should have access to specialist treatment the ranks of specialists were diluted by the relabelling as consultants of worthy men who had been doing routine jobs in hospital with no more than adequate efficiency and by the recruiting of smart guys with the ability to pass higher examinations

Thus in 1948 we were told The flocks are now marshalled on my right are the sheep on my left the goats But what is a sheep and what is a goat? The goat is in every way a cleaner healthier more vigorous and more intelligent animal than the sheep whose only virtue is his readiness to be fleeced without complaining

That is the question to-day sheep or goats? Whatever the label it is clear that the increasing complexity of medicine is bringing the general practitioner into the foreground as the most important member in the medical hierarchy the one man who can view the changing scene with detachment and in true perspective the one man who can in the equivocal picture of early disease lay his finger on the aspect demanding prior investigation the one man who can hold the balance between the claims of prima donnas clamouring for the lime light It is becoming increasingly evident to those who think and will eventually become evident to those who plan that

the whole basis of medical education and of the examinations which set the seal on successful education must be re orientated with a view to teaching the common and important rather than the rare and the bizarre with a view to preparing students in the first place for general practice the stock from which specialist practice must stem

As a first step it is essential that doctors and doctors in the making should have access to textbooks that deal with those common complaints whose treatment will form their daily task throughout their lives A textbook of general practice should be the key stone in a doctor s library round which books of reference referring to the rare diseases and more specialized forms of examination and treatment are grouped to form the arch of information on which his work is based

HENEAGE OGILVIE

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

This is indeed the golden age of medicine and drastic changes affecting methods of treatment in general practice which have occurred during the five years since the first edition was launched have necessitated alterations on most pages of the text

Several reviewers were kind enough to refer to the first edition as a textbook of general practice and in an endeavour to live up to this tribute I have expanded this edition to include some reference to all conditions which the average general practitioner sees once a year While the views expressed are my own constructive criticism has helped considerably in counteracting personal bias and suggestions for future improvements will be welcomed from any reader

I wish to thank Dr P Hopkins Dr J H Hunt Dr D O Neill Dr E J R Rossiter and Dr D Wheatley who have all made many helpful suggestions concerning this edition while acknowledgements are also due to the following for their help in various ways Mr W J Beney Dr L R Holt and Dr H W James

D C

May 1958

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

THE family doctor has always played the most important part in the health service of this country In these days of ultra specialization when there is a danger of the individuality of the patient being overlooked it is more than ever necessary that the status of the general practitioner should be high and that general practice should attract its fair share of first rate medical men

Many medical students and housemen do not realize the tremendous possibilities for satisfying work in general practice —the abundance of clinical material the scope for research and the wide variety of interest for the student of human nature The emphasis in medical schools is laid on clinical medicine as seen through the consultant s eyes and the gulf between this background and the knowledge required by a competent general practitioner is often not made apparent Time in hospital after qualification is necessarily spent in acquiring further clinical knowledge but in an atmosphere divorced from the more mundane aspects of medicine general practice tends all too often to be regarded merely as the next best thing to specialization Many a young doctor enters general practice therefore with a slight bias against it and is unprepared for the type of work which he has to tackle He has no one to teach him his new job unless he is fortunate enough to assist an interested general practitioner nor may he have time to read widely in order to fill in the gaps in his knowledge and in writing this book it has been my aim to encompass in one volume the major part of the extra knowledge he will need

No book can take the place of experience—I can only hope that this one will enable experience to be gained rather more smoothly than usual Only the practitioner who has qualified comparatively recently can recall accurately the difficulties he first encountered on entry into general practice Recognizing my own inexperience I have submitted the greater portion of the manuscript to more experienced colleagues as well as to several consultants for their criticism

It has been difficult to decide what to include and what to

omit and there is bound to be a personal bias owing to a tendency to stress what I individually have had to learn since qualification I have endeavoured to concentrate on those subjects which are dealt with only briefly in medical school but are often encountered in general practice Much of the book is therefore concerned with such subjects as domiciliary obstetrics breast feeding family planning common disorders in children psychological medicine and the rheumatic diseases For the sake of completeness the handling of all the major and minor matters encountered in general practice is reviewed

I am greatly indebted to Dr F R Craddock Dr L R Holt and Dr H W James who have each read a major portion of the text and supplied me with valuable constructive criticism

I would also like to thank Dr John Lister for his advice on the general arrangement of the text while indirectly I owe a great deal to Sir Henry Cohen and Dr M Caturani for helping to mould my general attitude to medicine and encouraging me to enquire into the absolute value of every diagnostic and therapeutic procedure

The following have all helped in detailed criticism of the text Mr A Concannon Dr G H Daglish Dr J M Gilroy Mr R Howarth Dr D J MacMillan Dr F C Naish Dr F E Pilkington Dr S Noy Scott

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D C

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INTRODUCTION TO GENERAL PRACTICE

INTRODUCTION

THE practice of medicine is an art not a trade a calling not a business a calling in which your heart will be exercised equally with your head Often the best part of your work will have nothing to do with potions and powders but with the exercise of an influence of the strong over the weak the righteous over the wicked of the wise upon the foolish (Sir William Osler)

No one is too good to be a general practitioner (Sir Robert Hutchison)

In spite of the fact that for various reasons the status of the general practitioner is being lowered and his territory invaded by the newer specialities general practice can still be a full satisfying and enjoyable life It is certainly true to say that not a day passes without some human interest or some clinical satisfaction The family doctor controls the destinies of his patients to an extent which can be frightening to the young initiate

A general practitioner s status is to a large extent what he himself makes it When successful and well liked he is a respected and honoured member of any community There is no reason therefore why general practitioners as a whole should not regain the respect in which they used to be held by the profession and the community at large in spite of the aura of omniscience in which the specialist tends to be enveloped

The College of General Practitioners is to the fore in the recent resurgence of general practice and already has solid achievements to its credit in the fields of undergraduate education postgraduate education and research

The Financial Prospects of General Practice The doctor with an average list of about 2 300 patients in July 1957 should have a gross annual income in the region of £2 800 or £2 900 if he undertakes midwifery but has no other additional

sources of income This will give him a net income of between £1 700 and £2 100 per annum

Opportunities for Research in General Practice There is plenty of scope for valuable research in general practice on three main lines —

(1) The long term follow up of common conditions

(2) The collection of epidemiological information

(3) The recognition of new syndromes For instance most of the work on Bornholm s disease has been done by general practitioners in different countries

The Disadvantages of General Practice The long hours and lack of personal freedom of the single handed practitioner are a grave disadvantage but most young practitioners of to day enter partnerships where there are arrangements for off duty General practice is what you make it and in a well run practice there are few calls out of hours—certainly not enough to tax the strength and patience of a doctor in partnership except in particularly busy times such as during an epidemic

Loss of clinical control of patients on removal to hospital is almost complete nowadays as the cottage hospital system is tending to die out and few general practitioners have any control over hospital beds B M A policy is however to attempt to reverse this trend However it is sometimes an advantage to be relieved of the responsibility of a seriously ill patient during a busy time and convalescence usually takes place under home conditions

It is sometimes imagined that interesting cases rarely come to the notice of the individual general practitioner A doctor who is not satisfied unless he sees many interesting cases should not be in general practice as medicine is to him an intellectual pursuit and not a vocation but there are quite enough good cases to keep the general practitioner s clinical interest and diagnostic ability alive

The Qualities Necessary for a Good General Practitioner Success in general practice can only come as a result of personal qualities such as are necessary in few other branches of medicine but a successful practitioner is not necessarily a good one although a good general practitioner is usually successful

The first essential to good practice is knowledge the second is a liking for people and the third wisdom

Knowledge The medical qualification no more fits a man to be a good general practitioner than it fits him to be a good surgeon A general practitioner cannot approach anything like the highest quality in his work until he has had a year or two of post graduate hospital experience and three or four years in general practice preferably working with one or more experienced general practitioners If at some time he has had the opportunity to travel or to work among different classes of people and so to broaden his outlook his progress towards maturity as a practitioner will be hastened

In my experience the hospital appointments which have proved to be of most value to an intending general practitioner are —

House Physician
Obstetric House Surgeon
Pædiatric House Surgeon

At least one, and preferably two of these appointments should be in non teaching hospitals which admit more of the type of case likely to be seen in general practice It is an advantage if one or more of the appointments includes work in the skin and casualty departments and if a fourth term of six months can be afforded an appointment as Casualty Officer is more valuable than one of House Surgeon

During his apprenticeship in general practice wide reading is necessary together with regular study of two or more periodicals

A Liking for People This is essential if the doctor is to enjoy his work and only if he enjoys his work can he truly give of his best to his patients The majority of people even those who from first impressions appear to be unpleasant and demanding are found on closer acquaintance to be likeable

A liking for people brings with it an interest in them and this is an absolute necessity for good general practice Alvarez has said that one of the finest faculties the doctor can cultivate is that of making his patients feel as they sit in his consulting room that for the time being he belongs wholly to them and he is not in the least concerned over the fact that a dozen people are waiting outside It is a sad commentary on the present state of general practice that new patients can still

say after a first consultation It s good to meet a doctor who takes an interest in you or Thanks for the interest you ve shown doctor I feel I can talk to you Patients should expect an interest taken in them as their right It is what most of them value more than clinical acumen as with it comes patience kindness and sympathy

If a doctor likes his patients and is really interested in them they will come to like him whatever the apparent defects of his personality

Wisdom Wisdom can only come with experience experience of human nature and experience of clinical medicine under domiciliary conditions It will only come however if the doctor preserves an enquiring mind Lord Dawson has said a doctor is a student till death or shall I say that when he ceases to be a student he dies

Some Differences Between General and Hospital Practice

Entering general practice from the hospital atmosphere is like going into another world responsibility is increased quick decisions must be made and the wheat has daily to be separated from the chaff usually without the help of special methods of investigation Judgment is passed not on a doctor s work but on the way in which it is done and much of his best work therefore escapes recognition Personality and tact count for more than academic ability On balance however the general practitioner gets more undeserved praise than blame

On Dealing with the Patient in Surgery

(1) History Taking The conventional method has to be modified under busy surgery conditions The aim is to find out as quickly as possible what is really troubling the patient and then to go into all *relevant* history relating to the patient and his complaint in the way in which it comes most easily

After finding out the initial complaint it is usually best to discover when and how the trouble started remembering that it is not always easy for anyone to fix the onset of symptoms arising gradually unless they are associated with some par

ticular event or time of the year The history can be continued while the patient is being examined and any points which have been forgotten can then be covered In any major disorder the family history personal history and history of previous illnesses must be covered If the history is long or complicated and a thorough examination is also necessary this may have to be postponed to the next consultation

Symptoms Todd has divided symptoms into those real and those unreal and the distinction is useful Real symptoms are intrinsically unpleasant the main ones being pain (and discomfort) depression and anxiety Unreal symptoms such as amenorrhœa and melæna are usually associated with real symptoms as well Thus if a girl complains of infrequent periods it is not because the hypomenorrhœa is unpleasant in itself but because she fears that she is abnormal or unable to bear children It is thus always necessary to find out why the patient has really come Fear and anxiety are common unexpressed symptoms, which lurk behind the unreal symptoms with which many people come to the doctor They often lie behind the trivial complaint (see Chapter IV)

Halliday says that three questions should always be asked of oneself when thinking of ætiology —

(1) What kind of person is this? (*Is he sensitive or highly strung? Is he emotionally mature?*)

(2) Why of all the days and weeks in his life did he begin to take ill when he did? (*Has any stress or strain precipitated his illness either directly or by lowering his resistance?*)

(3) Why did he take ill in the manner which he did? (*Has he any hereditary tendency which predisposes him to react to infection trauma or stress in a particular way?*)

The Poor Historian The patient from whom it is very difficult to get a good history is often mentally deficient, or suffering from cerebral arteriosclerosis and to get exasperated with him only makes matters worse This type of patient finds difficulty in putting his feelings into words and feelings are often translated into pain Thus depression is conveyed by some patients as a pain in the head One must always make sure what a patient means by a word His idea of constipation for instance may be normal stools on alternate days without any symptoms

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A TREASURY
OF SATIRE

THE NATURE AND VALUE OF SATIRE



I What Satire Is

THERE wouldn t be much exaggeration in saying that everybody recognizes satire and that nobody knows what it is For satire is more common in everyday speech than it is brandishing sword or bludgeon and formally labeled as satire in books The laughing quip the rough jest that explodes and scatters a critical light over its victim probably crackled back and forth among the builders of the Pyramids and of the Roman aqueducts just as it does among the builders of skyscrapers and hydroelectric dams The sly remark leaving a delayed poison of meaning behind it was doubtless as favored by the ladies of Nineveh as by ladies who dwell in apartment hotels and metropolitan suburbs Sharp tongues subtle tongues sarcastic tongues there is a tincture of satire in all of these identified and sometimes resented even by those who may never have heard the word satire (This may be why some folk don t like it in literature We all know the argument 'There is so much unpleasantness in life I don t know why we must have it in art)

We Americans in particular are such addicts of satire that we have domesticated it for daily use in the form of the wisecrack which crepitates everywhere in our national life from bar and office to burlesque show

lecture platform musical comedy, radio and newspaper column Every machine shop assembly line and railway yard has its rough wits ready to reduce an inflated ego among their fellow workers Our soldiers compose little ditties—

The coffee in the Army
Is very, very fine
It s good for cuts and bruises
And it tastes like iodine—

and invent brilliantly revolting names for articles of diet they do not care for I am subject to correction but I feel doubtful if German soldiers openly sing any such ironical paeans to an efficient Nazi commissary And we have a long tradition of homespun wit, running all the way from Ben Franklin s *Poor Richard* and the crackerbox philosophers through Josh Billings and Mark Twain (both in his *Pudd nhead Wilson* and in his personal utterances) to Mr Dooley and F P A It rings in the invective and braggadocio of flatboatmen loggers cowhands and Californians, bursts into the tall tale and the legendary cycles of jokes about tin lizzies and Samuel Goldwyn, grins through the nicknames we bestow upon public figures Old Fuss-and Feathers Jubilee Jim Hit and Muss It makes its way into folk idiom revealing the very operations of satire in those homely and vivid phrases which note some blowhard or hot air artist getting his "come uppance or being taken down a peg or two Satire in books is only a flowering of this vigorous growth

But what is the satiric essence that breathes in all these the dirty dig the wisecrack the sarcasm the literary satire? Satirists themselves haven t agreed with each other on what it is they do queerly enough, they haven t even seemed to notice their own practice Some satirists go around thinking of themselves as ferocious censors of society slogging away angrily at bad manners and corrupted morals and quite fail to notice that they are really high spirited fellows full of honest hilarity Joseph Hall who boasted himself the first English satirist said that

The satire should be like the porcupine
That shoots sharp quills out in each angry line

and brings a blush of shame he winds up triumphantly to the cheek of the guilty reader Dryden seems to have accepted this view of satire as an agent of harsh correction but it is hard to detect any reformatory zeal in *Mac Flecknoe* and the booby trap denouement of its coronation scene And although Byron tells us that satiric derision is for him only a refuge from melancholy—

If I laugh at any mortal thing
'Tis that I may not weep—

his readers cannot feel that any such depth of gloom animated the frisky passages of *Don Juan* Who believes that Byron s heart was sobbing "*Ridi, pagliaccio* as he described Julia berating her husband for his base suspicions of her chastity while Juan almost smothers under the heaped up bedclothes between her thighs? Who imagines that cosmic despair is behind the picture of Southey reciting his *Vision of Judgment* and setting all Heaven s teeth on edge?

It is not true, then that satire is all censure sadness and misanthropy The very satirists who most vehemently and solemnly claim it as an instrument of castigation often have a lot of gaiety in their satire But there are others who say it is the satirist s business to laugh away the absurdities of mankind by blowing them into annihilation on a gust of ridicule and who don t observe that some of their own most valuable satire is disillusioned to the verge of tragic horror Such satire may retain the form of derision but contain no more of the soul of laughter than the Fool s bitter and foreboding jokes in *King Lear* It is laughter from the teeth out really a hostile snarl the mere grimace of amusement when the mirth is gone like the Cheshire Cat s grin remaining after the Cat has faded away And in the depths of tragic satire there may be no longer the tone of even the wriest jesting but the voice of Isaiah or Job the agony of Swift s despair

Satire thus may range all the way from high-spirited mockery to torment The crowds thronged before the monkey cage in the zoo laugh to see themselves caricatured by the antics going on behind the bars satirists have seized upon the same resemblance Man, proud man says Shakespeare

like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep

More gaily Thomas Love Peacock devises his Sir Oran Haut-Ton an orangutan to parody the Rousseauistic doctrine of the Natural Man and Clarence Day in *Our Simian World*, makes a whimsically witty analysis of the apishness of human beings Or take George Bernard Shaw s use of the same image A famous bacteriologist had opposed the monkey gland treatment for rejuvenation arguing that it might sow in the human organism the cruelty and sensuality of the ape Shaw s reply purported to be written by Consul a famous performing chimpanzee

Has any ape ever torn glands from a living man to graft them upon another ape for the sake of a brief and unnatural extension of that ape s life? Was Torquemada an ape? Were the Inquisition and the Star Chamber monkey houses? Has it been necessary to found a Society for the Protection of Ape Children, as it has been for the protection of human

children? Was the late war a war of apes or of men? Was poison gas a simian or a human invention? How can Dr Bach mention the word cruelty in the presence of an ape without blushing? We, who have our brains burnt out ruthlessly in human scientists' laboratories, are reproached for cruelty by a human scientist! Man remains what he has always been the cruellest of all the animals and the most elaborately and fiendishly sensual Let him presume no further upon this grotesque resemblance to us he will remain what he is in spite of Dr Voronoff's efforts to make a respectable ape of him.'

The tone here is more deeply serious than in either Peacock or Day, but the technique is still that of wit and our perceptions are sharpened by laughter But who can laugh at Swift's loathsome description of the Yahoos, with their love 'of nastiness and dirt' their "stink somewhat between a weasel and a fox' and their leaping up into the branches of the tree against which Gulliver backs to defend himself and discharging their 'filthy excrements of yellow liquid substance" all over his clothes? The tone of nauseated disgust Swift establishes is deepened as he analyzes their character and we are made to realize that they are symbols of humanity itself Shaw's indignation could still vent itself in laughter, in Swift laughter has been consumed by hatred and horror

Aldous Huxley also uses this image of the Angry Ape In his *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan* the Fifth Earl of Gonister an eighteenth century aristocrat, has discovered the means of an indefinite prolongation of life But with advancing centuries of existence he gradually degenerates into a hideous Struldbrug like anthropoid monster inhabiting a foul den filled with an intolerable stench The shirt which was his only garment was torn and filthy Knotted diagonally across his powerful chest was a broad silk ribbon' that had once been the blue Order of the Garter With one of his huge and strangely clumsy hands he was scratching a sore place that showed red between the hairs of his left calf' 'Without moving from where he was sitting the Fifth Earl urinated on the floor" The reader who is impelled to laugh at this passage has a strong stomach and a strange sense of humor

Our illustrations prove, and it cannot be too emphatically stated that satire does *not* have to arm or disguise itself with comedy Tragic satire need no more involve laughter than the happy laughter of children or the tender laughter of lovers involves satire A distinguished company of commentators have thus been quite wrong in declaring as Dr Richard Garnett for example does in *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*, that humor

must always be 'a distinctly recognizable element in satire Dr Garnett adds, 'without humor satire is invective so it may be without ceasing to be satire A great deal of Sinclair Lewis and Juvenal *is* invective Let any one clock the laughs in Juvenal or the last voyage of *Gulliver*, and argue that these works are not satire because they do not roll us in the aisles seldom even make us chuckle or argue that only those parts of them are satire which can raise some ghost of a smile

No description of satire can hold water unless it takes *all* the aspects of satire into account Sometimes the satirist tumbles in giggling thumbing his nose wielding slapsticks and bladders smacking people on their fannies and administering electric shocks Sometimes he bawls abuse or hisses denunciations flays his victim and then pours burning oil or acid in the wounds Sometimes austere as Dante stalking through the murk of hell he grimly describes evil fallen into its proper torments plunged in flame or locked in thick-ribbed ice The one ingredient common to all these activities from satire in cap-and bells to satire with a flaming sword is *criticism* Even laughing satire is laughing at not merely irresponsible laughing It invites us not to let down our back hair and relax but to lift up our eyebrows and mock The 'crack in the wisecrack is the crack of the whip and it is never more effective than when it cuts into someone s hide

But criticism alone is not enough to define satire Every time a book reviewer says that Peewit has written another lousy novel or a film critic remarks that Hollywood s latest epic stinks he isn t necessarily one with Juvenal and Swift Satire s criticism must be criticism with a difference Don t tell me now that the difference is that satire is laughing criticism We ve just been through all that when we proved that a lot of satire doesn t evoke laughter, so will you please stop arguing and let me get on? Unless Juvenal s *Sixth Satire*, socking the feminine sex all over the lot and Swift s *Modest Proposal* and Sinclair Lewis rubbing salt into Buzz Windrip and Elmer Gantry aren t satire at all there doesn t have to be a snicker in satire

Let us note in passing that you can t satirize innocent weakness suffering or misfortune No one satirizes a child for being so contemptibly weak that it doesn t beat up a brutal father or a man dying of cancer for being so stupid as to let himself be afflicted with the disease We mock the staggerings of a drunkard but not those of a toddling infant When the Judge in *Erewhon* sentences a man for the capital crime of tuberculosis Butler s satire is not directed against the defendant If we read that a chance passer by has been shot in a bank holdup we do not say 'the more fool he' Nor do we sneer at those who were so foolish as to let themselves fall into the hands of the Gestapo And even evil when it is fallen into misery and

has lost its power to do harm, we do not deride unless we have been made cruel by the memory of its past misdeeds When Gratiano mocks Shylock after his defeat at law—

> In christening thou shalt have two godfathers
> Had I been judge thou shouldst have had ten more,
> To bring thee to the gallows not the font—

many readers feel something horrible in his vindictiveness

But satire everywhere attacks evil arrogant and triumphant pride victorious and riding for a fall It attacks those conventional respectabilities which are really hidden absurdities or vices blindly accepted by thoughtlessness, habit, or social custom It attacks foolishness foolishly convinced that it makes sense, grinning and unrepentant in its folly It attacks stuffed shirts, hypocrisies aping merit puffed and blown up insignificances like the frog trying to swell itself into an ox counterfeit passing for true The merely foolish, satire may be content to 'take down a peg or two , the dangerous and vicious it would reduce to ruin But in both the important thing to note is a kind of *unmasking* The foolishness shown up is a foolishness that usually passes for sense The ugliness revealed in its true colors has masqueraded as merit

'The vices that call for the scourge of satire observes Sylvan Forester in *Melincourt*, are those which pervade the whole frame of society, and which under some specious pretence of private duty, or the sanction of custom and precedent, are almost permitted to assume the semblance of virtue or at least to pass unstigmatized in the crowd of congenial transgressions'

The essential trick of satire is a dexterous stripping away of false fronts We all know how the big time baseball players have been made into idols of the American public See Ring Lardner, then showing up his athletes in *You Know Me, Al* as a bunch of dumbclucks inflated with immeasurable conceit. And through his pages moves a host of others the mean millionaire who cheats himself at golf the devoted couple whose golden wedding marks fifty years of stupefying boredom with each other the village cutup whose practical jokes are born of malice and cruelty, the movie magnate whose Long Island home presents a façade of domestic bliss behind which his wife is drinking herself into insensibility Our captains of industry and Napoleons of finance are publicized as brainy and heroic figures for every boy to model himself upon Sinclair Lewis presents these businessmen through the images of George F Babbitt Sam Dodsworth the financiers Martin Arrowsmith meets after he joins the McGurk Institute the Colonel Charles B Mardue of *Gideon Planish*

Experimental science has come to enjoy enormous prestige in our time

Observe George Bernard Shaw taking a swipe at *it*, by telling how the biologist Weismann set about proving there could be no such thing as inheritance of acquired characteristics He got a colony of mice and cut off their tails Then he waited to see whether their children would be born without tails They were not as Butler could have told him beforehand He then cut off the children s tails and waited to see whether the grand children would be born with at least rather short tails They were not as I could have told him beforehand So with the patience and industry on which men of science pride themselves he cut off the grandchildren s tails and waited full of hope for the birth of curtailed great grandchildren But their tails were quite up to the mark, as any fool could have told him beforehand Weismann then gravely drew the inference that acquired habits cannot be transmitted'

Now naturally if the satirist is going to take potshots at everything that has a lot of power and prestige he has to watch out how he does it People of importance don t like being shown up as fools, scoundrels or fakers and they re apt to have ways of making their resentment felt They don t like it even when they themselves are not mentioned by name when it s merely somebody like themselves when it s only the group they belong to that is criticized or derided Let me use millionaires as an example Millionaires are apt to feel very tender of the good name of millionaires They will hire public relations counsels and form national chambers of commerce and go to a good many lengths to be well thought of short of ceasing to be or behave like millionaires And many of us who are not millionaires also dislike hearing them criticized This is sometimes because the criticism is of what we ourselves should like to be sometimes because we resent being made to realize that we were taken in by very ordinary or inferior persons sometimes merely because it is painful to be made to think and change our minds All these obstacles the satirist finds in his path

This enables us to say I think what satire really is It is criticism getting around or overcoming an obstacle Let me call this obstacle the Censor The Censor is always insisting that we mustn t say or oughtn t to say certain things To a lady who complained that somehow she couldn t explain how her fingernails were always getting dirty in London Samuel Johnson replied 'Perhaps madam you scratch yourself Now good manners don t *allow a gentleman to tell a lady that she herself is dirty* but *Johnson s form* of words gets around the Censor, he says it without saying it He even extorts a certain admiration from us by being able to say it Satire thus becomes a sort of licensed bad form

Somewhere in Freud s *Wit and the Unconscious* there is an anecdote telling how a powerful member of the Convention during the French Revo-

lution tried to wither an opponent of vulgar origin by asking, 'Is it true as I have been told that the member from Arcis is a veterinary?' The veterinary replied sweetly Yes, *monsieur* Are you ill? The intended victim has proved by courteous self-control that he is a gentleman whatever his background he has insulted the insulter under a pretense of solicitude and he has shown that the attempted sneer labels which of the two is the real vulgarian By doing so furthermore he has risked the danger of violent reprisal and thereby proved himself a man of courage as well But morally his position has become impregnable since if his opponent is reduced to an oath or a blow it is a confession of having had the worst of the exchange

These witty retorts are satire in the bud Presently we shall have to examine with more care how Johnson and the veterinary were able to get away with them and win our sympathy in doing so At the moment we shall note only that the devices they employ are directed toward enabling the satirist to evade or outwit or override the Censor Sometimes he uses ironical commendation sometimes circumlocution or insinuation sometimes he hides his meaning in symbolic masks sometimes he poses as your friend or disguises himself as a mere prankster He has loads of other tricks up his sleeve, which we shall see illustrated in this volume from Horace to A P Herbert, from Voltaire to Thorstein Veblen from Cervantes to Ogden Nash and from Lucian to Sinclair Lewis The white flour and grease paint of the clown are merely the most popular of these protective colorings partly because they are the safest, partly because they offer his audience the most heartily enjoyable compensations for being forced to think and perhaps condemn themselves That of course is why so many people are convinced that satire is nothing else but a comic liaison between criticism and high jinks

The Censor operates in many realms and on many levels The Censor may be merely the taken for granted the unthought-about He may be convention custom or good taste The Censor is orthodoxy satire is subversive The Censor is solemn right thinking satire is irreverent or blasphemous The Censor is the established ways of doing things in literature, art, science law society He may be the dominant political party or the dominant forms of political thought He may be the defender of Church and State the Moral Law and the Starry Heavens

The risks the satirist runs in the enterprise of outwitting the Censor may be no worse than flouts or sneers and they may move on through a whole scale of official censorship to social ostracism and legal punishment Tom Paine had to flee arrest in England for putting in plain words what Voltaire had been hinting by subtle indirections all his life There is a certain justice

in Kenneth Burke's paradoxical declaration "We might even say that the conditions are more favorable to satire under censorship than under liberalism—for the most inventive satire arises when the artist is seeking simultaneously to take risks and escape punishment for his boldness, and is never quite certain himself whether he will be acclaimed or punished."

But the Censor also establishes himself far more intimately than as an external Policeman threatening with rubber hose and club. Within the satirist's own heart he may insinuate himself as Conscience and Self-respect. Then the satirist's dodges can become—in part at least—an endeavor to hide from himself how little he desires to ride the bandwagon of respectable sentiments. Further, our feelings about many things outside ourselves are so deeply ambiguous, love and hatred so entangled in mingling strands, that we cannot attack a thing we hate without endangering a thing we love. Torn between such divided loyalties, by what devious attack can the satirist conceal from himself that he is secretly undermining something he himself holds dear? Deepest of all, this inward censorship may enable the satirist to diminish a private burden of guilt by projecting upon the world the weaknesses he feels within himself. Ridicule and self-ridicule, hatred and self-hatred, love and loathing are intertwined as if Laocoon were at once himself and the constricting serpents. Thus the satirist attacks *in others*, as Burke says, "the weaknesses and temptations that are really *within himself*." Such a "socialization of losses," he adds later, is a clue to the "*twisted tragedy* behind Swift's satire, whereby he uses such thinking not to *lift himself up*, but to *pull all mankind down* (the author himself being caught in the general deflation)."

These last aspects of satire help explain, I think, why we all enjoy satire, even those of us who demand that the satirist not "go too far." We all feel guilty about some things, and we all like on occasion to cut loose. These are the psychological foundations of the doctrine of original sin and the drunken binge. The one is a socialization of losses: if we are guilty, so is all humanity, and it's not our fault anyhow because we were born that way. The other is enjoyed for the same reasons that Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth* shows the members of the Ancient and Fraternal Order of Mammals enjoying their convention at Atlantic City.

By the time we are grown up, Dame Civilization gets most of us housebroken pretty well. But somewhere within us Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn still lurk, waiting to break through a thousand restrictions, bursting with wild-boy rebellion. No matter how tamed we may be, the live animal is there. The satirist enables us to kick over the traces, in thought at least, and still feel justified by the "good reasons" he gives us. He shows us Mrs. Grundy as a sham, the pillars of society as whited sepulchers, and the

Great and Good as stuffed shirts This is fun because it is release, and it establishes itself as right by convincing us that it is sanity

Even comic satire derives its significance from its truth We laugh at seeing some overblown pretension deflated some mounted gasbag tumbled in the common mud There is a sort of astringent joy merely in seeing a sham or rather seeing through it, in bursting the hot air balloon with a wicked pinprick The combination of hostility, sanity and high spirits can be fun in a cockeyed world But the revelations of tragic satire may be too dreadful for laughter You can t laugh if the compassionate mask of Mother Church is torn off and the jowls of Moloch are revealed beneath or if the triumphal chariot of progress is suddenly perceived as the car of Juggernaut or if mankind is seen as a perfumed and tailored Yahoo Only by ignoring its meaning can the fall of Man become a pratfall

And consequently people have often felt that there is something ill-humored about satire Its laughter hardly conceals a sneer of scorn its tragic seriousness has an odor of bitter almonds Isn t there they may ask a kind of moral jaundice in a vision so colored with ridicule or disgust? An eye blind to merit they might say, and a nose sharp for evil are the satirist s distinguishing traits Skippy s Always belittlin ' his motto

Sometimes the accusation has a partial truth To the sad and angry heart of Swift to the Lucretian laughter of Anatole France virtue was less visible than vice But the vice they saw was real We cannot deny it because it was almost all they saw, any more than we could call Leeuwenhoek s microbes a delusion because he saw them everywhere Satire is the antidote to Pollyanna and Dr Pangloss with their rose colored image of a best of all possible worlds At its sanest and most penetrating it does not cancel distortion with counterdistortion It merely focuses our gaze sharply upon the contrast between things as they should be and as they are

II How Satire Works

TRUTH can often be spoken with impunity home truth seldom And yet home truths are the kind satire deals in Unless the satirist just happens by sheer luck to have some disarming characteristic his telling of home truths must be a shrewdly planned campaign aided by all the devices of strategy and every instrument of psychological warfare The weapons in his arsenal may range not only from stilettos to battering rams they may

include all sorts of unorthodox and undignified devices—custard pies, poisoned needles pots of paint, sledge hammers pancake batter the wildest inventions of Rube Goldberg

No doubt those the satirist exploits will be those which come easiest to him One satirist has a foolish clownish manner another a sleepy innocence that lulls suspicion of his meaning anything in particular until our minds are snared, a third the chip on the-shoulder truculence of a belligerently honest man, a fourth the relentless pressure of an inevitable logic Like the rest of us satirists work away on what they re good at and turn occasionally to whatever else seems to be needed No satirist uses a single method only, but each has his favorites Swift s was irony, Frank Sullivan s is an insane sequence of association

Neither irony nor insanity is necessarily satire of course When Oliver Herford said that his wife had a whim of iron that was witty irony it understates the degree of the lady s determination and at the same time implies the triviality of the desires her will was exercised upon and it is satire But every time a husband calls his wife the little woman although he may be understating her size he does not have to be satirizing her bulk Nor is all craziness of association satiric it may be mere jovial horsing around The same thing is true of all the instruments of satire A frying pan is a weapon only when it is used as a projectile or for knocking someone on the head

Roughly satire has two main methods The method of Juvenal and Sinclair Lewis and Dickens is to attack furiously with blunderbuss or cudgel That is direct satire The other is more roundabout Instead of meeting the foe upon the field it may pretend to be a neutral and undermine him by suave and diplomatic ways It may masquerade as a friend or as one of his own defenders and insidiously destroy his faith in himself Such is the strategy of Anatole France and in milder vein of Jane Austen It is indirect satire

Direct satire is the more obvious of the two just as a blow is a more obvious expression of resentment than a gift of poisoned fruits That is why invective is the simplest of all the weapons of direct satire It is bludgeon and battle ax beaten into words It is the weapon we most instinctively seize when any restraint denies the resort to force We find it in John L Lewis s denunciation of former Vice President Garner as a labor baiting poker-playing whisky-drinking evil old man We find it in truck drivers leaning from their lofty thrones and roaring imputations against the chastity of our mothers if we venture to dispute their monopoly of the public highway We find it also voiced with more adroitness in the language of the drawing room When Witwoud in *The Way of the World* speaks of the fool my

brother' and hastily disavows the relationship by adding that they are only half brothers, Then 'tis possible Mirabell replies 'he may be but half a fool

We might think at first that mere abuse would have little force except to the abuser But this is not quite true We seldom mind hearing others abused unless they are our friends and even then we may not always be displeased Cold blooded smooth faced placid miscreant, Byron calls Castlereagh and adds

> The vulgarest tool that Tyranny could want
> With just enough of talent and no more
> To lengthen fetters by another fixed
> And offer poison long already mixed

Unless we happen to be partisans of Castlereagh we are not apt while the invective is eloquent and fired by anger to ask ourselves whether or not it is just And indeed indignation is strong testimony if not to the truth at least to the sincerity of the speaker The man who is carried away by the strength of his emotions has no disposition to cringe and to mince words, where there is so much fire we unconsciously reason there must be fuel There is something almost terrible in the beautiful anger of a Shelley

The very truculence of the satirist may sometimes convince us of his honesty and courage A man of surly virtue he growls his sentiments to all mankind like Diogenes telling Alexander the Great to stand out of his light By God I cannot flatter such men appear to say to the world their diatribes fall with no respect to persons They may be disliked they cannot be despised they can hardly be ignored save by deliberately closing our ears Rough and impolitic they extort our grudging respect by the very rudeness that seems a liability They batter down our objections by sheer violence

Even when we ourselves feel the lash invective may still achieve its purpose If we know we are innocent to be sure we may meet abuse with anger or with calm scorn But complete innocence is rare against a secret sense of guilt the violence of the satirist is like a furious inquisitor assaulting the conscience Even as we shout stormy denials his onslaught may have pierced our defenses

One great danger the invective satirist risks is that of seeming to be animated by personal venom It is a danger Pope runs and despite his inordinate brilliance does not always escape Hi verses Lytton Strachey comments resemble 'spoonfuls of boiling oil ladled out by a fiendish monkey at an upstairs window upon those pedestrians below against whom he has a grudge The image like most of Strachey s striking pronouncements is a caricature of the truth Pope is a monkey with an eighteenth century periwig and burning oil too barbarous a torture to describe the imperturb-

able polite and deadly annihilation of his glittering couplets Though in wardly, no doubt he is simmering with spleen how magnificently in the suave dissection of Sporus does he simulate a contemptuous indolence! But in *The Dunciad*, it must be admitted Pope does fall into the blunder of meanly deriding petty victims for mean motives and when he does all his virtuosity cannot save him The most splendid cataract of invective fails if we believe its motives to be inadequate false or discreditable

The suspicion of general misanthropy is no less fatal We are swift to argue that he who sees no virtue in his fellow men must be poisoned with his own bile When the great creative writers desire to portray such a character and still retain our sympathy for him observe how diplomatically they go about it Shakespeare s Timon of Athens must be princely in generosity, overflowing with universal benevolence before financial ruin and the ingratitude of slavish sycophants lead him to curse mankind and end his life in a lonely cave by the ocean shore Ibsen s Dr Stockmann in *An Enemy of the People*, is lavish with the hospitality of roast meats hot toddy and cigars he is a devoted husband a boyish companion to his sons a public-spirited citizen delighting in the esteem of his fellow townsmen only by slow stages is he brought to the position that society itself is founded upon corruption and that he is strongest who stands alone It is revealing to see how Swift gradually transforms Gulliver from a prosaic simple-minded kindly sailor to a middle class Timon who seeks refuge in the stable from the noisomeness of humanity

When fiction and drama have to be as cautious as all this in merely portraying a man who ceases to be fond of his fellow men it is clear that the satirist especially the satirist who works with invective must go to the greatest pains if he is to avoid being dismissed as a sullen hater of mankind A great aid to abusing people and getting away with it is high spirits High spirits suggest that the satirist is not really serious that it s all in fun that his fury is only a comic fury mere kidding among friends Just as a grin and chuckle have saved many a man from being socked in the eye so a rollicking manner often enables the satirist to attack us with denunciation piled on diatribe and still escape unharmed

More important still some of the abuse will always stick It s a lot of fun when Byron takes pokes at the Lake Poets (All the Lakers in and out of place) as ' a nest of tuneful persons like four and twenty Blackbirds in a pye Southey he goes on merrily is an Epic Renegade who formerly prated to the world of Pantisocracy' Wordsworth who once season'd his pedlar poems with democracy now writes drowsy frowsy philosophic Excursions of enormous length and stupefying dullness The riotous attack comes to a climax with two of the funniest lines in all Byron

> We learn from Horace ' Homer sometimes sleeps
> We feel without him Wordsworth sometimes wakes

Byron makes no endeavor to back up these strictures He merely goes on gaily reiterating that Southey is dry and ' mouthy and that Wordsworth is crazed long winded and dull And yet it is doubtful that many of his readers have sampled any of Southey s ' epics or tackled *The Excursion* merely to check up on him And how many readers know whether Shadwell deserved Dryden s mockery?

If to high spirits there be added the explosive of comedy or wit the effect is still more potent The air of doing scrupulous justice to Wordsworth the tremendous backhanded compliment of admitting that he is not always asleep creates such a hilarious idea that we *want* it to be true To arouse our desires and then satisfy them by giving them what they have been led to want is thus an assured way of producing delight

For satiric purposes however abuse has to be more than funny it has to be damaging, and to be damaging it must strike us as really true The sudden revelation of a damaging truth is what makes comedy wit Abuse is not so dangerous Dr Johnson says ' when there is no vehicle of wit or delicacy no subtle conveyance The difference between coarse and refined abuse is the difference between being bruised by a club and wounded by a poisoned dart When Dorothy Parker, hearing that Coolidge was dead asked How could they tell? ' it was the dead pan inexpressiveness of the living Coolidge that gave her query its wit and made of those four words a ferocious epitaph The abuse is implied rather than stated but our imaginations are equal to the task they expand into the hollow presented to them with the violence of an explosion

It is possible for such wit to impinge more and more upon the painful In Charlie Chaplin s picture *Modern Times,* when the feeding machine into which Charlie is strapped goes insane and begins smashing the soup plate repeatedly in his face and violently scrubbing his mouth with the ear of corn like a dentist s revolving brush the effect is both horrible and screamingly funny And still worse ' Last week says Jonathan Swift, ' I saw a woman flayed and you would hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse The impact of this appalling sentence lies in its aping a joke in materials too painful for jest

But it is the wit in each that wrings the full degree of horror out of both Swift s picture of the flayed woman and Chaplin s satire on modern industrialism How efficiently benevolent is our capitalism insinuates Chaplin in its care of the worker using all the resources of technology to coddle him with the speedup and cram machine kindness down his throat literally choking him with good things Swift s irony and Chaplin s slapstick shake

down to an uncompromising condemnation of human cruelty hypocrisy and selfishness and it is their wit that gets them past our guard

In this discussion of what enables the satirist to get away with abuse it may seem to the reader that we have contradicted ourselves Strong feeling as an evidence of sincerity high spirits as evidence that there is no malice calm deliberation as evidence of mental balance, violence as evidence of conditions too intolerable to be borne with such antithetical means of commending himself to his audience the reader may ask, what can t the satirist get away with? The antitheses are real but not the contradictions For of course the inconsistency is in human nature itself in readers who are ready to cheer or snarl on occasion for very different reasons Or what is even more confusing for the very same reasons

Even so these facts do not make the satirist s task an easy one Criticism is still a highly ticklish job The fact that there are ways of getting the reader to swallow it doesn t help very much because his reaction is not certainly predictable Belligerence may win his respect on one occasion and on another rouse him to violence A loud joke may be met with screaming hilarity *or resented as tactless and vulgar Abuse will sometimes be greeted with* shouts of approval sometimes with angry growls Our aids to abuse are not scientific and infallible their effectiveness depends on time place and how they are used The satirist who wants to engage in any direct name-calling still has to be on his toes

Exaggeration is almost as instinctive to satire as smearing with bad names Serious satire does not stop short with a little genial mockery It is born of bitter earnest Now strong feeling distorts its objects Primitive emotion," as Lawrence Buermeyer puts it lives in a melodramatic world. Sheep and goats friends and foes are divided by an unbridgeable gulf All bullies are cowardly all libertines are heartless and the sublime can never become the ridiculous (Which is of course exactly why melodrama seen unsympathetically, *does* merge into the ridiculous) The melodramatic world is a world luridly colored and distorted by desire all our loves more fair than life everything we hate more black and dastardly

Melodrama is consequently a familiar mood of violent emotional satire *Like invective then, it sometimes twists the truth It overlooks parts of the* whole and magnifies other parts to startling proportions It may therefore result either in serious falsifications or in a wild but illuminating chiaroscuro Melodrama is honest it does not mean to deceive If it does deceive it deceives itself in slashing passion Its misrepresentations are innocent its insights emotional and accidental If we do not share its heat, every image may seem to us glaringly false its pathos maudlin, its anger nothing but hysterical rant Melodrama turns into burlesque with the slightest unfriendly

touch, so that just a tone of the voice or a little mugging can make *Bertha the Beautiful Sewing Machine Girl* into ridiculous farce But melodrama may also when it touches chords waiting to be struck in us or brings our emotions into accord with its operatic harmonies, seem instinct with truth And such an emotional valuation need not be false The omissions and exaggerations of melodrama can create shapes fantastic but more real than those of everyday fact Such melodrama is fantasy with a core of wild justice

The ease with which melodrama melts into burlesque however, shows that they are related in essence In a way burlesque might be described as melodrama self detected and tickled at itself Unlike melodrama, it knows what it s up to Instead of being angry, or only angry, it laughs It does not confuse exaggeration with reality it grins ' How like they are' It laughs at the foolish core in a solemn thing suddenly focused into absurdity by its exaggeration, it laughs at the misty dividing line between sense and nonsense so that a mere swelling or dwindling can make one a plausible image of the other When burlesque inflates things to grotesqueness just for fun it is one of the forms of humor when it inflates them in order to deflate them it is satire

It works a good deal like pictorial caricature Max Beerbohm describes the caricaturist as studying his subject with intense concentration to discover which of its features express its essential weaknesses and then rendering them by exaggerative distortions in the drawing 'Whatsoever is salient he says, must be magnified whatsoever is subordinate must be proportionately diminished Let us imagine that a man s meanness and sensuality reveal themselves in a small and evasive eye a nose plump and porcine Exaggerate both then make the eyes twice as tiny, ferretlike and shifty the nose a pulp of flesh to rut and smell out animal rankness ' You ask me How about a subject who is neither handsome nor ugly?' In that case merely it is the lack of features that must be exaggerated' Caspar Milquetoast becomes our model the wispy hair the inconspicuous nose, the chin timorously retiring into the collar

Such a technique whether in word or picture requires careful attention to its subject Crude burlesque may exaggerate at random, skilled burlesque is impossible without understanding And although a purely external and intellectual understanding can illumine a great deal the deepest understanding involves sympathy of feeling The best burlesque, in fact, is a blend of sympathy and critical laughter It sympathizes because its understanding becomes almost a feeling of kinship, it seizes on the essential because its knowledge is too intimate for misunderstanding Its playful exaggeration thus pierces the very heart of the absurdity

This playfulness forever present in either the manner or the spirit of

burlesque should not blind us to the fact that burlesque may also be deeply serious in intention Playfulness may be the voice of laughing anger or gay-spirited seriousness Playfulness may be a strategy, a weapon a disguise Satiric playfulness may thus serve to discount the very exaggeration that was essential for throwing the highlight upon a vital flaw So employed, burlesque is one of the most powerful weapons of satire

It is so powerful that there are writers who have regarded it as identical with satire 'The essence of satire," writes G K Chesterton, is that it perceives some absurdity inherent in the logic of some position and that it draws the absurdity out and isolates it, so that all can see it Thus, for instance when Dickens says Lord Coodle would go out Sir Thomas Doodle wouldn t come in and there being no people to speak of in England except Doodle and Coodle the country has been without a government', when Dickens says this he suddenly pounces on and plucks out the one inherent absurdity in the English party system Dickens in substance asks Suppose I want somebody else who is neither Coodle nor Doodle This is the great quality called satire it is a kind of taunting reasonableness and it is inseparable from a certain insane logic which is often called exaggeration Chesterton is right in finding these qualities in satire, but he is wrong in trying to limit satire to burlesque alone 'True satire he insists 'is always of this intellectual kind true satire is always so to speak, a variation or fantasia upon the air of pure logic As we have seen it is a great deal more than that.

Melodrama and burlesque are extreme polar opposites of exaggeration Melodrama is unconscious of its distortions burlesque twinklingly conscious Melodrama is all emotion and sultry seriousness burlesque full of light trickery and sometimes flippant to the impoverishment of feeling Melodrama is half a fool whirled furiously in all directions by its heart the gull of passion. Burlesque is never more tickled than in seeing quite clearly the whole ridiculous gulf between itself and the reality it reduces to absurdity

Melodrama is a treacherous force in satire precisely because it seizes control of the satirist instead of being controlled by him At some point his temperature rises his heart pounds and his eyes flame his brain fills with hot fog and he no longer knows if we are with him or not If we too have been seized all well and good but if not the *satirist s* hold on us is broken The earlier Dickens is full of animosity against melodramatic and villainous aristocrats whom we can t believe in His humiliation over the meanness of his own childhood background filled him with a feverish resentment of aristocracy even of good breeding that made such a person as Lord Chesterfield to his distorted imagination a symbol of polished evil Even his bur-

lesque fails to make convincing the nitwit Lord Frederick Verisopht, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, because we can sense the rancor behind the painted laugh (Contrast the genial and affectionate authority with which P G Wodehouse renders nitwits like Bertie Wooster and the Honorable Freddie Threepwood) And Dickens melodrama in such circumstances is even worse the polished Mr Chester of *Barnaby Rudge*, for example who was modeled on Lord Chesterfield and whose evident villainy resides in the fact that he does courteously the very things that the rough diamond rural Mr Haredale does boorishly

But it would be a mistake to think melodrama invariably such a failure Nowhere is it more powerfully exploited than in Dickens handling of the great Chancery suit of Jarndyce vs Jarndyce in *Bleak House* There is the opening description of the fog raw and dense and leaden all over London And hard by Temple Bar in Lincoln s Inn Hall at the very heart of the fog sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery There is the description of the wreckage of that Court s ' decaying houses and its blighted lands in every shire , its worn out lunatic in every madhouse, and its dead in every churchyard , its ruined suitor borrowing and begging through the round of every man s acquaintance , the description of how it gives to moneyed might the means abundantly of wearying out the right exhausting finances patience courage hope overthrowing the brain and breaking the heart

There is the broken man from Shropshire 'who can by no means be made to understand that the Chancellor is legally ignorant of his existence after making it desolate for a quarter of a century There is poor mad little Miss Flite who overhears Richard Carstone s whispered comment and responds

Right' Mad, young gentleman I was a ward myself I was not mad at that time curtseying low and smiling between every little sentence I had youth and hope I believe beauty It matters very little now Neither of the three served or saved me'' There is something very dreadful about this pathetic little figure curtseying and smiling and saying Youth And hope And beauty And Chancery'

From beginning to end the melodrama of this legal satire is masterly It creates at the very start an atmosphere charged with emotion and never ceases to work within that atmosphere Even had it not done so the eerie derangement of Miss Flite the violent and impotent anger of the man from Shropshire, the slow disintegration of Richard Carstone are symbols too overwhelming to be fought They sweep away all qualification they drown criticism by sheer power and passion In all their fantastic outlines they are too real to be resisted

The American scenes of *Martin Chuzzlewit* illustrate Dickens brilliance

in burlesque Colonel Diver Mr Jefferson Brick, Mr LaFayette Kettle each one of the most remarkable men in our country sir Zephaniah Scadder General Fladdock and the genteel Norris family Mrs Hominy talking deep truths in a melodious snuffle Hannibal Chollop 'a splendid specimen of our na tive raw material sir" the Watertoast Association of United Sympathizers—all these are the gorgeous freaks of a glorified circus But they add up to a devastating onslaught upon the America of the 1840 s cartooning in the loudest colors American boastfulness and bad manners intolerance and illiterate greed

It is burlesque that makes no attempt to get inside its victim We never have the faintest notion of how Major Pawkins and the Honorable Elijah Pogram must look to themselves And yet the distortions are vehicles of truth If Americans howled and winced at the time it was because Dickens hit home Even today will readers find nothing familiar in the *New York Rowdy Journal*, no echoes in the *New York Keyhole Reporter*? Or will the Eden Land Corporation seem scandalously overdrawn to those who bought Florida lots half under water? Nor is the talk of the businessmen and politicians in Dickens significantly different from the talk Sinclair Lewis reports in *Babbitt* Whatever the chance contributions that fell into the slow cauldron of their talk Dickens summarizes it they made the gruel thick and slab with dollars Men were weighed by their dollars measures gauged by their dollars life was auctioneered appraised put up and knocked down for its dollars Make commerce one huge lie and mighty theft Do anything for dollars!"

If the reader feels British prejudice in these passages he should note Dickens frank avowal that similar ones might be found in an English comedy without any gross improbability They are made more ridiculous, though as Dickens rightly says by all the high flown American professions of republican virtue and freeborn integrity Even so the Eden Land Corporation is hardly a slicker or more disreputable swindle than the Anglo Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Company or a Zephaniah Scadder worse than a Tigg Montague And the backwoods bullies and blustering American patriots with their 'Ticklers Rippers' revolvers and bowie knives do not come up to the brutal and cowardly Jonas Chuzzlewit poisoning his father s cough medicine and leaving his bloodstained cudgel in the gloomy wood What Dickens satirized in America was fair game He reserved his fiercest blows for evils at home

I have used Dickens rather extensively to illustrate both melodrama and burlesque because he is the most striking example of their powers and their limitations His melodrama fails when through prejudice or bad judgment it palpably falsifies the real nature of his subjects His burlesque fails when

we can sense the animosity beneath the pretended grin But his melodrama is triumphant when it works in an atmosphere charged with emotion, and his burlesque when it is carried off by energy high spirits and hilarity And both capture us by storm when through the fantasy of details they remain true to the essence of the object they portray

It may be desirable to add a note on two special forms of burlesque travesty and parody Both are a kind of literary caricature But parody, allowing itself much range in subject matter burlesques the style of its original travesty retains the original subject matter and throws the style overboard Quiller Couch travesties Hamlet s soliloquy when he writes To be or the contrary? Whether the former or the latter be preferable would seem to admit of some difference of opinion the answer in the present case being of an affirmative or of a negative character according as to whether one elects on the one hand to mentally suffer the disfavor of fortune or on the other to boldly envisage adverse conditions in the prospect of eventually bringing them to a conclusion'

Laforgue s witty travesty of *Hamlet* in his *Moralites legendaires,* shows the melancholy Prince being pursued by a relentlessly faithful Ophelia fastening on her prey with such pertinacity that he exclaims in despair 'Stability thy name is woman' The inner play an original drama by Hamlet himself achieves its aim with unexpected speed King Claudius a critic of taste expires in literary anguish These are comic inventions but irrelevant to the merits or shortcomings of *Hamlet*

Parody on the other hand when it fixes upon the significant in style transfixes the essence ' the style *is* the man ' Max Beerbohm s *A Christmas Garland* is a masterpiece of parody because it so delicately exaggerates the eccentricities of its victim s styles and does so with so much love and understanding in the midst of its gaiety that we find ourselves seeing not only their defects but their merits more clearly Take a single sentence from his imitation of Henry James It was with a sense of a for him very memo rable something that he peered into the immediate future and tried not without compunction to take that period up where he had prospectively dropped it Could anything more neatly underline James s fussily meticulous placing of modifiers and his old maidish precision of punctuation? Or take this from the imitation of George Moore There are moments when one does not think of girls are there not dear reader? and savor for a moment the richness of that word moments Or finally remembering Mrs Mountstuart Jenkinson and all the other clever dowagers who word their way through Meredith s novels flashing gnomic aphorisms take this comment on the six foot heroine of *Euphemia Clashthought* Nymph in

the Heavy Dragoons was Mrs Cryptic Sparkler s famous definition of her

Beerbohm crystallizes our perception that burlesque attains the heights of its achievement when love and criticism go hand in hand If the love swamps criticism satire drowns too But if hate slays understanding it also slays truth And the very essence of successful exaggeration is that its exaggerations are significant and true That is what makes it a weapon for satire

By all the means we have now glanced at, the direct satirist overrides censorship and makes himself a licensed teller of unpleasant truths Sometimes truth alone seems his sufficient sword and shield But sometimes even truth hardly seems to explain how he goes uninjured and he becomes like a disagreeable great uncle whose acid criticisms we wonder why we put up with Usually however there can be discovered even in the bluntest satire some quality of disguised ingratiation that persuades us to hear its strictures A calculated harshness as we have seen, is the ingratiatory device of the invective satirist "I am a plain man,' he says truculently you must take me as I am, I cannot flatter or butter you with smooth words I say only what I see without fear or favor This is the strategy of Juvenal

Disguising the satire as mere entertaining fiction is another strategy Just like Al Jolson whose rain wasn t raining rain at all but raining violets Swift in *Gulliver* or Wells in *The First Men in the Moon* purports to rain no damping criticism of human evils but only a refreshing story of wild adventure Babbitt is Sinclair Lewis portrait of the American businessman but no individual is George F Babbitt If we feel the lash and squirm we still cannot cry falsehood there would be no sting had not the stroke gone home Such devices enable the most direct onslaught to assume certain protective ambiguities

Exaggeration attains the same ends by seeming partly irresponsible Melodramatic exaggeration is the mark of a man beside himself with emotion possessed by fury no longer himself We sane folk do not resent hysteria or insanity But at the same time the Fool or Lear may speak truth in his raving His affliction disarms our resentment and forces us to believe in his sincerity the natural is too simple to deceive the madman too self absorbed to be thinking of the impression he makes on us That is why the satirist often indulges in various grotesque and violent eccentricities strange mannerisms that label him as innocent or man possessed His pretended affliction licenses him to speak the most pertinent impertinences

The personality of Samuel Johnson is a good example of such a privileged status Here we have the great scholar and learned doctor whose intellectual eminence and grandeur of spirit are at the same time fantasti

cally at odds with his strange exterior Puffing perspiring slovenly of stocking and dusty of wig he is a Christian sage with the manners and physique of a performing bear at once comic alarming august and profound What wonder if he made for himself at last a privileged position, became for many of his victims a kind of Sacred Lunatic not to be taken seriously and at the same time commanding the deepest awe?

As Fool or Madman the satirist melts into Jester, and thereby brings us to burlesque Silliness and mania are transformed into playfulness The jest becomes the excuse under cover of which the serious work of satire is done The irresponsible manner of jesters like Frank Sullivan and James Thurber persuades the scatterbrained to accept satire on empty headedness snobs to enjoy deflations of snobbery, and women to tolerate withering attacks on women all under the pretense that it is humorous nonsense But crazy satire may have darker causes than either strategy or exuberance When a humorist feels deep down inside him says Donald Ogden Stewart, that there is no outlet to his life that he is surrounded by blind alleys then his humor becomes mad fantastic then in his utter despair he creates illogical dream worlds and the sound of his crazy laughter echoes in the empty house'

So much then by way of a brief backward glance, for the ways in which direct satire overcomes the Censor But indirect satire, as we have said eludes censorship instead of battling it The opposition that must be beaten down in direct attack it sidesteps by a pretended innocence It assumes the robes of a disinterested arbiter judiciously weighing the pros and cons It disguises itself as a friendly onlooker, cries out encouragements even seizes weapons and offers itself as an ally Defenses that would never yield to direct attack are thus subtly undermined destroyed from within and imperceptibly crumbled away

Irony is one of the most powerful devices of indirect satire It is a kind of dissimulation and the ironist a dissembler Mr Thomas Heartfree' writes Fielding in *Jonathan Wild*, had several great weaknesses of mind being good natured friendly and generous to a great excess and was withal so silly a fellow that he never took the least advantage of the ignorance of his customers Throughout the whole book Fielding never ceases to speak contemptuously of Heartfree s low and pitiful behavior in yielding to tender emotions or governing his conduct by unselfish standards of morality

The method of dissembling here used as in all irony is that of consistent understatement. Although it can be used with the utmost subtlety irony is in essence a very simple quantitative device like exaggeration It is in fact merely a kind of inside out twin of exaggeration The law in its majestic equality forbids the rich as well as the poor to steal apples from pushcarts

and sleep under bridges' Is this an *exaggeration* of the degree to which justice is embodied in the law or an *understatement* of how hard justice is to obtain for the poor? The same words simultaneously embody both and involve both irony and exaggeration

This is not to say that there is no difference between Anatole France s subtle tactics here and the bitter hyperbole of Dickens attack on the Courts of Chancery The distinction lies in *what* is exaggerated and what understated Just to make it helpfully confusing let me put it this way exaggeration understates what we don t mean and overstates what we do mean Irony overstates what we don t mean and carefully understates what we do mean From this is derived the popular conception of irony as confined to saying the opposite of what we mean For if we keep on saying less and less of what we really mean, it follows that we are also saying more and more of what we don t mean, until at last the intensification of understatement results in inversion A fine friend *you* are is the final goal of understating the betrayal of friendship as this great statesman may imply a bitter judgment of mediocrity and a model husband clearly mean a lecher

But crude ironies like these slap you in the face They are hardly distinguishable from the brutalities of invective or the ragings of melodrama They are born of violent anger and mirror it They aren t very much fun because they give away their animus too easily Unless we can be brought to share their anger we may dismiss them altogether That is why the impish grin of burlesque is more contagious W S Gilbert has the Lord Chancellor sing in *Iolanthe*

The Law is the true embodiment
Of everything that s excellent
It has no kind of fault or flaw
And I My Lords embody the Law

We can t imagine any Lord Chancellor saying this but we can imagine him secretly thinking it.

The same puncturing of a professionable façade that Gilbert achieves by exaggeration, France s sly epigram on the law achieves by cool understatement It is so quiet, so reasonable in manner so laudatory in tone that we could even imagine some heavy witted defender of jurisprudence falling into France s trap and taking his ironical praises literally Irony is thus much more really a kind of double talk than the gibberish going under that name in recent years It is meaningful in two ways on two levels of perception It presupposes as H W Fowler puts it, the outsiders who hearing shall hear and not understand and the happy few who 'when more is meant than meets the ear are aware both of that and of the outsiders incomprehension'

Sometimes the outsiders would have to be pretty dull or callous not to understand Butler writes with cutting sarcasm

> What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
> About two hundred pounds a year
> And that which was proved true before
> Proved false again? Two hundred more

Lots of men no doubt, live by these principles but most of them would be too cautious to avow their cynicism, it is only dialectically that the fox is caught out in the open It is possible, on the other hand, for the ironist to cut things too fine The distance between Defoe s ironical suggestions in his *Shortest Way with Dissenters* and what the more ferocious persecutors really felt was so slight that Church of England fanatics welcomed a brutal lead and dissenters were horrified at an even more savage voice joining the rest of the pack The uncovering of his hoax alienated both sides

Defoe had merely carried injudiciously far an important characteristic of all successful irony the pretense of innocence France's *Penguin Island* rings a hundred variations on the device of having the action observed and commented on by some simple minded innocent a pure fool bruised and bewildered by the world, whose naive goodness is forever being baffled by the viciousness and cruelty of men As the Holy Mael he sadly observes that since the penguins became men they behave with less wisdom than be fore ' As the chaste monk Oddoul who has refused the advances of Queen Glamorgan he is rewarded by having an angel empty a chamberpot on his head As the learned Dr Obnubile he is flabbergasted to discover that industrial republics also wage wars And while the villainies of the world continue without end the pure in heart stand by helpless or when they endeavor to act see their efforts ludicrously miscarry

By such an appearance of innocence the ironist gives the impression that satire was far from his intention Any unveiling he has achieved seems less of his engineering than inherent in the circumstances themselves The facts seem their own satire This is much more persuasive than if the satirist appears to be calling our responses for us We have the pleasure invisibly aided by the satirist s hand of detecting the prey and bringing it down ourselves If the satirist manages to seem very naive, we may flatter ourselves that we have seen through deceptions by which he appears to have been taken in And when we no longer subscribe to this delusion we are not apt to be enraged for we have now penetrated the ingenious trickery of a very clever fellow The cleverer he was to have almost fooled even us for so long the cleverer we are in having been able to join his sport The whole process of understood irony is a delightful massage to our vanity

Irony has corresponding disadvantages When it is not perceived it may

seem to its readers and victims merely to be stating what for them is a truism, and all its wire drawn treacheries leave them unaware that they have been betrayed It is like that *New Yorker* cartoon in which the duellist cries Touche' having whipped his sword through his opponent s neck with such speed that the other does not know his head is severed from his body Sometimes, however the existence of irony is smelled without being under stood The response is apt to be a baffled resentment, bewilderment mingling with the feeling that the satirist is a wise guy But when his irony is not understood at all and *then* gets explained let the satirist beware That was what landed Defoe in the pillory

Socrates was an adept at playing the game of irony By a profession of ignorance by understating the degree of his knowledge to the point where he professed to know almost nothing Socrates lured the pretentious and conceited to their destruction For those who knew their Socrates the fun lay in a game whereby the man who admitted that he knew all the answers would be turned inside out by the mere simpleton This is closely akin to dramatic irony In comedy the victims of dramatic irony remain compla cently unaware of how ludicrous a figure they cut in the eyes of others they underestimate their own absurdities to the degree of pluming them selves upon their very weaknesses In tragedy they underestimate their peril by overlooking or misreading as favorable some aspect of their circumstances which we perceive to be ominous

This kind of irony merges into the irony of fate which is not a mere cliche for the strange or unexpected The irony of fate confronts us when in the very event that seems to gratify our dearest wish there is hidden a crushing disaster Saying little at the moment, it has already made itself part of the irrevocable past before its reticent hints have been understood Things or events have played an ironic joke *on us* sometimes a bitterly painful one by understating their meaning to us until it was too late Oedipus obstinately and hot temperedly determined on pursuing the investigation from which both Tiresias and Jocasta try to deflect him *is* an example of dramatic irony and what should be the triumphant solution of his detective problem—the discovery that, unknown to himself *he* has been the criminal the polluter of the city the unconscious murderer of his unknown father and the incestuous husband of his mother—all this crushing impact of revelation—is the hideous irony of fate

Irony, then, has larger bounds than are contained within a biting epigram or the stab of a sarcasm The larger ironies are cosmic they are entwined in human fate It is these that are more significant to satire than any mere verbal technique of slippery insinuation They may inspire the insights that shape a satirist s entire design In their depths may lurk the springs of his

philosophy The method of *Candide* is a ferociously hilarious mockery, but its strength lies in Voltaire s ironic perception of men s blindness to the cruelties among which they pass their lives and their indifference to the sufferings of others The method of *Penguin Island* is parody, but its core is an ironic deflation of history and of the golden vision of progress Irony has been the animating spirit of the skeptical philosophers among satirists In their hands it has been not merely a device for shaping words into swords It has poured the air and sunlight of reason into dark places and disinfected them of the superstitions that germinated there

Prudence is one of the parents of irony But irony is not its only child it has another whose name is allegory Whereas irony walks softly however, saying less than it means in an innocent voice and leaving its weapons well hidden while it courteously invites you to your destruction allegory disguises itself altogether It is masquerade or camouflage It guards itself not by insinuating mildness but by standing in the full glare of light and pretending to be something else In satire it is the machine gun nest disguised as the trunk of a dead tree In its verbal technique, instead of being limited like irony to the various degrees of understatement it is endlessly flexible It may make any image whatsoever the symbol for another idea deriving from the relationship innumerable advantages of association Allegory is in fact a special form of symbolism and in its use of symbolism lies its strength

In a broad sense of course all thought is carried on by means of symbols Words and signs are not in themselves the things they stand for Nor do they embody in any occult way the qualities of those things The word dog carries with it no rich suggestion of intrinsic doggishness Even words that, as we say sound like the things they label probably depend as much upon habitual consent as they do upon any real resemblance The buzzing of bees which for us is so murmurously present in those two z s, a Frenchman hears quite as convincingly in a *bourdonnement* of *abeilles*, in both of which words there is not one audible z sound It is only with a willing fancy that we feel a luxurious velvetiness about the very sound of the word velvet The relations between words and the ideas they stand for are almost entirely arbitrary and the words are only symbols of the things signified

This is not, however, what is meant by literary symbolism Arbitrary symbols have *no* meanings other than those conventionally assigned to them. Literary symbolism has *more* than one single meaning Sometimes there is one surface meaning and a more significant underlying one Sometimes a host of associated meanings intermingle with and color one another In consequence of this weighting with suggestion, the reader comes to

recognize that the surface meaning is not the real one No one remembers probably, how early he knew that 'barking dogs never bite' is not a safe guide to the behavior of dogs

A witty cartoonist in the now defunct comic magazine *Life* devoted a whole series of sketches to commenting on our tendency to leap upon the real meaning of proverbs without becoming fully conscious of the symbol He depicted the investigations of a group called the Skeptics Society into the validity of various proverbs In one the Skeptics wait with patience and soup plates, while a whole Gallic profusion of chefs wrangle volubly over a simmering caldron of broth In another the Skeptics eavesdrop behind clumps of shrubbery to see if two lovers on a park bench will laugh when a locksmith pops out of the bushes The ludicrous pleasure of such pictures lies partly in our surprise that we have never thought to visualize them

Symbolic statements like these proverbs give us in miniature the same process that allegory elaborates to greater complication Animal fables and parable are intermediate forms although the distinctions between them and allegory are a little vague and lie in practice rather than in theory Animal fables like those of Aesop and La Fontaine tend to be brief as well as simple in plot In the beast epic, *Reynard the Fox*, however, the story becomes a satiric commentary on all of human life, with the animals as derisive caricatures of representative types of character Parables tend like those of Jesus to be entirely plausible even on the literal level But they may expand into such an allegory as *The Pilgrim s Progress* where the story sometimes wears so thin as to leave only the bare moral Essentially allegory is only an enlarged version of these simpler forms a tremendously enriched symbolic image The whole of Swift s *Voyage to Lilliput* is nothing but a translation into imagery illustrated from a thousand angles of the pettiness of man

Symbolism is not of course peculiar to satire Plato s myth of the cave uses symbolism for metaphysical analysis Shelley s *Prometheus Unbound* uses it for lyric prophecy Blake s Tyger! tyger! burning bright for awe inspiring paradox The rich interplay of its emotional overtones in these may suggest its varied powers One of its special values for satire is that it may enable the satirist to evade the dangers of saying what he means outright *The Beggar s Opera* is something considerably more subtle than merely an attack on the eighteenth century Prime Minister Sir Robert Walpole, but it symbolizes Walpole as the highwayman Macheath and its victim felt obliged to let himself be seen in the theater laughing heartily at its jibes to show the world that it left him unhurt But his censorship refused a license to its successor *Polly*

Until censorship catches up with it symbolism offers the satirist a way of saying what he means despite all the bureaucratic devices of the dictatorships Thomas Mann s *Mario and the Magician*, written in Mussolini s Italy in 19 9 when Germany was already drifting toward fascism, "strongly suggests' writes Harry Slochower, 'the spirit of black and somber dictatorship that holds its power by trickery bluff and demagogy Its violent denouement, the shooting of the magician Cipolla by one of the peasants he has hypnotized is both a warning and a prophecy Except in its allegorical disguise it would have been impossible to imagine its being published in either Italy or Germany

The racial national and political theologies of today have brought with them in the form of Gestapos castor oil concentration camps and torture a resurgence of Inquisitorial violence hardly less barbarous than the dungeons of Toledo Unless it would have its tongue torn out criticism in the fascist state must turn to allegory Even in the democratic states sneers malice petty persecutions social ostracism threats to financial security may be the reward of the critic who speaks certain kinds of truths too bluntly In the nineteenth century we find Ibsen engineering his attacks by devices of highly organized symbolic metaphors Wives who exist only to amuse their husbands are dancing toys dwelling in *doll's houses*, if you say that the underlying idea is immoral and should not be openly discussed he replies with an image of concealed and buried evils rising again like *ghosts* If you now shriek that the subject is noisome he grimly embraces the accusation by asking if a doctor should not speak out when subterranean pollution is everywhere leaking through the drains and demanding to know who are the *enemies of the people* that seek to conceal the sources of corruption

But symbolism has for satire more than the practical merit of helping in the avoidance of persecution It shares with irony the advantage that its criticisms are hard to refute or deny For they are sustained not by direct assertion but by whatever awareness we have of the justice inherent in their implications If Swift makes his Struldbrugs hideous to contemplate and his Yahoos shocking to our self esteem it is we who have referred their characteristics to humanity What makes them rankle even as we strive to deny them is our own painful sense of the things they symbolize in mankind All the furious outcry against Swift s misanthropy and all the endeavor to find in these terrible images only the evidence of a mind unhinged prove but the more conclusively how dreadfully they strike home

The strength of such symbols lies furthermore in their ability to exploit the associations they carry with them and transfer those associations to the thing symbolized The Yahoos are bad tempered and malicious and they are also cretinously stupid they are revolting in appearance and nasty

in their habits and at the same time they are grotesque clownish almost ludicrous with their squealing and clawing their slapstick use of evacuation as a weapon and their embarrassing amorousness They fuse together what would otherwise be very divided emotions a comic loathing a savage-hateful mocking and tortured laughter And the Yahoos infect with their own filth and disgustingness the humanity we understand them to mean.

Symbolic language is thus constantly bringing its emotional overtones into our responses to the materials on which it is used When Goldsmith talking one day about how hard it was to write animal fables said that the difficulty was to make animals talk like animals he noticed Johnson shaking his sides Why, Dr Johnson he cried this is not so easy as you seem to think for if you were to make the little fishes talk they would talk like WHALES How magically Goldsmith s jibe transforms Johnson s ungainly bulk into the hugeness of the clumsy cetaceous monster and his orotund vocabulary into the whale s spouting and wallowing heaviness!

Even in such miniature forms as Goldsmith s whale symbolism clearly draws upon a concentrated richness of association As symbolic structures grow more complicated they may weave web upon web entwined in subtle connection A single figure of foolish pathos like the White Knight in *Through the Looking Glass*, can suggest all the melancholy and moon-struck idealism that ever was and a chessboard can expand to take in the edges of the world *Heartbreak House*, built in the form of a ship like Eng land riding the waves with its drunken and enfeebled master and its crew of idle and luxurious parasites can evoke an atmosphere of tragic foreboding as if we beheld the sinking curve of a once splendid trajectory against the sky Cervantes can deflate both an idealism floating dizzily in the void and a vulgar materialism insensible of ideals and do so with a tender irony that makes Don Quixote and Sancho Panza two profound and immortal symbols

Don Quixote is a revelation of how little the loftier reaches of satire are dependent upon comedy The crude practical jokes by which the Don is victimized come gradually to seem painful not funny and before the end are dropped altogether We still see clearly enough that he is a lost incompetent in the everyday world but his very delusions we begin to realize grow out of a certain spiritual innocence that gives him the entry into a no less real world of aspiration and beauty and grandeur Laughter would be out of key with this supreme wisdom

But laughter ripples through so much lighter satire or hoots with hostile derision in so many other of its modes that it is easy to see how plausible people have found the identification of satire with humor With wit indeed it has many affinities and with humor a frequent working partnership I do

not intend here to involve the reader in one of those long and solemn and humorless discussions of what makes things comic It isn t *things* that make us laugh it s our own lightness or gaiety of heart Anything the merest trifles can provoke giggles when our mood is playful Children can squeal and fall down on the floor in paroxysms of mirth at a loud snort or a grimace If grownups don t run around making funny faces and laughing their heads off, it s because they have forgotten how to play They insist on having something to laugh *at* So the philosophers oblige them with theories of laughter And wits and humorists help out maybe a bit more effectively, with comic stories and ideas

We must still insist, however that there is no such thing as the absolutely laughable There are people with no sense of humor who will never crack a grin at Harpo Marx s ethereally and preternaturally innocent look of being somewhere else entirely while stray knives forks and spoons trickle out of his coat sleeves and trouser legs and ultimately rain in jangling cascades on the floor just as there are sobersides who feel no sympathetic joy in the zany and Dionysian glee with which he lurches out of a coma to leap on some passing cutie And nearly all of us lose the capacity for laughter when we are having fits of gloom or have been saddened by defeat or bereavement Few have the flexibility of George Bernard Shaw who became convinced at his mother s cremation that her spirit was enjoying the absurdity of white capped men looking like cooks picking over the remains and separating wood ash from authentic remnants of the lady the scandalized Granville Barker commented You certainly are a merry soul Shaw

Humor remains closer to the childhood mood of hilarity than wit does Humor may be sheer playful nonsense It is indifferent to whether its fun is anchored in reality or adrift in fantasy It is highhearted and cockeyed, if it has any meaning at all the truth or the importance of that meaning is the last reason humor would have for its happiness Humor may have truth but it s just as willing to deal in fancy It isn t analyzing reality it isn t criticizing it s just enjoying its own effervescence When it happens to hit at something as it sometimes does the blow is only an accident, and wasn t intended to hurt

But wit has its eye glued on reality It distinguishes it makes invidious comparisons Unlike humor which is as sympathetic as a friendly puppy wit never merges with its objects It stands off at a distance it raises frigid eyebrows it touches only with ten foot poles or if it comes closer does so scalpel in hand Part if not all the world wit rejects into outer darkness, regarding it with alienation even hostility Wit strips away flattering disguises and checks the poor naked anatomy that remains by standards that would leave the judges of an Atlantic City beauty contest looking sentimental and

undiscriminating Even when it is turned upon some aspect of itself wit is as clinical as a doctor analyzing his own heart disease Its theme is always reality its standards are truth and sanity

Our prejudices writes Chesterfield, are our mistresses reason is at best our wife very often heard indeed but seldom minded It is the justice of its analysis that makes this observation witty Witty compliments have the same virtue Swift pretends to be mightily indignant at a lady who has sent him some butter churned with her own hands she is trying to bribe his good opinion but in revenge he will tell all the ladies he knows that she understands housekeeping and this will give you as ill a reputation as if you had been caught in the act of reading a history or handling a needle Observe how Swift s very praise is engineered by a backhanded slap at the illiteracy and uselessness of fine ladies

In contrast to these let us note how absurd it would be to say that our enjoyment of Harpo embarrassed by the falling silver is colored by sentiments about knaves caught redhanded or reflections on the vanity of transparent deception or disapproval of making free with your neighbors silverware or moral rejoicings at the criminal being caught Even as that pile of cutlery grows incredibly high we feel no hostility to Harpo and we are unconcerned with the plausibility of the situation We are *with* him in his discomfort, not against him On the other hand the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle entertaining Alice with sparse recollections of their Classics master but detailed accounts of the Lobster Quadrille is more enjoyable if we see Lewis Carroll s sly insinuation that Old Grads sometimes recall far less of the academic lore they studied than they do of games and parties

Wit then is a true instrument of satire but humor only a bait and lure Humor entices us into the satirist s net perhaps it does not truss us up until he has us tied as tightly in his clutches as Gulliver bound down by the thousand tiny threads of the Lilliputians Humor is like the cookies and candies on the gingerbread hut that enable the Witch to get Hansel and Gretel in her wattled cage to fatten them for dinner And when the satirist gets us in his clutches he will plump up our vanities pretenses absurdities and falsehoods to serve back to us at the feast of reason That is the function of wit in satire

Wit is not necessarily amusing Serious wit may be only a powerful searchlight thrown upon reality It dispels illusion startles our preconceptions and still compels assent This was the eighteenth-century definition of wit, which has nothing in common with the deep bellied laughter that gasps itself to tears until it collapses helpless in its own ruins Wit makes no such surrender to the emotions it hales everything before the high court of reason Mockery is merely one of its possible verdicts The facts may call

for severer judgment Wit is capable of protean transformations The feather that tickles us may write our condemnation the pen turn to a sword So the wit of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists helped to write the death warrant of the old regime in France But a new age executed the verdict

III Why Satire Is Important

AN AGE of change is always one of intellectual ferment In stable times men take things for granted Whatever principles or rules of thumb served their fathers they are apt to assume will serve them equally well If tragedy or disaster follow it is easy to believe that these grew out of weaknesses in the individual rather than deficiencies in society or men s ways of thinking But in periods of widespread change things are subjected to a critical overhauling Altering social institutions and conventional beliefs leads to criticism and criticism begets satire That is why the great periods of historical change have always been marked by a flowering of satire

Periclean Athens had the delicate mockery of Plato and the satiric genius of Aristophanes together with a cluster of comic writers whose works are now lost The Rome of Augustus had the urbane wit of Horace the seething Empire of the second century Juvenal Martial and Lucian Awakening Europe of the late Middle Ages had Boccaccio Chaucer and a host of anonymous satirists in ballad allegory fable, and morality play With the Renaissance and the growth of national states come the great voices of Rabelais Aretino Cervantes and all the wit and satire of Elizabethan drama Modern European history has been accompanied by an almost steadily increasing chorus of satiric voices Moliere, Dryden and the glitter of Restoration comedy in the seventeenth century, Pope Swift Fielding Voltaire in the eighteenth and since the French Revolution a roaring torrent that has been heard in almost every land

The growth of commerce altered the face of the seventeenth century world, the industrial revolution brought with it the changes of technology, democracy and international competition for markets England in the nineteenth century became rich with satire inspired by these phenomena Byron mocked his fellow poets the eternal absurdities of men and the vices of upper class society impartially Thomas Love Peacock took potshots at industrialism and ' the march of mind Thackeray at the materialism snobbery, and vulgarity of nobles middle class merchants and Indian nabobs Dickens assaulted violently the cruelties and horrors of the workhouse

foundling asylums courts of law, debtors' prisons governmental red tape the factory system and exploitation of the poor, Samuel Butler—but the list grows too numerous to mention in detail And meanwhile other countries are contributing Leopardi Balzac Flaubert, Ibsen Mark Twain Chekhov Heine Gogol Anatole France Marcel Proust

Nor does the flood show any signs of dwindling The twentieth century in England and America has already produced H G Wells and George Bernard Shaw (most of their work has been accomplished in the present century) Norman Douglas Max Beerbohm Thorstein Veblen Ring Lardner James Joyce Sinclair Lewis and Aldous Huxley But in addition to that it is hardly possible to name more than a few outstanding novelists in whose work, even when it is not primarily satiric, there is not a strong current of satire Wipe out the satire from John Galsworthy D H Lawrence, Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck James T Farrell John Dos Passos and Thomas Wolfe and you have erased some of their most brilliant pages Our comic writers—Donald Ogden Stewart James Thurber Roy Campbell Frank Sullivan A P Herbert Robert Benchley, to name only a few—are more than two thirds satirists Our leading radio and motion picture comedians—Charlie Chaplin Fred Allen Groucho Marx—are all satirists Even biography has been tinged with satire in the mordant productions of Lytton Strachey and the flashier efforts of the debunkers Satire is an active yeast in modern poetry from the fastidious uncertainties of T S Eliot s *Prufrock* to Ogden Nash s lighthearted verbal gymnastics

This enormous growth of satire during modern times is to some degree reflected in the proportions of the present volume We have a score of selections from classical satire then after the long interval of the Dark Ages four from medieval satire from the sixteenth century six from the seventeenth century eighteen and from that to the present a constantly increasing number I do not mean to imply of course that these figures correspond absolutely to the bulk of the materials Doubtless much medieval satire has been lost, as countless writings of antiquity have been And very considerable amounts of medieval satire I have not tried to draw upon because time has dulled its interest for most readers today Idiosyncrasy of judgment and pure ignorance have probably occasioned various omissions that many people will be willing to point out to me It is possible that I may have given recent satire more than its due share of attention some writers who seem important or amusing to us may well prove less appealing to the future But even so it is significant that the most rigorous exclusions leave us no fewer than a dozen eighteenth century satirists compelling our admiration no fewer from the nineteenth century and that in the less than half of the twentieth century we have passed through there should be at least a score

And only limitations of space prevent this book from being many times its present size

One thing then is clear the satiric note is a characteristic strain in the babel of the modern world As the pace of our lives has accelerated, as science has made the bare description of our universe more complicated, and modern industry diversified the structure of society and sharpened the conflicts of its economic interests there has taken place a no less desperate struggle of minds It still continues and since the pace of change is not in any way slackening seems destined to continue Traditional ways of acting and believing lie around us in all degrees of repair usefulness and obstructiveness New developments have shot up among them some clearly conceived and good, others incredibly makeshift or destructive Satire calls attention to these confusions and sharpens the need for clarifying them

It is no easy job to tidy up our intellectual and spiritual universe But to live in chaos is to accept defeat We all want order in our lives and meaning in our world Nature plays cruel and bitter jokes on us We inflict stupid and brutal miseries on each other We make wild blunders but as Thornton Wilder points out, we come through by the skin of our teeth" We clear away the wreckage of blitzed cities, we reclaim the dust bowl and control floods we try to imagine and then create love and justice To do so we have to hew a path through the absurdities and empty headed mouthings of conventional formulas through old and new fanaticisms, through muddle and deliberate misrepresentation through needless cruelty and suffering

Satire can help at these tasks because people will let satire say things they will not permit to the outright preacher or philosopher or social reformer Not that they want to let the satirist say such things or always know that they are letting him but that in the various ways we have seen he gets around them It is a sound instinct that has led modern artists and writers into the realm of satire If the satirist himself have a critical eye an undeluded mind satire can enable him to persuade others to see with his eyes to analyze with that mind With satire he can drown the nonsensical in ridicule and bathe our crimes in acid

Satire is a powerful civilizing agent if we ever become civilized it will probably be satire almost as much as poetry that will have accomplished it Because the great criteria of satire are always truth and sanity Even the minor satire of deriding foibles affectations crazes and fashions strikes its sparks from the flint of fact But satire may deepen into being a criticism of humanity and of life itself When it does it depends for its dignity upon the principles it invokes and upon the depth breadth, and sanity of the satirist s vision Grace, wit and virtuosity are all delightful adjuncts without which the would be satirist may find himself only would be Flippancy, shallow-

ness and insincerity however, are fatal The great satirist sees straight he sees far and he sees deep That is what makes him great

It is also what makes satire valuable Not that we want satire all the time or that everything is in need of being satirized Men and God s world need to be praised and loved too and deserve to be But sometimes they need to be knocked off their perch and even on occasion, to have their blocks knocked off They need to have their eyes opened to their own blindness and foolishness And when they are mean cruel or revengeful their failings need to be beaten to a pulp

The satirist, like the critic is not someone who hates happiness and beauty, and tries to spoil them for you by finding fault when you have been enjoying yourself He may love them and want to jolt you and me out of a false and selfish complacence that leaves us willing to enjoy them in an ivory tower while others sicken and starve He may love them and want to free us from a degrading conception of happiness or a cheap counterfeit of beauty Loving beauty he may feel the need to free it from the encrustations that impede its grace and spoil its outline He may aid us in seeing the *things that should be there as well* as in rejecting the things that shouldn t To destroy falsehood is not the least of the ways of praising and loving truth

When the denouncers lean over the edge of the pulpit though and start denouncing a lot of us tend to slip unobtrusively out of the door And so the satirists lie in wait for us in all sorts of unlikely places masquerading as clowns jugglers mountebanks nightclub entertainers novelists newspaper columnists, love poets lunatics and even as historians economists philosophers They ll get hold of us and sneak some critical sanity into us before we know what s happening while we think they re up to something entirely different We couldn t do without them and wouldn t want to They ve been doing a wonderful job from Aristophanes to Rodgers and Hart But we still have a lot of people and a lot of things that need to have the living daylights lambasted out of them Is there a satirist in the house?

AESOP AND THE SATIRIC ANIMAL FABLE



THE STRAIN *of satire in* Aesop s Fables *is tenuous but clear These moralized animals—the frugal ant the tuneful playboy grasshopper the dog in the manger the sly fox the gullible crow with the cheese the greedy hound who loses the real bone by grabbing at the reflected one—all represent weaknesses or vices too general for any reader to resent them as personal imputations If we see ourselves in them at all it is rather abstractly as members of entire groups to which they apply not as individuals singled out for criticism* Mainly *we see them as pictures of the world and even bandits have no objection to being warned against other bandits*

The real foe that the fabulist circumvents is not wrath but boredom Advice that would fatigue us in solemn sermons goes down pleasantly enough in these whimsical apologues of the toad trying to swell herself into an ox or the frogs dissatisfied with the log for their king Who *wants to hear in set terms however what* The Town Mouse *and the* Country Mouse *puts playfully that a plain fare enjoyed in safety is better than a banquet nibbled trembling? Below the surface even very thinly veiled*

a meaning gives depth but moralizing with no tang of wit or imaginative invention is merely tiresome

Aesop himself is perhaps more a legendary than a historical figure Some of the fables attributed to him were told by the Egyptians others can be found in the Pantchatantra *His biographers make him a hunchbacked Phrygian slave, and by some of their stories a pert literalist who might well have taken to heart some of his own sage counsels about how to be have toward powerful superiors Sent for a water pitcher he would bring it empty because Xanthus his master had not specified that he wanted water in it told to have beans for dinner he would prepare beans and nothing else and often get a drubbing for his ill judged smartness Finally Xanthus got rid of so inconveniently exact a servant by freeing him*

The animal fable has always been a popular means of satire It was used all the way through the Middle Ages In Reynard the Fox *it almost achieves the proportions of a comic epic Chaucer uses it in* The Cock and the Fox *and* The Parliament of Fowls *There are hints of it in Jonson s* Volpone *where the characters have animal names Volpone the Fox Mosca the Gadfly Corbaccio and Voltore the Crow and the Vulture La Fontaine s verse fables adapt Aesop with exquisite and sprightly wit Rostand used a barnyard and its denizens to voice the romantic idealism of his* Chantecler *Even more recently Walt Disney s* Three Little Pigs *had a world badly shaken by financial collapse bravely singing Who s afraid of the big bad wolf?*

Not many animal fabulists make any serious endeavor to follow Gold smith s injunction and have the animals talk or behave like animals It is only conventionally that the fox is foxy the cat a slypuss and the ass a fool Aesop certainly slanders the beasts by attributing to them kinds of silliness or treachery that are seen only in human beings But the realism of natural history is not of course the realism fables aim at their talking animals are only a protective disguise for a realism that s pretty true to human *nature Skillfully employed the satire of the animal fable can range from cutting ferocity to a comedy that is quaint and sometimes tender*

FOUR FABLES

*** Aesop is supposed to have lived some time after 560 B.C. But the *Fables* originated in many places and in times much more remote ***

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A HUNGRY fox stole one day into a vineyard bursting with clusters of grapes all ripe and luscious for eating But they grew on trellises so high that he leaped and leaped again until he was worn out and panting Giving up at last he stalked away jauntily 'Take them who will' he sniffed The grapes are sour!

THE OX AND THE FROG

An ox browsing in a field happened to set his foot down among some young frogs and squashed one of them to death The rest hopped off in terror to tell their mother of the catastrophe The beast that did it they added was the most enormous creature they had ever seen Was it this big? asked the old Frog swelling and puffing up her speckled green belly Oh bigger by a vast deal said they Was it *so* big? demanded she distending herself still more Oh mamma they replied if you were to burst you would never be so big The old Frog paid no attention she took a tremendous breath and swelled herself till her eyes bulged 'Was it she wheezed so b— but at that moment she did indeed burst

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

A wolf was lapping from a running brook when he spied a stray lamb paddling a little way down the stream Scoundrel! he said moving down to her how dare you muddy the water I am drinking? How can I do that? the lamb asked humbly It runs from you to me not from me to you 'Never mind that snapped the wolf Only a year ago you slandered me with evil names behind my back The lamb began to tremble Indeed sir a year ago I was not even born Well then the wolf said 'if it wasn t you it was your father and that s the same thing—don t think you re going to argue me out of my dinner —and with that he leaped upon the lamb and tore her to bits

Four Fables

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

A plain, sensible country mouse entertained in his hole one day a fine mouse from the town They had been old playfellows and the country mouse wanted as a good host to treat his guest with all the courtesy possible He set before him for dinner a dish of fine oatmeal a carefully hoarded reserve of delicate gray peas and bacon some cheese parings and to crown all with a dessert a remnant of a charming mellow old apple In good manners he didn't even eat any himself lest there should not be enough for the guest. So that the other should not notice, he sat and pretended to nibble at a piece of wheaten straw

At last Old crony, said the town spark "give me leave to speak freely to you How can you bear to live in this nasty dirty gloomy old hole with nothing around you but woods, fields mountains and streams? Wouldn't you prefer polite conversation to the monotonous chirping of birds and court splendor to this crude backwater? Take my word for it a change to town will do you good Remember you don't live forever Enjoy yourself today, who knows what can happen tomorrow?

Convinced the country mouse agreed to start off to town with his friend that night They did so and about midnight entered a fine mansion where there had been a banquet Various tidbits not yet cleared away by the servants lay about the dining room The country guest crouched on a rich Persian carpet and his courtier friend entertained changing the courses with elegant finesse and sampling each dainty first to see if it was fit with all the judiciousness of a clerk of the cuisine Morsels of the roasts with rich sauces and gravies, greens remnants of a soufflée various cheeses nuts fruits the melting remains of a sherbet were placed before him and he enjoyed himself like a delighted epicure

Suddenly the dining room door was opened and they scuttled under the hanging folds of the tablecloth Worse still two huge mastiffs dashed barking into the room The country mouse almost died of terror as he flung himself across the room and ran panting along the wall hearing that hoarse sound in his ears as his feet slipped on the polished floor The hole under the window seat by which they had entered seemed leagues away At last his heart pounding he scrambled into safety He and his urban friend collapsed in the snug darkness When he had recovered a little If these are your town luxuries said the country mouse you're welcome to them Give me my poor quiet hole and my homely comfortable gray peas

GREEK COMEDY AND THE MERRY WIT OF ARISTOPHANES



IMAGINE A *burlesque show bawdier than anything that would be allowed on Broadway but irradiated with brilliance high spirits and splendid bursts of poetry Imagine the librettist disliking some of the writers and politicians of his day about as much as the California fruit growers do John Steinbeck or the Liberty League the New Deal and having the right to sling an almost unlimited amount of mud Imagine him a comic genius of a reckless violence and ingenuity that leave the insults of Sheridan Whiteside sounding like a spinster s prim timidities and the farcical inventiveness of Kaufman and Hart like exercises in understatement Imagine that the theater instead of being available daily to men avid for a glimpse of Gypsy Rose Lee in a G string is open only a few times a year and that then the whole community is there—indeed must be there—as a civic and religious duty Imagine finally the entire clergy clad in full*

canonicals ceremoniously enthroned in the front row of seats Take all these things together and you have something resembling what the performance of a comedy by Aristophanes must have been in the Athenian theater of the fifth century B C

Greek comedy grew out of the clowning and skylarking of revelers at harvest and vintage feasts These were carnival times of special license like a Mardi Gras in which bands of mummers roamed about, entertaining the spectators with spur-of the moment buffooneries and wisecracks Insult and mockery were the joyful privileges of the occasion and had to be swallowed even by those whom it might be dangerous to attack at other times Gradually these high jinks developed into rude farce plays jovially bedaubed with smut When the komoi or revel bands at last received public recognition and financial support they retained their proud right of parrhesia—free speech All these characteristics of the comic rout—the broad farce the unabashed dirt the abusive freedom—Aristophanes fused into his marvelously rollicking plays

Although such qualities make comedy an ultra-democratic institution Aristophanes himself has an aristocratic and conservative bias A rich man and a landowner he disliked the direction in which the Athenian state had moved under Pericles Attempted self rule by the people he thought led merely to the tyranny of ignorant and unscrupulous demagogues like Cleon whom he never ceased to lash The sea borne prosperity of Athens led to the Athenian Empire and that to the disastrous colonial imperialism and the jealousies of the other Greek states that involved them all in the ruin of the Peloponnesian War

The tremendous intellectual advances of his day the New Enlightenment Aristophanes assimilated just sufficiently to sharpen his mockery of the Sophists with partial sympathy jumbling the scientific enquiries of Anaxagoras and the rhetorical analysis of Protagoras with the dialectic of Socrates in a riot of satiric exaggeration Especially was he unwillingly impressed by Euripides whom he couldn t get out of his crop and against whom he looses fling after fling The tragic dramatist indeed colors the thought of Aristophanes so deeply that echoes of him keep vibrating even in those plays where Aristophanes is not deliberately attacking him

Poet and wit at the same time Aristophanes excels in the wild fitness of the fables he devises for his themes The cheerful profanity of The Birds establishes a commonwealth in the sky from which the birds block

Earth and with the help of Prometheus (hiding beneath a large umbrella from the wrath of Them Above) starve Zeus into surrendering the scepter of the world Lysistrata *a daring antiwar comedy shows the women blackmailing the men by going on a sex strike and denying their embraces until the men in desperation are willing to end the Peloponnesian struggle Even in a somewhat cleaned up version the play was a 1930 hit in New York* The Frogs *has Aeschylus and Euripides furious rivals in Hades each angrily defending his own tragedies against attack and pelting those of his rival with such violent abuse that Dionysus their judge, is completely bewildered to choose between them*

Aristophanes exploits every trick of comedy from fantastic puns and witty turns of phrase to situations of a ludicrous hilarity In The Frogs, *Dionysus footsore and weary with the long descent into Hades is overtaken by a funeral He tries to persuade the corpse to allow his bearers to carry some luggage How heavy? asks the corpse sitting up When Dionysus protests the price Bearers move on! says the dead man lying down on his bier again Nine obols bargains Dionysus desperately Strike me living if I will! is the answer and the procession leaves the god behind The witty appropriateness of that Strike me living! is no less wildly true to essential reality than the whole marvelous situation by which the divine nature has been revealed as human all too human*

This is indeed the very heart of Aristophanes me i that though his method is burlesque its wildest exaggerations remain true to nature When Lysistrata proposes her oath to the other women their rebellion against taking it is funny but emotionally convincing So is the agony of Kinesias and the other men being tempted tantalized and frustrated by Myrrhina and their wives the women undulating close to them in revealing décolletes and peekaboo shirts tea ing them with whiffs of perfume and kisses suggested and withheld sliding up close, shivering and sighing and just at the last minute eluding the men s tormented arms Their sufferings are comic precisely because they are real and so are those of their wives so that we sympathize while we laugh as Aristophanes did too

The secret sympathy which Aristophanes felt even when he was laughing from the opposing camp is I suspect the reason for the success with which he parodies Euripides Blasphemous and immoral as he seems to have felt Euripides to be he was more deeply impressed by him in truth than by the great figures of Aeschylus and Sophocles But Aristophanes did not question them they were already elder figures in the drama accepted

among the other pieties of his childhood The dreadful problems of vengeance justice and fate posed by Aeschylus and the psychological horrors portrayed by Sophocles are in fact no less disturbing to a thoughtful mind than the iconoclasms of Euripides Had Euripides appeared a generation earlier Aristophanes might have revered him with them and used him to bludgeon some younger dramatist with but he would never have studied him so painstakingly It is to this unwilling fascination Euripides exercised over the mind of Aristophanes that we owe the wonderful parody scene of The Frogs *which even today twenty four centuries later can make us laugh aloud*

Aristophanes understanding and his feeling for the dramatic prevent the scene from being mere attack on Euripides There would be no fun if Aeschylus had things all his own way And when the wrangle once gets going Aristophanes sense of the comic can t help spying out weaknesses in Aeschylus too Euripides is allowed to get in some good resounding strokes and if he hasn t anything quite as funny as the famous oil-can with which Aeschylus punctures one after another of his prologues it should be noted that the comedy of this is quite inconclusive and that equal damage might be done to the prologues of Aeschylus with the same instrument Otherwise Aristophanes holds the scales pretty evenly between them and ridicules both by calculated exaggerations The ornate and archaic grandeur in Aeschylus Aristophanes puffs up into pompous flatulence the simplicity in Euripides he waters down to prosaic flatness When Dionysus makes his choice at the end his decision is more a momentary impulse than a reasoned judgment Some of the weaknesses in both poets have been gaily illuminated and neither has been mortally wounded

The greatness of Aristophanes does not lie however, in his fairness to individuals Good humored though he is in The Frogs *over the course of a lifetime Aristophanes is gravely unjust to Euripides it is odd to realize that the voice of Aristophanes may have been one of those that influenced his old enemy Cleon to prosecute Euripides for impiety Aristophanes is no less irresponsible in his confusion of Socrates with those more unscrupulous Sophists who were ready to make the worse appear the better cause as Plato has Socrates say before the jury that condemned him to the hemlock Perhaps Aristophanes is redeemed a little by his brave attacks on the demagogues his undeviating opposition to the war party and the noble patriotism that rings through his plays*

But his real value is something independent of either his misrepre

sentations of Socrates and Euripides or the courage of his stand against imperialism It lies partly in a feeling for sanity and balance, for truth even underneath all the cheerful unreliability with which he handles particular facts He wrongly blackens Socrates by making him a perverter of truth but he really did hate deception sophistical manipulation intellectual trickery He hated self seeking greed envy cruelty, oppression he hated to see his native city corrupted by dishonest politicians he hated the sufferings of a needless war But even more than these Aristophanes virtue lies in a rich vitality a zest for everything that is healthy and hearty and normal in life This sings through his glorious enjoyment of men and women and slanderous jokes and eating and drinking and—but the restraints of our society won t let us say all the things Aristophanes approved They fill his plays with wild fun and singing beauty

THE FROGS

*** *The Frogs* was first performed in 405 B C The judges awarded it first prize the audience enjoyed it so heartily that a second performance was given a few days later The translation here used is that of Professor Gilbert Murray Dionysus has a long and hilarious descent into Hades before the trial scene with which we open ***

Aeschylus and Euripides Violently Lambaste Each Other's Tragedies

The scene is in front of the house of Pluto The Chorus is gathered before the portal The door opens Enter Euripides Dionysus, and Aeschylus

EURIPIDES Pray no advice to me! I won t give way
I claim that I m more master of my art.
DIONYSUS You hear him Aeschylus Why don t you speak?
EURIPIDES He wants to open with an awful silence—
The blood curdling reserve of his first scene
DIONYSUS My dear sir I must beg! Control your language
EURIPIDES I know him I ve seen through him years ago
Bard of the noble savage wooden-mouthed
No door no bolt no bridle to his tongue
A torrent of pure bombast—tied in bundles!
AESCHYLUS (*breaking out*) How say st thou Son o the goddess of the Greens?—
You dare speak thus of me you phrase collector
Blind beggar bard and scum of rifled rag bags!
Oh you shall rue it!
DIONYSUS Stop! Stop Aeschylus
Strike not thine heart to fire on rancour old
AESCHYLUS No I ll expose this crutch and cripple playwright,
And what he s worth for all his insolence
DIONYSUS (*to attendants*) A lamb a black lamb quick boys! Bring it out
To sacrifice a hurricane s let loose!
AESCHYLUS (*to Euripides*) You and your Cretan dancing solos! You
And the ugly amours that you set to verse!

DIONYSUS (*interposing*) One moment please most noble Aeschylus!
And you poor wretch if you have any prudence
Get out of the hailstones quick or else by Zeus
Some word as big as your head will catch you crash
Behind the ear and knock out all the Telephus!
Nay Aeschylus pray, pray control your anger
Examine and submit to be examined
With a cool head Two poets should not meet
In fishwife style but here are you straight off
Ablaze and roaring like an oak on fire

EURIPIDES For my part I m quite ready with no shrinking,
To bite first or be bitten as he pleases
Here are my dialogue music and construction
Here s Peleus at your service Meleager
And Aeolus and yes Telephus by all means!

DIONYSUS Do you consent to the trial Aeschylus? Speak

AESCHYLUS I well might take objection to the place
It s no fair field for him and me

DIONYSUS Why not?

AESCHYLUS Because my writings haven't died with me
As his have, so he ll have them all to hand
However I waive the point if you think fit

DIONYSUS Go some one bring me frank incense and fire
That I may pray for guidance to decide
This contest in the Muses strictest ways
To whom meantime uplift your hymn of praise!

Dionysus is now seated on a throne as judge
The poets stand on either side before him

DIONYSUS Now quick to work Be sure you both do justice to your cases
Clear sense no loose analogies and no long commonplaces

EURIPIDES A little later I will treat my own artistic mettle
This person s claims I should prefer immediately to settle
I ll show you how he posed and prosed with what audacious fooling
He tricked an audience fresh and green from Phrynichus s schooling
Those sole veiled figures on the stage were first among his graces
Achilles say or Niobe who never showed their faces
But stood like so much scene painting and never a grunt they uttered!

DIONYSUS Why no by Zeus no more they did!

EURIPIDES And on the Chorus spluttered
Through long song systems four on end the actors mute as fishes!

DIONYSUS I somehow loved that silence though and felt it met my wishes
As no one s talk does nowadays!

EURIPIDES You hadn t yet seen through it!
That s all

DIONYSUS I really think you re right! But still what made him do it?

EURIPIDES The instinct of a charlatan to keep the audience guessing
If Niobe ever meant to speak—the play meantime progressing!

DIONYSUS Of course it was! The sly old dog to think of how he tricked us!—
Don t (*to Aeschylus*) ramp and fume!

EURIPIDES (*excusing Aeschylus*) We re apt to do so when the facts convict us!
—Then after this tomfoolery the heroine feeling calmer
Would utter some twelve wild bull words on mid way in the drama
Long-ones with crests and beetling brows and gorgons round the border,
That no man ever heard on earth

AESCHYLUS The red plague !

DIONYSUS Order order!

EURIPIDES Intelligible—not one line!

DIONYSUS (*to Aeschylus*) Please! Won t your teeth stop gnashing?

EURIPIDES All fosses and Scamander beds and bloody targes flashing
With gryphon-eagles bronze embossed and crags and riders reeling
Which somehow never quite joined on

DIONYSUS By Zeus sir quite my feeling!
A question comes in Night s long hours that haunts me like a spectre
What kind of fish or fowl you d call a russet hippalector

AESCHYLUS (*breaking in*) It was a ship s sign idiot, such as every joiner fixes!

DIONYSUS Indeed! I thought perhaps it meant that music man Eryxis!

EURIPIDES You like then in a tragic play a cock? You think it mixes?

AESCHYLUS (*to Euripides*) And what did you yourself produce O fool with pride deluded?

EURIPIDES Not hippalectors thank the Lord nor tragelaphs ' as you did—
The sort of ornament they use to fill a Persian curtain!
—I had the Drama straight from you all bloated and uncertain
Weighed down with rich and heavy words puffed out past comprehension
I took the case in hand applied treatment for such distension—
Beetroot light phrases little walks hot book juice and cold reasoning
Then fed her up on solos

DIONYSUS (*aside*) With Cephisophon for seasoning!
EURIPIDES I didn t rave at random or plunge in and make confusions
My first appearing character explained with due allusions
The whole play s pedigree
DIONYSUS (*aside*) Your own you left in wise obscurity!
EURIPIDES Then no one from the start with me could idle with security
They had to work The men the slaves the women all made speeches,
The kings the little girls, the hags
AESCHYLUS Just see the things he teaches!
And shouldn t you be hanged for that?
EURIPIDES No by the lord Apollo!
It s democratic!
DIONYSUS (*to Euripides*) That's no road for you my friend to follow,
You ll find the little walk too steep, I recommend you quit it
EURIPIDES Next I taught all the town to talk with freedom
AESCHYLUS I admit it.
'Twere better ere you taught them you had died amid their curses!
EURIPIDES I gave them canons to apply and squares for marking verses
Taught them to see think understand to scheme for what they wanted,
To fall in love, think evil question all things
AESCHYLUS Granted granted!
EURIPIDES I put things on the stage that came from daily life and business
Where men could catch me if I tripped could listen without dizziness
To things they knew and judge my art I never crashed and lightened
And bullied people s senses out nor tried to keep them frightened
With Magic Swan and Aethiop knights loud barb and clanging vizor!
Then look at my disciples too and mark what creatures his are!
Phormisius is his product and the looby lump Megainetus
All trumpet, lance moustache, and glare, who twist their clubs of pine at us
While Cleitophon is mine sirs and Theramenes the Matchless!
DIONYSUS Theramenes! Ah that s the man! All danger leaves him scratchless
His friends may come to grief and he be found in awkward fixes,
But always tumbles right end up not aces—no all sixes!
EURIPIDES This was the kind of lore I brought
To school my town in ways of thought,
I mingled reasoning with my art
And shrewdness till I fired their heart
To brood to think things through and through,
And rule their houses better too

DIONYSUS Yes by the powers that s very true!
No burgher now who comes indoors
But straight looks round the house and roars
Where is the saucepan gone? And who
Has bitten that sprat s head away?
And out alas! The earthen pot
I bought last year is not is not!
Where are the leeks of yesterday?
And who has gnawed this olive pray?
Whereas before they took his school,
Each sat at home a simple cool,
Religious unsuspecting fool
And happy in his sheep like way!

[At this juncture Aeschylus becomes impatient of detailed criticism and makes a general onslaught on Euripides' entire manner of writing The point of this celebrated scene, aside from its hilarious slapstick, is that Euripides deals with such low themes in such bald prosaic language that even the vulgarest commonplace objects are not out of place in his work The word that Professor Murray translates ' oil can was originally a flask of oil, which every Greek carried with him when he traveled]

AESCHYLUS By Zeus I won t go pecking word by word
At every phrase I ll take one little oil can
God helping me and send your prologues pop!
EURIPIDES My prologues pop with oil cans?
AESCHYLUS Just one oil can!
You write them so that nothing comes amiss
The bed quilt or the oil can or the clothes bag
All suit your tragic verse! Wait and I ll prove it.
EURIPIDES You ll prove it? Really?
AESCHYLUS Yes
DIONYSUS Begin to quote.
EURIPIDES Aegyptus so the tale is spread afar
With fifty youths fled in a sea borne car
But reaching Argos
AESCHYLUS Found his oil can gone!
DIONYSUS What s that about the oil can! Drat the thing!
Quote him another prologue and let s see
EURIPIDES Dionysus who with wand and fawn skin dight
On great Parnassus races in the light
Of lamps far flashing
Found his oil can gone!

DIONYSUS Alas! again the oil can finds our heart!

EURIPIDES (*beginning to reflect anxiously*) Oh it won t come to much though! Here s another,
With not a crack to stick the oil can in!
No man hath bliss in full and flawless health
Lo this one hath high race but little wealth,
That base in blood hath

AESCHYLUS Found his oil can gone!

DIONYSUS Euripides!

EURIPIDES Well?

DIONYSUS Better furl your sails,
This oil can seems inclined to raise the wind!

EURIPIDES Bah I disdain to give a thought to it!
I ll dash it from his hands in half a minute

He racks his memory

DIONYSUS Well quote another,—and beware of oil cans

EURIPIDES Great Cadmus long ago Agenor s son
From Sidon racing

AESCHYLUS Found his oil can gone!

DIONYSUS Oh this is awful! Buy the thing outright,
Before it messes every blessed prologue!

EURIPIDES I buy him off?

DIONYSUS I strongly recommend it.

EURIPIDES No I have many prologues yet to cite
Where he can t find a chink to pour his oil
'As rapid wheels to Pisa bore him on
Tantalian Pelops

AESCHYLUS Found his oil can gone!

DIONYSUS What did I tell you? There it sticks again!
You might let Pelops have a new one though—
You get quite good ones very cheap just now

EURIPIDES By Zeus not yet! I still have plenty left
' From earth King Oineus

AESCHYLUS Found his oil can gone!

EURIPIDES You *must* first let me quote one line entire!
From earth King Oineus goodly harvest won
But while he worshipped

AESCHYLUS Found his oil can gone!

DIONYSUS During the prayers! Who can have been the thief!

EURIPIDES (*desperately*) Oh let him be! I defy him answer this—
Great Zeus in heaven the word of truth has flown

DIONYSUS O mercy! *His* is certain to be gone!
They bristle with long oil-cans, hedgehog wise
Your prologues they re as bunged up as your eyes!
For God s sake change the subject —Take his songs!
EURIPIDES Songs? Yes I have materials to show
How bad his are and always all alike
CHORUS What in the world shall we look for next?
Aeschylus music! I feel perplexed
How he can want it mended
I have always held that never a man
Had written or sung since the world began
Melodies half so splendid!
(Can he really find a mistake
In the master of inspiration?
I feel some consternation
For our Bacchic prince s sake!)
EURIPIDES *Wonderful songs they are! You ll see directly,*
I ll run them all together into one
DIONYSUS I ll take some pebbles then and count for you
EURIPIDES (*singing*) O Phthian Achilles canst hark to the battle s man slaying shock
Yea shock and not to succour come?
Lo we of the Mere give worship to Hermes the fount of our stock
Yea *shock and not to succour come!*
DIONYSUS Two shocks to you Aeschylus there!
EURIPIDES 'Thou choice of Achaia wide ruling Atrides give heed to my schooling!
Yea shock and not to succour come
DIONYSUS A third shock that I declare!
EURIPIDES Ah peace and give ear! For the Bee Maids be *near to ope wide Artemis* portals
Yea shock a nock a succour come!
Behold it is mine to sing of the sign of the way fate laden to mortals
Yah shocker knocker succucum!
DIONYSUS O Zeus Almighty what a chain of shocks!
I think I ll go away and take a bath
The shocks are too much for my nerves and kidneys!
EURIPIDES Not till you ve heard another little set
Compounded from his various cithara songs
DIONYSUS Well then proceed but don t put any shocks in!

EURIPIDES How the might twin throned of Achaia
for Hellene chivalry bringeth
Flattothrat toflattothrat!
The prince of the powers of storm the Sphinx thereover he wingeth
Flattothrat toflattothrat!
With deedful hand and lance the furious fowl of the air
Flattothrat toflattothrat!
That the wild wind walking hounds unhindered tear
Flattothrat toflattothrat!
And War toward Aias leaned his weight
Flattothrat toflattothrat!

[*Aeschylus sings a similar parody of Euripides' choruses, in which he burlesques their emotional flavor into wild bathos*]

DIONYSUS Come stop the singing!
AESCHYLUS I've had quite enough!
What I want is to bring him to the balance
The one sure test of what our art is worth!
DIONYSUS So that's my business next? Come forward please
I'll weigh out poetry like so much cheese!
A large pair of scales is brought forward, while the Chorus sing
CHORUS Oh, the workings of genius are keen and laborious!
Here's a new wonder incredible glorious!
Who but this twain Have the boldness of brain
To so quaint an invention to run?
Such a marvellous thing if another had said it had
Happened to him, I should never have credited
I should have just Thought that he must
Simply be talking for fun!
DIONYSUS Come take your places by the balance
AESCHYLUS and EURIPIDES There!
DIONYSUS Now each take hold of it and speak your verse,
And don't let go until I say Cuckoo
AESCHYLUS and EURIPIDES (*taking their stand at either side of the balance*)
We have it
DIONYSUS Now each a verse into the scale!
EURIPIDES (*quoting the first verse of his 'Medea'*) 'Would God no Argo e'er had winged the brine'
AESCHYLUS (*quoting his Philoctetes*) Spercheios and ye haunts of grazing kine!

DIONYSUS Cuckoo! Let go—Ah down comes Aeschylus
Far lower
EURIPIDES Why what can be the explanation?
DIONYSUS That river he put in to wet his wares
The way wool dealers do and make them heavier!
Besides you know the verse you gave had wings!
AESCHYLUS Well let him speak another and we ll see
DIONYSUS Take hold again then
AESCHYLUS and EURIPIDES There you are
DIONYSUS Now speak
EURIPIDES (*quoting his Antigone*) Persuasion save in speech no temple hath'
AESCHYLUS (*quoting his "Niobe"*) 'Lo one god craves no offering even Death'
DIONYSUS Let go let go!
EURIPIDES Why his goes down again!
DIONYSUS He put in Death a monstrous heavy thing!
EURIPIDES But my Persuasion made a lovely line!
DIONYSUS Persuasion has no bull and not much weight.
Do look about you for some ponderous line
To force the scale down something large and strong
EURIPIDES Where have I such a thing now? Where?
DIONYSUS (*mischievously, quoting some unknown play of Euripides*)
I ll tell you
Achilles has two aces and a four! —
(*Aloud*) Come speak your lines this is the final bout
EURIPIDES (*quoting his "Meleager*) A mace of weighted iron his right hand sped'
AESCHYLUS (*quoting his 'Glaucus'*) 'Chariot on chariot lay dead piled on dead
DIONYSUS (*as the scale turns*) He beats you this time too!
EURIPIDES How does he do it?
DIONYSUS Two chariots and two corpses in the scale—
Why ten Egyptians couldn t lift so much!
AESCHYLUS (*breaking out*) Come no more line for lines! Let him jump in
And sit in the scale himself with all his books
His wife his children his Cephisophon!
I ll back two lines of mine against the lot!
The central door opens and Pluto with his suite comes forth
A VOICE Room for the King!
PLUTO (*to Dionysus*) Well, is the strife decided?

DIONYSUS (*to Pluto*) I won't decide! The men are both my friends
Why should I make an enemy of either?
The one's so good, and I so love the other!
PLUTO (*interrupting*) Come give your judgment!
DIONYSUS Well I'll judge like this,
My choice shall fall on him my soul desires!
EURIPIDES Remember all the gods by whom you swore
To take me home with you, and choose your friend!
DIONYSUS My tongue hath sworn—but I'll choose Aeschylus!
EURIPIDES What have you done you traitor
DIONYSUS I? I've judged
That Aeschylus gets the prize Why shouldn't I?
EURIPIDES Canst meet mine eyes fresh from thy deed of shame?
DIONYSUS What is shame that the Theatre deems no shame?
EURIPIDES Hard heart! You mean to leave your old friend dead?
DIONYSUS Who knoweth if to live is but to die?
If breath is bread and sleep a woolly lie?
PLUTO Come in, then, both
DIONYSUS Again?
PLUTO To feast with me
Before you sail
DIONYSUS With pleasure! That's the way
Duly to crown a well-contented day!

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY



THE ANTHOLOGY *contains more than four thousand epigrams and short poems by over three hundred poets It was collected and preserved by a succession of editors from Meleager, in the first century B C to Planudes ambassador from Constantinople to Venice in 1327 The poems are not primarily satiric but cover a wide range pastoral amatory convivial philosophic elegiac Their chiseled language however their brevity —few exceed twelve lines in length and a structure that often depends on surprise or antithesis give many of them the ring of satire*

FOUR SATIRIC EPIGRAMS

««« The poems in the *Anthology* range in date from around 490 B.C. to A.D. 1000 The first of the translations used here was made by Robert Bland the third by William Cowper the second and fourth by the editor »»»

Thus rudely sculptured porter pot
Denotes where sleeps a female sot
Who passed her life good easy soul
In sweetly chirping o'er her bowl
Not for her friends or children dear
She mourns but only for her beer
Even in the very grave they say
She thirsts for drink to wet her clay
And faith she thinks it very wrong
This jug should stand unfilled so long
—Antipater of Sidon

Her love she vowed was mine forever
Now says those vows were writ in water,
And you O lamp that heard her swear,
Have seen her yield to the first who sought her
—Meleager

My name my country what are they to thee?
What whether proud or base my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men
Perhaps I fell below them all What then?
Suffice it stranger that thou seest a tomb
Thou know'st its use *It hides—no matter whom*
—Paulus Silentiarius

Dion of Tarsus here I lie
Who sixty years have seen
A man without a wife was I
Would my sire had been *—Anonymous*

THE GRACEFUL RIDICULE OF HORACE



HORACE CITES *Aristophanes and Lucilius as his literary ancestors but he is more closely related to the domestic satire of later Greek comedy The slashing political and social comment of Aristophanes was not for the Rome of which Augustus Caesar had made himself master There was to be sure no clangorous iron tyranny for Augustus was adroit and he was a cultivated patron of literature and the arts The metal fist was hidden beneath the most caressingly velvety of gloves Nothing much needed to be said or done Poets could merely be allowed to feel that political themes save for celebrating the triumphs of the principate were well a little—injudicious If they must satirize the weaknesses absurdities and vices of individuals were safer*

The writers got the point Horace among them The son of a freedman given a good education first at Rome and later at Athens he had enlisted with Brutus and fought on the republican side at the battle of Philippi He was spared by the amnesty but his land was confiscated Returned to Rome he struggled into a minor clerkship in the Treasury Office dreamed of abandoning Italy to her fate and seeking a new home in some happy isle beyond the western seas He began to ridicule the stoic ideals of the republicans with their harsh intolerance and to drift into a gently relaxed epicureanism he renounced participation in public affairs he turned to an urbane and exquisite poetic trifling The wealthy and aristo-

cratic Maecenas took him up gave him the Sabine farm to which he so often retired introduced him to Augustus The imperial master of the state was gracious Horace paid his meed of praise a little bit ironically ful some in the first epistle of the second book rather labored in a few duty odes But great and weighty themes he often says are not for his playful muse

Instead he turns to the everyday life around him Rome has foolishness enough to wink at—singers who won t sing when asked and who won t stop when started bores who cling and can t be shaken loose snobbery and glittering ostentation avarice gloating on its moneybags and dead to all the other delights of life But Horace s tone is always graceful and mocking never one of Juvenalian rage He gives a sly prick instead of stabbing to the heart he is more amused than saddened

Often as not he speeds his light darts against his own weaknesses He loves to celebrate the fun of drinking and women But he enjoys suggest ing that if he has not finished the ode he was engaged on Maecenas will suspect it was because the fumes of last night s wine—and maybe the night s before that—have not left his brain unclouded And although he tells us I lived for the girls' (vixi puellis) *he likes insinuating that his Lydias Chloes Lalages Pyrrhas and Glyceras didn t find him irresistible But Horace is not breaking his own heart even in love He has none of the* odi et amo *of Catullus He sees through the entanglements of infatuation with an amusement that is both gentle and detached He has been just enough in to understand but he doesn t intend to get painfully burned He ll keep to the golden mean admire nothing too heartily and enjoy each day as it comes*

Horace is hard to translate He is never pompous and he is never slangy or vulgar his lucid ease is at the same time wrought to the highest polish The scholarly translations reduce all this to wood and platitude Paraphrase gives his flavor more persuasively Louis Untermeyer has per haps the best fusion of grace and accuracy Austin Dobson sometimes achieves the air of exquisite artifice F P A s impudent modernizations with all their deliberate anachronisms capture his brilliance and high spirits but add to his silvery gaiety a note of Broadway brass

HORACE

««« The first three books of the *Odes* were published together in 23 B.C. Book IV was published only five years before Horace's death in 8 B.C. The paraphrase of Ode 5 Book I is by the late Professor Lewis Freeman Mott that of Ode 30 Book III is by Franklin P Adams all the other translations are by Louis Untermeyer »»»

BOOK I ODE 5 *QUIS MULTA GRACILIS*

He Thanks Heaven That He Has Gotten Past the Nonsense of Love

What slim unthinking youth amid the roses
Under the maple where the hedge is thickest
Pants Pyrrha, smitten silly by your glances
Vamped by your purring?

Who is it now for whom your frocks are rustling
Tastefully swell? Soon he alas poor booby
Will wail and curse and raise the very devil
Because he's jilted

Because his train which ran along so smoothly
Slam bang! plunged off the track and hurled the dreamer
Into a corn field on his head amongst the
Other fat pumpkins

And I?—I've dropped such nonsense now thank Fortune!
Smash ups are past for me Grateful for safety
I'll will my spare change to the broken hearted
To build a mad house

BOOK I ODE 25 *PARCIUS IUNCTAS QUATIUNT FENESTRAS*

Not Altogether Kindly, He Reminds Lydia That Young Men Are Passing Her By

No longer now do perfumed swains and merry wanton youths
Come flocking loudly knocking at your gate
No longer do they rob your rest or mar the sleep that soothes
With calling –bawling love songs until late

No longer need you bar them out nor is your window-pane
Ever shaken now forsaken here you lie
Nevermore will lute strings woo you nor your lover s voice
complain
'Tis a sin dear, let me in dear, or I die!

The little door that used to swing so gaily in and out,
Creaks on hinges that show tinges of decay
For you are old my Lydia you are old and rather stout
Not the sort to court or sport with those who play

Oh now you will bewail the daring insolence of rakes
While you dally in the alley with the crones,
And the Thracian wind goes howling down the avenue and shakes
Your old shutters as it utters mocking moans

For youth will always call to youth and greet love with a will—
And Winter though you tint her like the Spring
Beneath the artificial glow she will be Winter still—
And who would hold so cold and old a thing!

BOOK II ODE 4 *NE SIT ANCILLAE*

He Teases Xanthias About His New Girl Friend

You never need blush since your love for a hand maid
Friend Xanthias is known to—well more than a few
Conceal it no more Here s a girl who is planned made
And fashioned for you

Briseis the slave girl with tints like the lily s,
  Her body a mingling of fire and snow
Enraptured the noble and haughty Achilles–
    A thing that you know

And Ajax the fearless and well known defier
  Was snared by Tecmessa the modest and grave,
Though he was a lord who could surely look higher
    And she was his slave

And as for your Phyllis who scorns your sesterces
  Her family tree may be broad as an oak s
Her people I m sure though upset by reverses
    Were eminent folks

A girl so devoted unlike any other
  Your arm may have had the occasion to crush
Could never believe me be born of a mother
    For whom you need blush

Her arms and the turn of her ankles enthuse me
  Her face has the glamour that all men adore
What! Jealous? You mean it? Go on–you amuse me!
    I m forty–and more

BOOK II ODE 11 *QUID BELLICOSUS*

He Suggests Having Some Fun While We're Still Able

Why all these questions that worry and weary us?
  Let s drop the serious role for a while
Youth with smooth cheeks will be laughing behind us
  Age will not mind us the cynic–he ll smile

Come for the gray hairs already are fretting us
  Girls are forgetting us Lord how we ve got!
Come let s convince them our blood is–well red yet
  We are not dead yet Let s show them we re not!

Yes we ll have cups till you can t keep a count of them
  Any amount of them–hundreds, at least.
I ll have the table all tempting and tidy–
  And we ll get Lyde to come to the feast!

BOOK III ODE 9 *DONEC GRATUS ERAM TIBI*

Horace and Lydia Decide the Old Love's Better Than the New

HORACE

Once (even twice) your arms to me would cling
  Before your heart made various excursions
And I was happier than the happiest king
    Of all the Persians

LYDIA

So long as I remained your constant flame,
  I was a proud and rather well sung Lydia
But now in spite of all your precious fame
    I m glad I m rid o ye

HORACE

Ah well I ve Chloe for my present queen
  Her voice would thrill the marble bust of Caesar,
And I would exit gladly from the scene
    If it would please her

LYDIA

And as for me with every burning breath,
  I think of Calais my handsome lover
For him not only would I suffer death
    But die twice over

HORACE

What if the old love were to come once more
  With smiling face and understanding tacit
If Chloe went and I d unbar the door
    Would you—er—pass it?

LYDIA

Though he s a star that s constant fair and true
  And you re as light as cork or wild as fever
With all your faults I d live and die with you
    You old deceiver!

BOOK III ODE 15 *UXOR PAUPERIS IBYCI*

He Tells a Matron to Be Her Age

Wife of poor Ibycus, listen, a word with you.
How can you seem so outrageously gay?
Think of your age! It is sad and absurd with you
Acting this way.

Truly, old lady, it's time that you ceased all this.
Here with young girls you should never be found.
Stop those ridiculous antics, at least all this
Running around.

It's all very well for a kitten like Pholoe
To smile at the lads who repay her in kind,
But when *you* approach them they rapidly stroll away—
Lord, are you blind!

Strange you won't see that the thing which delights a man
Is always *the dancer and seldom the dance.*
A Thyiad with white hair and wrinkles affrights a man,
He looks askance.

Roses and romance and wine jars are *not* for you.
There is the loom and the raw wool to comb,
Mending and baking and—oh, there's a lot for you
Right here at home!

BOOK III ODE 30 *EXEGI MONUMENTUM AERE PERENNIS*

He Advances His Modest Boast to Fame

The monument that I have built is durable as brass
And loftier than the Pyramids which mock the years that pass.
Nor blizzard can destroy it nor furious rain corrode—
Remember I'm the bard that built the first Horatian ode.

I shall not altogether die, a part of me's immortal
A part of me shall never pass the mortuary portal,
And when I die my fame shall stand the nitric test of time—
The fame of me of lowly birth who built the lofty rhyme

Ay fame shall be my portion when no trace there is of me,
For I first made Aeolian songs the songs of Italy
Accept I pray Melpomene, my modest meed of praise
And crown my thinning graying locks with wreaths of
Delphic bays

BOOK IV ODE 13 *AUDIVERE LYCE*

He Taunts an Aging Siren on the Loss of Her Charms

The gods have heard me, Lyce
The gods have heard my prayer
Now you who were so icy,
Observe with cold despair
Your thin and snowy hair

Your cheeks are lined and sunken
Your smiles have turned to leers,
But still you sing a drunken
Appeal to Love who hears
With inattentive ears

Young Chia with her fluty
Caressing voice compels
Love lives upon her beauty
Her cheeks in which He dwells
Are His fresh citadels

He saw the battered ruin
This old and twisted tree
He marked the scars and flew in
Haste that He might not see
Your torn senility

No silks no purple gauzes
    Can hide the lines that last.
Time with his iron laws, is
    Implacable and fast
    You cannot cheat the past

Where now are all your subtle
    Disguises and your fair
Smile like a gleaming shuttle?
    Your shining skin your rare
    Beauty half breathless—where?

Only excelled by Cinara
    Your loveliness ranked high
You even seemed the winner a
    Victor as years went by
    And she was first to die

But now—the young men lightly
    Laugh at your wrinkled brow
The torch that burned so brightly
    Is only ashes now
    A charred and blackened bough.

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of a gentleman and mingled with the other men of letters of his time he studied rhetoric at Rome and numbered Horace Tibullus and Propertius among his friends Like Byron he wrote with facility and exuberance rather loosely but brilliantly, gaily colorfully poems rich in romantic settings agleam with a graceless wit and daring cynicism that startled even the sophisticated Like Byron, he made a sensation with his highly spiced poetic narratives he moved in fashionable society with the Emperor s daughter a dashing figure in the fast set that Augustus regarded with louring disapproval Like Byron finally during his last eight years he lived in exile from his native land Augustus banished him to the half Greek half barbaric town of Tomi near the mouth of the Danube

He had probably devised some political excuse It was not easy even for the Emperor to attack the clever poet who was society s pet for mere urbane immorality Ovid s poetry however has none of those political overtones that sound recurrent trumpet notes through Byron no paeans to liberty no blasts of indignation against oppression and tyranny no ringing summons to a nation to restore its ancient freedoms And there was in Ovid none of that fierce rebellion against the world which made Byron beat against the bars of life like a caged eagle and distil a Weltschmerz *black with bitterness The two other strands in Byron s complex nature were those Ovid shared the love of nature and the wittily ironic view of man No other writer of the ancient world comes nearer than Ovid to conveying the feeling for blue waves and green forest shades and high mountains and glassy lakes that we find in* Childe Harold *And none more sparklingly anticipates the daring and vivacity that make* Don Juan *a fireworks display of wit*

Ovid s satire perhaps cut deeper than he knew His Art of Love *is all rainbow hues and dancing light No one cares less than Ovid that he reveals women as vain silly sensual and yielding or men as predatory lechers and liars The society of which he makes himself the laureate is as elegant flippant and heartless as any conceived in the pages of Carl* Van Vechten *or Ronald Firbank Ovid has none of their preciosity but he has all their indifference An element in his persuasiveness indeed is that he so casually takes the superficiality and selfishness of society for granted and that he doesn t care he isn t trying to convince us of anything he is merely painting the world he knows It is the satire of a moral nihilism and it strips bare an age*

It is only Ovid s laughing candor of course that is revelatory in this

way the stratagems he outlines are timeless The gallant at the Hippodrome or Circus who uses the pretext of brushing dust from his lady's gown to caress her thigh did not die with ancient Rome The counsels on the handicaps of bad breath and underarm perspiration might have inspired the deodorant and mouth wash ads We may easily forget that we are reading of a society two thousand years past and imagine ourselves in London or New York or Hollywood The world Ovid has preserved in such lively colors is as ephemeral as the dance of insects or the winking of a bubble in the water, and it is as eternal as human triviality and vanity

THE ART OF LOVE

««« The Ars Amatoria *first appeared in 2 B.C. Augustus was incensed by it, and even the lax public opinion of Rome was shocked The translation used in the following selections was made by John Dryden »»»*

Ovid Offers the Would-Be Rake a Variety of Devices for Snaring the Girls

YOUNG nobles to my laws attention lend
And all you vulgar of my School attend
First then believe all women may be won
Attempt with confidence the work is done
The grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
In summer season or the birds in spring
Than women can resist your flattering skill
Even she will yield who swears she never will.
To secret pleasure both the sexes move
But women most who most dissemble love

All women are content that men should woo,
She who complains and she who will not do
Rest then secure whate er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love
And yet how canst thou miss since womankind
Is frail and vain and still to change inclined?
Old husbands and stale gallants they despise
And more another s than their own they prize
A larger crop adorns our neighbor s field
More milk his cows from swelling udders yield
First gain the servant by her thou art sure
A free access and easy to procure
Who knows what to her office does belong
Is in the secret and can hold her tongue
Bribe her with gifts with promises and prayers

For her good word goes far in love affairs
The time and fit occasion leave to her,
When she most aptly can thy suit prefer
The times for maids to fire their lady s blood
Is when they find her in a merry mood
When all things at her wish and pleasure move
Her heart is open then, and free to love
Then mirth and wantonness to lust betray,
And smooth the passage to the lover s way
Troy stood the siege, when filled with anxious care
One merry mood concluded all the War
  If some fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy service to revenge in kind,
Instruct the damsel while she combs her hair,
To raise the choler of the injured fair,
And sighing make her mistress understand
She has the means of vengeance in her hand
Then naming thee thy humble suit prefer,
And swear thou languishest and diest for her
Then let her lose no time but push at all
For women soon are raised and soon they fall
Give their first fury leisure to relent,
They melt like ice, and suddenly repent
  T enjoy the maid will that thy suit advance?
'Tis a hard question and a doubtful chance
One maid corrupted bawds the better for t,
Another for herself will keep the sport
Thy business may be furthered or delayed,
But by my counsel let alone the maid,
Even though she should consent to do the feat,
The profit s little and the danger great
I will not lead thee through a rugged road
But where the way lies open safe and broad
Yet if thou findst her very much thy friend,
And her good face her diligence commend
Let the fair mistress have thy first embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place
  But this I will advise and mark my words
For tis the best advice my skill affords
If needs thou with the damsel must begin,
Before the attempt is made make sure to win

For then the secret will be better kept
And she can tell no tales when once she's dipt
'Tis for the fowler's interest to beware
The bird entangled should not scape the snare
The fish once pricked avoids the bearded hook,
And spoils the sport of all the neighboring brook.
But if the wench be thine she makes the way
And for thy sake her mistress will betray
Tell all she knows and all she hears her say

Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
Of bad example to thy future love
But get it gratis and she'll give thee more
For fear of losing what she gave before
The losing gamester shakes the box in vain
And bleeds, and loses on in hopes to gain.

Act well the lover let thy speech abound
In dying words that represent thy wound
Distrust not her belief she will be moved
All women think they merit to be loved
Sometimes a man begins to love in jest,
And after feels the torments he professed
For your own sakes be pitiful ye fair
For a feigned passion may a true prepare
By flatteries we prevail on womankind
As hollow banks by streams are undermined
Tell her her face is fair her eyes are sweet
Her taper fingers praise and little feet
Jove sits above forgiving with a smile
The perjuries that easy maids beguile

A rightful doom the laws of nature cry
'Tis the artificers of death should die
Thus justly women suffer by deceit
Their practice authorizes us to cheat
Beg her with tears thy warm desires to grant
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant,
If tears will not be squeezed then rub your eye,
Or noint the lids and seem at least to cry
Kiss if you can Resistance if she make,

And will not give you kisses let her take
Fie fie you naughty man are words of course,
She struggles but to be subdued by force
Kiss only soft I charge you and beware
With your hard bristles not to brush the fair
He who has gained a kiss and gains no more,
Deserves to lose the bliss he got before
If once she kissed her meaning is expressed,
There wants but little pushing for the rest
Perhaps she calls it force but if she scape
She will not thank you for the omitted rape
The sex is cunning to conceal their fires
They would be forced even to their own desires
They seem to accuse you with a downcast sight
But in their souls confess you did them right
Who might be forced and yet untouched depart
Thank with their tongues but curse you in their heart.

This is the sex they will not first begin
But when compelled are pleased to suffer sin
Is there who thinks that women first should woo,
Lay by thy self conceit, thou foolish beau
Begin and save their modesty the shame
'Tis well for thee if they receive thy flame
Tis decent for a man to speak his mind
They but expect the occasion to be kind
Ask that thou mayst enjoy she waits for this
And on thy first advance depends thy bliss
But if you find your prayers increase her pride,
Strike sail awhile, and wait another tide
They fly when we pursue but make delay
And when they see you slacken they will stay
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end
Name not yourself her lover but her friend
How many skittish girls have thus been caught?
He proved a lover who a friend was thought

Here I had ended but experience finds
That sundry women are of sundry minds
With various crotchets filled and hard to please
They therefore must be caught by various ways

So turn thyself and imitating them
Try several tricks and change thy stratagem
One rule will not for different ages hold
The jades grow cunning as they grow more old
Then talk not bawdy to the bashful maid
Bug words will make her innocence afraid
Nor to an ignorant girl of learning speak,
She thinks you conjure when you talk in Greek
And hence tis often seen the simple shun
The learned and into vile embraces run
Part of my task is done and part to do
But here tis time to rest myself and you.

JUVENAL: THUNDER OVER ROME



NO OTHER *period of the ancient world seems nearer to the present than the time of Juvenal Since the age of Augustus the Empire had grown until its polyglot ring of conquests and dependencies embraced almost all the known civilized world beyond was only barbarism in the misty reaches of Tartar plains and German forests or the remote Oriental realms of India and China It was vaster than the British Empire its wealth was enormous its culture an elaborate mingling of elements from Greece Parthia Syria Egypt almost as complex as the internationalism of modern civilization*

Rome stood on its seven hills *with theaters temples amphitheaters and hippodromes tremendous public baths supplied with thousands of gallons of water carried on stone aqueducts from hundreds of miles away, with imperial palaces and innumerable private palaces and slums of tenements ten stories high with a population of aristocrats new millionaires speculators and plungers middle-class citizens shopkeepers artisans administrative officials and countless clerks in government bureaus slaves* courtesans actors poets dancers philosophers *jugglers singers fortune tellers hoodlums robbers centurions with silken pomp and marble luxury jostling vice and poverty It was the center and capital—the* New York *and Paris and London and Washington combined—of the world*

The city that Juvenal paints is the very world of the modern metropolis

It would not be hard to picture Petronius in our urban nightclubs and Trimalchio s banquet sounds like some of those bloated festivities of the American Gilded Age described by Beard s Rise of American Civilization and not unlike the coming-out glitter of Brenda Frazier in the depths of the Depression Walter Winchell would have felt at home with Suetonius Aldous Huxley castigating society with angry ferocity is but Juvenal in modern dress How little difference there is deep down between the Rome of Trajan and Hadrian and the scenes of many modern novels The Big Money The Sun Also Rises Point Counter Point The Web and the Rock Brett Ashley would only be passing from matadors at Pamplona to gladiators at the Coliseum imagination moves fluidly from Poppaea in a Hollywood scandal to Lucy Tantamount sharing a bordello with Mes salina or Margo Dowling in a Tiberian orgy at Capri

Juvenal looks upon this world of extravagant indulgence and corruption with the censorious eye of a Cato and portrays it with the violence and bitterness of an Isaiah His grim puritanism sees it as a vast melting pot in which the vilest scum rises to the surface Deceit luxury greed lust sycophancy perversion scorn of the old republican virtues extremes of wealth and poverty violence crime—he surveys the scene and his indigna tion boils over Virgil had exulted over a Rome transformed from a city of brick to one of marble and over an urbanity of polite accomplishments in Virgil s own words Juvenal retorted Easy is the descent into Avernus It is in a tone of nauseated horror that he describes the Roman empress stealing from the bed of her imperial spouse and seeking the brothel

> Prepared for fight expectingly she lies
> With heaving breasts, and with desiring eyes
> Still as one drops another takes his place
> And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace—

then returning unsatisfied at dawn

> All filth without and all afire within
> Tired with the toil unsated with the sin
> Old Caesar s bed the modest matron seeks
> The steam of lamps still hanging on her cheeks
> In ropy smut

The indictment rolls on in a series of images that burn

Technically Juvenal s procedure is about as complicated as knocking

the reader down and burying him beneath a drayload of muck There is a kind of serious wit occasionally in the comparison of objects with different associations (Imperial Rome = a foul sewer) and a half nauseated comedy in some of the pictures

She duly once a month renews her face
Meantime it lies in daub and hid in grease
Those are the husband s nights she craves her due,
He takes fat kisses and is stuck in glue

But in general Juvenal just states the vices he sees around him with such loathsome vividness that the effect is one long vituperation He gives no evidence that he speaks the truth no reasoned indictment only a violence that produces belief and a circumstantial recitation that compels surrender We do not ask Is this so? —our eyes hasten over the corrupt panorama and we yield

Our confidence in Juvenal springs mainly from a sense of the courage and moral integrity required to risk the penalties of such openness It may have been of course that in the cosmopolitan society of Rome he needed to fear no more than sneers and social ostracism that those he lashed could ignore him as a crabbed and narrow minded reactionary Perhaps his attack could be laughed off with the flouts and penalties reserved for those who purport to be better than their neighbors But to face even these requires some fortitude And there is a tradition that Juvenal s allusions to the actor Paris once a favorite under Domitian were resented as an indirect personal attack by an actor at the court of Hadrian and that in retaliation Juvenal was exiled to Egypt where he died Whether the story is true or false Juvenal must always have known that someday he might go too far or tolerance vanish in an imperial caprice

The hearer cold with crime before grows red
And brimming with his secret guilt damp fears
Distil in clammy sweat Hence wrath and tears

Some protective devices Juvenal does employ His examples he announced in the First Satire would be gathered not from the living but the dead And the corruption he lashes is not native he says to Rome but is an infection from the deceitful and effeminate Greeks Aping the vices of the vanquished the Romans are not very good at it being naturally too straightforward and virile no matter how hard they try they are still sur

passed by the Greeks in sycophancy pimping and perversion Here's inverse glory for you!

Our belief in Juvenal's essential veracity establishes certain conditions governing the effectiveness of his method For almost any other circumstances than those he deals with the brimstone and lava of his utterance would seem overdone Volcanoes should not erupt to destroy bedbugs or butterflies nothing less than Sodom and Gomorrah should call down fire from heaven Juvenal's fury is appropriate only to great obvious and widespread evils the very putrefaction of society Partly Juvenal's strength lies in the power of the thwarted emotion that half Periclean lover half Timon he felt for Rome the patriotism that longed to see the antique virtues restored But even more it lies in the magnitude force and integrity of judgment he brought to the mighty denunciation that was his theme

THE THIRD SATIRE

*** The first five of Juvenal's satires were published together some time after A.D. 96 The translation used here is a fusion of two translations one by John Dryden the other by William Gifford with perhaps a dozen lines by the editor ***

Umbricius, Departing for Cumae, Denounces All the Vices of the Metropolis

GRIEVED though I am to lose an ancient friend
When I reflect my judgment must commend
His purpose to retire from noisy Rome
And find on Cumae's shores a peaceful home
Right on the road to Baiae Cumae lies
And many a sweet retreat her coast supplies—
Though I prefer even some barren strand
To rows of mansions and what desert land
More fearful can be found than Rome alight
With conflagrations roaring through each night,
Houses with ceaseless ruin thundering down
And all the horrors of this hateful town?
Now had my friend impatient to depart,
Consigned his little all to one poor cart
For this without the town he chose to wait,
But stopped a moment at the Conduit Gate
Then thus Umbricius with an angry frown
And looking back on this degenerate town
Since noble arts in Rome have no support
And ragged virtues not a friend at court
'Tis time to give my just disdain a vent
And cursing leave so base a government
'What's Rome to me what business have I there,
I who can neither lie nor falsely swear?
Nor praise my patron's undeserving rhymes
Nor yet comply with him nor with his times?
Unskilled in schemes by planets to foreshow,
Like canting rascals how the wars will go

I neither will nor can prognosticate
To the young gaping heir his father's fate
Nor in the entrails of a toad have pried
Nor carried bawdy presents to a bride
For want of these town-virtues thus, alone
I go conducted on my way by none
'Who is now loved but he who loves the times,
Conscious of close intrigues and dipped in crimes,
Laboring with secrets which his bosom burn
Yet never must to public light return?
They get reward alone who can betray
For keeping honest counsels none will pay
I cannot rule my spleen, and calmly see
This Grecian filth smeared over Italy!
Grecian? Oho! the foul smell of this vast
Sewer leaves the very dregs of Greece surpassed
Long since the stream that wanton Syria laves
Has vomited its slime in Tiber's waves
Its art and language drowned us in the scum
Of Antioch's streets its minstrel harp and drum.
Hie to the Circus! ye who pant to lace
Barbarian harlots in a strange embrace
Hie to the Circus! there in crowds they stand,
Paint on their faces timbrels in their hand
Your herdsman primitive your homely clown,
Is turned a *Beau*, in a loose tawdry gown
His once unkempt and horrid locks behold
Perfumed and oiled, his neck enchained with gold
Aping the foreigners while every land
Sicyon and Amydon and Alaband
Tralles and Samos and a thousand more
Thrive on his indolence and daily pour
Their starving myriads forth They batten here,
And soon as denizened they domineer
Grow to the great a flattering servile rout,
Work themselves in and then their patrons out,
A brazen cringing treacherous artful race,

Of torrent tongue and never blushing face
Riddle me this and guess him if you can
Who bears a nation in a single man?
A cook a conjuror, a rhetorician
A painter, pedant poet geometrician,
Rope dancer fiddler augur and physician?
All trades his own your hungry Greekling counts
And bid him mount the sky—the sky he mounts!
How little is the privilege become
Of being born a citizen of Rome!
The Greeks get all by fulsome flatteries,
A most peculiar stroke they have at lies
They make a wit of their insipid friend,
His blubber lips and beetle brow commend,
His long crane neck and narrow shoulders praise
You d think they were describing Hercules
A creaking voice for a clear treble goes
Though harsher than a cock that treads and crows
We can as grossly praise but to our grief,
No flattery but from Grecians gains belief
See! they step forth and mimic to the life
The naked nymph the mistress or the wife,
So just you view the very woman there
And fancy all beneath the girdle bare!
All Greece is one comedian Laugh and they
Return it louder than an ass can bray
Grieve and they grieve in silent sorrow he
There seems a silent echo in their eye
Call for a fire their winter clothes they take,
Begin but you to shiver and they shake
In frost and snow if you complain of heat,
They rub the unsweating brow and swear they sweat.
Even nastiness occasions will afford
They praise a belching or well pissing lord
Besides there s nothing sacred nothing free
From bold attempts of their rank lechery
Through the whole family their labors run
The daughter is debauched the wife is won
Nor scapes the bridegroom nor the blooming son
And these being absent they will even take
The grand dam and an aged strumpet make

'Produce a witness of unblemished life,
Holy as Numa or as Numa s wife
Or him who bid the unhallowed flames retire
And snatched the trembling goddess from the fire
The question is not put how far extends
His piety but what he yearly spends—
Quick to the business how he lives and eats,
How largely gives how splendidly he treats,
How many thousand acres feed his sheep
What are his rents what servants does he keep?
These weighty matters known his faith they rate
And swear his probity to his estate
Swear by our Gods or those the Greeks adore
You are as sure forsworn as you are poor
The poor must gain their bread by perjury
And even the Gods that other means deny
In conscience must absolve them when they lie
Add that the rich have still a jibe in store
And will be monstrous witty on the poor
If through the bursting shoe the foot is seen
Or the coarse seam tell where the rent has been
Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turned to ridicule

'There s many a part of Italy it s said
Where none assume the toga but the dead
On theatres of turf in homely state
Old plays they act old feasts they celebrate
The same rude song returns upon the crowd
And by tradition is for wit allowed
While the pale infant of the mask in dread
Hides in his mother s breast his little head
In his white cloak the magistrate appears
The country bumpkin the same garment wears
But here attired beyond our purse we go
For useless ornaments and flaunting show
We take on trust in purple robes to shine
And poor are yet ambitious to be fine
Such is the reigning vice and so we flaunt
Proud in distress and prodigal in want'
Briefly my friend here all are slaves to gold

And words and smiles and every thing is sold
What will you give for Cossus nod? how high
The silent notice of Veiento buy?
By how much swell the minion s ample hoard
And bribe the page for leave to bribe his lord?

'Who fears in country towns a house s fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city here
Which buttresses and props can hardly bear
And it is the humble mason s daily calling
To keep the world s metropolis from falling,
To clean the gutters and the chinks to close
And for one night, secure his lord s repose
At Cumae we can sleep quite round the year
Nor falls nor fires nor nightly dangers fear
While rolling flames from Roman towers fly
And the pale citizens for buckets cry
' Codrus had but one bed and that too short
For his short wife his goods of every sort
Were else but few —six little pipkins graced
His cupboard head a little can was placed
On a snug shelf beneath and near it lay
A Chiron of the same cheap marble—clay
Codrus in short had nothing You say true
And yet poor Codrus lost that nothing too!
One curse alone was wanting to complete
His woes that cold and hungry through the street
The wretch should beg and in the hour of need
Find none to lodge, to clothe him or to feed!
But should the raging flames on grandeur prey,
And low in dust Asturius palace lay,
The squalid matron sighs the senate mourns
The pleaders cease, the judge the court adjourns
All join to wail the city s hapless fate
And rail at fire with more than common hate
Lo! while it burns obsequious courtiers haste
With rich materials to repair the waste
This brings him marble that a finished piece
The far famed boast of Polyclete and Greece
This ornaments which graced of old the fane

Of Asia s gods that, figured plate and plain
This, cases books and busts the shelves to grace
And piles of coin his specie to replace
Childless Asturius vastly rich before
Thus by his losses multiplies his store—
Suspected for accomplice to the fire
That burnt his palace but to build it higher

'But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear playhouse, and the players too
Sweet country seats are purchased everywhere,
With lands and gardens at less price than here
You hire a darksome doghole by the year
A shallow well may in your yard be found
That spreads its easy crystal streams around
And waters all the pretty spot of ground
There love the pitchfork raise garden greens,
And give your friends a frugal meal of beans
And sure in any corner we can get,
To call one lizard ours is something yet'
It s frequent here for want of sleep to die,
Which fumes of undigested feasts deny
What house secure from noise can the poor keep
When even the rich can scarce afford to sleep?
So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome
And hence the sources of diseases come
The drover who his fellow drover meets
In narrow passages of winding streets
The waggoners that curse their standing teams
Would wake even drowsy Drusus from his dreams
And yet the wealthy will not brook delay
But sweep above our heads and make their way
In lofty litters borne and read or write
Or sleep at ease The shutters make it night.
Yet reach they first the goal while by the throng
Elbowed and jostled we scarce creep along
Sharp strokes from poles tubs rafters doomed to feel
And plastered over with mud from head to heel
While the rude soldier gores us as he goes
Or marks in blood his progress on our toes.
See from the Dole a vast tumultuous throng
Each followed by his kitchen, pours along

Huge pans which Corbulo could scarce uprear,
With steady neck a puny slave must bear,
And lest amid the way the flames expire
Glide nimbly on and gliding fan the fire
Through the close press with sinuous efforts wind
And piece by piece, leave his botched rags behind
Hark! groaning on the unwieldy wagon spreads
Its cumbrous load, tremendous o er our heads,
Projecting elm or pine, that nods on high
And threatens death to every passer by
Heavens! should the axle crack which bears a weight
Of huge Ligurian stone and pour the freight
On the pale crowd beneath what would remain
But a mashed heap a hotchpotch of the slain?
Pass we these fearful dangers and survey
What other evils threat our nightly way
And first behold the mansion s towering size
Where floors on floors to the tenth story rise
Whence heedless garreteers their potsherds throw
And crush the unwary wretch that walks below
Clattering the storm descends from heights unknown,
Plows up the street and wounds the flinty stone
It s madness dire improvidence of ill
To sup abroad before you've signed your will
Since fate in ambush lies, and marks his prey
From every wakeful window on the way
Pray then —and count your humble prayer well sped
If pots be only—emptied on your head
The drunken bully ere his man be slain
Frets through the night and courts repose in vain,
And while the thirst of blood his bosom burns
From side to side in restless anguish turns
Yet though his youthful blood be fired with wine
He wants not wit a danger to decline
Is cautious to avoid the coach and six
And on the lackeys will no quarrel fix
His train of flambeaux and embroidered coat
May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot
But me who must by moonlight homeward bend
Or lighted only by a candle end
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting where

He only cudgels and I only bear
He stands and bids me stand I must abide,
For he s the stronger and is drunk beside
' 'Whence come you, rogue? he cries, 'whose beans tonight
Have stuffed you thus? what cobbler clubbed his mite
For leeks and sheep s-head porridge? Are you dumb?
Speak or be kicked! Yet once again! your home?
Say in what nasty cellar underground
Or temple-door your rogueship may be found?
Answer or answer not it s all the same
He lays me on and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar for beating him you come
This is a poor man s liberty in Rome

'Nor is this all for when retired you think
To sleep securely when the candles wink,
When every door with iron chains is barred
And roaring taverns are no longer heard,
The ruffian robbers by no justice awed
And unpaid cut throat soldiers are abroad
Roused from our slumberous couch aghast, we start,
And the fleshed sword—is buried in our heart.
Chased from their woods and bogs the padders come
To this vast city as their native home
To live at ease and safely skulk at Rome
O! happy were our sires estranged from crimes
And happy happy were the good old times
Which saw one jail those criminals restrain
Which now the walls of Rome can scarce contain.

More could I say more causes could I show
For my departure but the sun is low
The waggoner grows weary of my stay
And whips his horses forward on their way
Farewell and when like me o erwhelmed with care
You to your own Aquinum shall repair
Be mindful of your friend and send me word
What joys your fountains and cool shades afford
Then to assist your satires I will come
And add new venom when you write of Rome

THE LAUGHING PYRRHONISM OF LUCIAN



UNDER THE Antonines the Roman Empire achieved its greatest fullness of ease and prosperity Save for sporadic clashes along the Rhine or the Danube it was at peace and had been at peace within its own borders for two hundred years Its clear afternoon light was darkened by no shadow of breakdown or barbarism Silk came from China amber from the Baltic furs from Scythia carpets from Babylon Libraries abounded there were endowed professorships of the liberal arts in Rome and in the provinces Byzantium Antioch Corinth Athens Syracuse Alexandria were centers of learning In vain had Juvenal denounced the Greeks all the Roman world was being Hellenized Lucian born in Samosata was one of those Syrians whose moral character Juvenal had regarded as even more darkly suspicious and his culture was entirely Grecian

But in reality nothing could be farther removed from licentiousness than the laughing pyrrhonism of Lucian He is iconoclastic not corrupt all sunny high spirits and sweet tempered mockery His gaiety is both innocent and wise in the ways of the world he is as free from evil design as a baby as serene as a good digestion and as twinklingly observant as some

genial deity watching the foolishness of men from an ironic heaven But his Olympianism is not so much supercilious as sympathetic an understanding without hate an amusement without malice Never self righteous like Juvenal his satire is all a quiet ripple of enjoyment never a molten torrent of fury He has the liveliness and lightness of Horace but a stronger intellectual grasp in a wider philosophical universe

Lucian traveled all over the Roman world He knew Greece, Asia Minor, Macedonia Italy even Gaul Himself a rhetorician and a student of philosophy he twitted all the systems from Democritus to Pythagoras with an impartial delicate raillery his Sale of the Philosophers is a gay and completely good humored parody of their doctrines The True Story is an entertaining spoof on traveler s tales and it started the imaginary voyage off on its long satiric journeyings to the Sun the Moon Mars Venus the center of the Earth Cacklogallinia Lilliputia Erewhon and many other strange places The Dialogues of the Dead are all ingenious insinuation with human absurdities objectively revealed in speech and action speaking for themselves so that we have at the same time to laugh and to admit their truth

In the same way, the Dialogues of the Gods farcically delineate the inhabitants of Olympus and simply by revealing their human-all too-human frailty score off the conceptions of deity that men have chosen to worship There is none of the bitter earnest of Euripides who half hates still the gods in whom he does not believe For Lucian the gods are too assuredly nonexistent to be hated their ever having been invented was only another of the follies of men whom he now persuades to laugh at their own fantastic notions The fun is sparkling and infectious and it is intellectually annihilating By the time Lucian has taken us through this hilariously subversive tour of Olympus the gods have as it were been tickled to death and can hardly be taken seriously again

Lucian is in a way the Anatole France of the ancient world He never attacks outright he never preaches denounces or loses his own control He simply coaxes his victims into the position in which their weaknesses are most ludicrously clear and then mischievously shows them to the world He is a master of that kind of irony which does not state its meanings in words at all not even words that are too mild but merges them in situations whose airy humor half disguises the seriousness of its own implications He is forever as it were saying innocently Why how can you imagine that this is anything but a pleasant jest an entertaining fancy?

It is exactly the tone of the heavenly symposium in Penguin Island *or of Jacques Tournebroche reporting some pious sentiment of the Abbé* Coignard *But* Lucian *has none of that slight intellectual preciosity with which France often seems to be trying at the same time to display his own erudition and to depreciate the vanity of pedantic scholarship*

His learning is simply an easy part of Lucian *no more the means of self-display than his arms or his knees The emotional and bodily entanglements of men and women he can regard with sympathy or laughter but his imagination is not always leering down the hollow of a bosom or sniffing up ladies lingerie in the way that sometimes makes France seem for all his smiling wisdom little more than a dirty minded old man Lucian is both a healthy and a civilized man and it is his lively and flexible balance that makes us admire him He is neither puritanical nor abandoned libidinous nor prudish He is a man of the world but not a cynic, and cultivated without being either an aesthete or a pundit He has grace, wit, charm verve and a kind of enchanting happiness He strips men s follies down to their naked truth and persuades us to laugh at the embarrassing denudation For eighteen centuries he has been one of the world's voices of joy and sanity*

DIALOGUES OF THE GODS
DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD

*** Both these groups of dialogues date from about A.D. 165 The *Dialogues of the Gods* given here are numbers 15 and 20 the *Dialogues of the Dead* numbers 9 and 24. The translations are by H W Fowler (15 9) and F G Fowler (20 24) ***

A Little Envious Gossip in Heaven

HERMES AND APOLLO

HERMES To think that a cripple and a blacksmith like him should marry two such queens of beauty as Aphrodite and Charis!

APOLLO Luck Hermes—that is all But I do wonder at their putting up with his company they see him running with sweat bent over the forge all sooty faced, and yet they cuddle and kiss him and sleep with him!

HERMES Yes, it makes me angry too how I envy him! Ah Apollo you may let your locks grow and play your harp and be proud of your looks I am a healthy fellow and can touch the lyre but when it comes to bedtime we lie alone

APOLLO Well my loves never prosper, Daphne and Hyacinth were my great passions she so detested me that being turned to a tree was more attractive than I and him I killed with a quoit Nothing is left me of them but wreaths of their leaves and flowers

HERMES Ah once once I and Aphrodite—but no no boasting

APOLLO I know, that is how Hermaphroditus is accounted for But perhaps you can tell me how it is that Aphrodite and Charis are not jealous of one another

HERMES Because one is his wife in Lemnus and the other in Heaven Besides, Aphrodite cares most about Ares he is her real love so she does not trouble her head about the blacksmith

APOLLO Do you think Hephaestus sees?

HERMES Oh, he sees yes but what can he do? he knows what a martial young fellow it is so he holds his tongue He talks of inventing a net though to take them in the act with

APOLLO Ah all I know is I would not mind being taken in that act.

Lucian

Three Divine Beauties Strive to Overreach One Another

ZEUS, HERMES, HERA ATHENE, APHRODITE AND PARIS

ZEUS Hermes take this apple and go with it to Phrygia, on the Gargaran peak of Ida you will find Priam s son the herdsman Give him this message Paris because you are handsome and wise in the things of love Zeus commands you to judge between the Goddesses and say which is the most beautiful And the prize shall be this apple' —Now you three, there is no time to be lost away with you to your judge I will have nothing to do with the matter I love you all exactly alike and I only wish you could all three win If I were to give the prize to one of you the other two would hate me of course In these circumstances I am ill qualified to be your judge But this young Phrygian to whom you are going is of the royal blood—a relation of Ganymede s —and at the same time a simple countryman so that we need have no hesitation in trusting his eyes

APHRODITE As far as I am concerned Zeus Momus himself might be our judge, I should not be afraid to show myself What fault could he find with me? But the others must agree too

HERA Oh we are under no alarm thank you —though your admirer Ares should be appointed But Paris will do whoever Paris is

ZEUS And my little Athene, have we her approval? Nay never blush nor hide your face Well well maidens will be coy tis a delicate subject But there she nods consent Now off with you, and mind the beaten ones must not be cross with the judge I will not have the poor lad harmed The prize of beauty can be but one

HERMES Now for Phrygia I will show the way keep close behind me, ladies and don t be nervous I know Paris well he is a charming young man a great gallant and an admirable judge of beauty Depend on it he will make a good award

APHRODITE I am glad to hear that, I ask for nothing better than a just judge —Has he a wife Hermes or is he a bachelor?

HERMES Not exactly a bachelor

APHRODITE What do you mean?

HERMES I believe there is a wife as it were a good enough sort of girl—a native of those parts—but sadly countrified! I fancy he does not care very much about her —Why do you ask?

APHRODITE I just wanted to know

ATHENE Now Hermes, that is not fair No whispering with Aphrodite

HERMES It was nothing Athene, nothing about you She only asked me whether Paris was a bachelor

ATHENE What business is that of hers?

HERMES None that I know of She meant nothing by the question, she just wanted to know

ATHENE. Well and is he?

HERMES Why, no

ATHENE And does he care for military glory? has he ambition? or is he a mere neatherd?

HERMES I couldn t say for certain But he is a young man so it is to be presumed that distinction on the field of battle is among his desires

APHRODITE *There you see I don t complain, I say nothing when you whisper* per with her Aphrodite is not so particular as some people

HERMES Athene asked me almost exactly the same as you did so don t be cross It will do you no harm my answering a plain question —Meanwhile we have left the stars far behind us and are almost over Phrygia There is Ida I can make out the peak of Gargarum quite plainly, and if I am not mistaken there is Paris himself

HERA *Where is he? I don t see him*

HERMES Look over there to the left Hera not on the top but down the side by that cave where you see the herd

HERA But I *don t* see the herd

HERMES What, don t you see them coming out from between the rocks —where I am pointing look—and the man running down from the crag, and keeping them together with his staff?

HERA I see *him now if he it is*

HERMES Oh that is Paris But we are getting near it is time to alight and walk He might be frightened if we were to descend upon him so suddenly

HERA Yes very well And now that we are on the earth you might go on ahead Aphrodite and show us the way You know the country of course having been here so often to see Anchises or so I have heard

APHRODITE Your sneers are thrown away on me Hera

HERMES Come I ll lead the way myself I spent some time on Ida, while Zeus was courting Ganymede Many is the time that I have been sent here to keep watch over the boy and when at last the eagle came I flew by his side and helped him with his lovely burden This is the very *rock* if I remember yes Ganymede was piping to his sheep when down swooped the eagle behind him and tenderly oh so tenderly caught him up in those talons and with the turban in his beak bore him off the frightened boy straining his neck the while to see his captor I picked up his pipes—he had dropped them in his fright—and—ah! here is our umpire close at hand Let us accost him —Good morrow herdsman!

PARIS Good *morrow, youngster* And who may you be who come thus

far afield? And these dames? They are over comely, to be wandering on the mountain side

HERMES These dames good Paris are Hera, Athene and Aphrodite and I am Hermes with a message from Zeus Why so pale and tremulous? Compose yourself there is nothing the matter Zeus appoints you the judge of their beauty 'Because you are handsome and wise in the things of love' (so runs the message) 'I leave the decision to you, and for the prize—read the inscription on the apple'

PARIS Let me see what it is about For THE FAIR it says But, my lord Hermes how shall a mortal and a rustic like myself be judge of such unparalleled beauty? This is no sight for a herdsman s eyes let the fine city folk decide on such matters As for me I can tell you which of two goats is the fairer beast or I can judge betwixt heifer and heifer—'tis my trade But here where all are beautiful alike I know not how a man may leave looking at one, to look upon another Where my eyes fall there they fasten,—for there is beauty I move them and what do I find? more loveliness! I am fixed again yet distracted by neighbouring charms I bathe in beauty I am enthralled ah, why am I not all eyes like Argus? Methinks it were a fair award, to give the apple to all three Then again one is the wife and sister of Zeus the others are his daughters Take it where you will tis a hard matter to judge

HERMES So it is, Paris At the same time—Zeus s orders! There is no way out of it

PARIS Well please point out to them Hermes that the losers must not be angry with me, the fault will be in my eyes only

HERMES That is quite understood And now to work

PARIS I must do what I can there is no help for it But first let me ask,—am I just to look at them as they are or must I go into the matter thoroughly?

HERMES That is for you to decide in virtue of your office You have only to give your orders it is as you think best

PARIS As I think best? Then I will be thorough

HERMES Get ready ladies Now Mr Umpire—I will look the other way

HERA I approve your decision Paris I will be the first to submit myself to your inspection You shall see that I have more to boast of than white arms and large eyes nought of me but is beautiful

PARIS Aphrodite will you also prepare?

ATHENE Oh Paris—make her take off that girdle first there is magic in it she will bewitch you For that matter she has no right to come thus tricked out and painted—just like a courtesan! She ought to show herself unadorned

PARIS They are right about the girdle madam it must go

APHRODITE Oh very well, Athene then take off that helmet, and show your head bare instead of trying to intimidate the judge with that waving plume I suppose you are afraid the colour of your eyes may be noticed without their formidable surroundings

ATHENE Oh here is my helmet

APHRODITE And here is my girdle

HERA. Now then

PARIS God of wonders! What loveliness is here! Oh rapture! How exquisite these maiden charms! How dazzling the majesty of Heaven s true queen! And oh how sweet how enthralling is Aphrodite s smile! Tis too much too much of happiness —But perhaps it would be well for me to view each in detail for as yet I doubt, and know not where to look my eyes are drawn all ways at once

APHRODITE Yes, that will be best

PARIS Withdraw then, you and Athene, and let Hera remain.

HERA. So be it, and when you have finished your scrutiny you have next to consider how you would like the present which I offer you Paris give me the prize of beauty, and you shall be lord of all Asia

PARIS I will take no presents Withdraw I shall judge as I think right Approach Athene

ATHENE Behold And Paris if you will say I am the fairest I will make you a great warrior and conqueror, and you shall always win in every one of your battles

PARIS But I have nothing to do with fighting Athene As you see there is peace throughout all Lydia and Phrygia and my father s dominion is uncontested But never mind I am not going to take your present but you shall have fair play You can robe again and put on your helmet, I have seen And now for Aphrodite

APHRODITE Here I am take your time and examine carefully let nothing escape your vigilance And I have something else to say to you handsome Paris Yes you handsome boy, I have long had an eye on you I think you must be the handsomest young fellow in all Phrygia But it is such a pity that you don t leave these rocks and crags and live in a town you will lose all your beauty in this desert What have you to do with mountains? What satisfaction can your beauty give to a lot of cows? You ought to have been married long ago not to any of these dowdy women hereabouts but to some Greek girl an Argive perhaps or a Corinthian or a Spartan Helen now is a Spartan and such a pretty girl—quite as pretty as I am—and so susceptible! Why if she once caught sight of you she would give up everything I am sure to go with you and a most devoted wife she would be But you have heard of Helen of course?

PARIS No ma'am but I should like to hear all about her now

APHRODITE Well she is the daughter of Leda the beautiful woman, you know, whom Zeus visited in the disguise of a swan

PARIS And what is she like?

APHRODITE She is fair, as might be expected from the swan soft as down (she was hatched from an egg you know), and such a lithe, graceful figure, and only think she is so much admired that there was a war because Theseus ran away with her, and she was a mere child then And when she grew up the very first men in Greece were suitors for her hand, and she was given to Menelaus who is descended from Pelops —Now, if you like she shall be your wife

PARIS What, when she is married already?

APHRODITE Tut child you are a simpleton I understand these things

PARIS I should like to understand them too

APHRODITE You will set out for Greece on a tour of inspection and when you get to Sparta Helen will see you and for the rest—her falling in love and going back with you—that will be my affair

PARIS But that is what I cannot believe —that she will forsake her husband to cross the seas with a stranger, a barbarian

APHRODITE Trust me for that I have two beautiful children Love and Desire They shall be your guides Love will assail her in all his might and compel her to love you Desire will encompass you about, and make you desirable and lovely as himself and I will be there to help I can get the Graces to come too and between us we shall prevail

PARIS How this will end I know not All I do know is that I am in love with Helen already I see her before me—I sail for Greece—I am in Sparta —I am on my homeward journey with her at my side! Ah, why is none of it true?

APHRODITE Wait Do not fall in love yet You have first to secure my interest with the bride by your award The union must be graced with my victorious presence your marriage feast shall be my feast of victory Love beauty, wedlock all these you may purchase at the price of yonder apple

PARIS But perhaps after the award you will forget all about me?

APHRODITE Shall I swear?

PARIS No but promise once more

APHRODITE I promise that you shall have Helen to wife that she shall follow you and make Troy her home and I will be present with you and help you in all

PARIS And bring Love and Desire and the Graces?

APHRODITE Assuredly, and Passion and Hymen as well

PARIS Take the apple it is yours

Old Polystratus Tells the Tender Passions He Inspired

SIMYLUS AND POLYSTRATUS

SIMYLUS So here you are at last, Polystratus you must be something very like a centenarian

POLYSTRATUS Ninety-eight.

SIMYLUS And what sort of a life have you had of it these thirty years? you were about seventy when I died

POLYSTRATUS Delightful though you may find it hard to believe

SIMYLUS It is surprising that you could have any joy of your life—old weak and childless moreover

POLYSTRATUS In the first place I could do just what I liked there were still plenty of handsome boys and dainty women perfumes were sweet wine kept its bouquet, Sicilian feasts were nothing to mine

SIMYLUS This is a change, to be sure you were very economical in my day

POLYSTRATUS Ah but my simple friend these good things were presents —came in streams From dawn my doors were thronged with visitors and in the day it was a procession of the fairest gifts of earth

SIMYLUS Why you must have seized the crown after my death

POLYSTRATUS Oh no it was only that I inspired a number of tender passions

SIMYLUS Tender passions indeed! what, you an old man with hardly a tooth left in your head!

POLYSTRATUS Certainly, the first of our townsmen were in love with me Such as you see me old bald blear-eyed rheumy they delighted to do me honour, happy was the man on whom my glance rested a moment

SIMYLUS Well then you had some adventure like Phaon s when he rowed Aphrodite across from Chios your God granted your prayer and made you young and fair and lovely again

POLYSTRATUS No no, I was as you see me and I was the object of all desire

SIMYLUS Oh I give it up

POLYSTRATUS Why I should have thought you knew the violent passion for old men who have plenty of money and no children

SIMYLUS Ah now I comprehend your beauty old fellow it was the Golden Aphrodite bestowed it

POLYSTRATUS I assure you Simylus I had a good deal of satisfaction out of my lovers they idolized me almost Often I would be coy and shut some of them out Such rivalries! such jealous emulation!

SIMYLUS And how did you dispose of your fortune in the end?

POLYSTRATUS I gave each an express promise to make him my heir, he believed, and treated me to more attentions than ever, meanwhile I had another genuine will which was the one I left, with a message to them all to go hang

SIMYLUS Who was the heir by this one? one of your relations I suppose

POLYSTRATUS Not likely it was a handsome young Phrygian I had lately bought

SIMYLUS Age?

POLYSTRATUS About twenty

SIMYLUS Ah I can guess his office

POLYSTRATUS Well you know he deserved the inheritance much better than they did he was a barbarian and a rascal, but by this time he has the best of society at his beck So he inherited and now he is one of the aristocracy, his smooth chin and his foreign accent are no bars to his being called nobler than Codrus handsomer than Nireus wiser than Odysseus

SIMYLUS Well I don t mind, let him be Emperor of Greece, if he likes so long as he keeps the property away from that other crew

Diogenes Dresses Down a Proud Monarch

DIOGENES AND MAUSOLUS

DIOGENES Why so proud Carian? How are you better than the rest of us?

MAUSOLUS Sinopean to begin with I was a King king of all Caria ruler of many Lydians, subduer of islands conqueror of well nigh the whole of Ionia, even to the borders of Miletus Further, I was comely, and of noble stature, and a mighty warrior Finally a vast tomb lies over me in Halicarnassus, of such dimensions of such exquisite beauty as no other shade can boast. Thereon are the perfect semblances of man and horse carved in the fairest marble scarcely may a temple be found to match it These are the grounds of my pride are they inadequate?

DIOGENES Kingship—beauty—heavy tomb is that it?

MAUSOLUS It is as you say

DIOGENES But, my handsome Mausolus the power and the beauty are no longer there If we were to appoint an umpire now on the question of comeliness I see no reason why he should prefer your skull to mine Both are bald and bare of flesh our teeth are equally in evidence each of us has lost his eyes and each is snub nosed Then as to the tomb and the

costly marbles I dare say such a fine erection gives the Halicarnassians something to brag about and show off to strangers but I don t see friend, that you are the better for it, unless it is that you claim to carry more weight than the rest of us, with all that marble on the top of you.

MAUSOLUS Then all is to go for nothing? Mausolus and Diogenes are to rank as equals?

DIOGENES Equals! My dear sir no, I don't say that While Mausolus is groaning over the memories of earth and the felicity which he supposed to be his Diogenes will be chuckling While Mausolus boasts of the tomb raised to him by Artemisia, his wife and sister Diogenes knows not whether he has a tomb or no—the question never having occurred to him, he knows only that his name is on the tongues of the wise as one who lived the life of a man a higher monument than yours, vile Carian slave and set on firmer foundations.

THE GESTA ROMA- NORUM



THE GESTA ROMANORUM *The Deeds of the Romans were among the most popular tales of the Middle Ages They were a mine from which Chaucer Boccaccio Gower Shakespeare and many others drew materials Their title is a little misleading for many of them are feudal or Oriental rather than Roman Latin renderings were compiled in the late thirteenth century and there are English manuscript versions surviving from the middle of the fifteenth century Wynkyn de Worde printed an English version around 1510-15*

Saddled with a moralizing framework they were widely used by monks and priests as cautionary illustrations in sermons They embrace a wide variety of theme from solemn exhortation to supernatural marvel The two quoted here show that the Middle Ages like all other periods enjoyed satirizing the jangles of married life and making conniving mother in law jokes Noticeable in the first story are the quiet urbanity and ironic humor of its tone (that gentle tree the laudable wishes of the wives) and the demureness with which it states the wild hyperbole on which it closes

TWO SHORT STORIES

A TREE FOR WIVES TO HANG UPON

VALERIUS tells us that a man named Patelinus one day burst into a flood of tears and calling his son and neighbors around him said Alas! alas! I have now growing in my garden a fatal tree on which my first poor wife hung herself then my second and after that my third Have I not therefore cause for the wretchedness I exhibit?

Truly, said one who was called Arrius, I marvel that you should weep at such an unusual instance of good fortune Give me I pray you two or three sprigs of that gentle tree, which I will divide with my neighbors and thereby afford every man an opportunity of indulging the laudable wishes of his spouse'

Paletinus complied with his friend s request and ever after found this remarkable tree the most productive part of his estate

HOLDING THE SHEET BEFORE THE HUSBAND

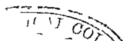
A soldier going into a far country entrusted his wife to the care of her mother But some time after her husband s departure the wife fell in love with a young man and communicated her wishes to the mother She approved of the connection and without delay sent for the object of her daughter s criminal attachment But while they feasted the soldier unexpectedly returned and beat at his gate

The wife in great tremor concealed the lover in her bed and then opened the door for her husband Being weary with travel he commanded his bed to be got ready and the wife more and more disturbed knew not what she should do

The mother observing her daughter's perplexity said Before you go my child let us show your husband the fair sheet we have made

Then standing up she gave one corner of the sheet to her daughter and held the other herself extending it before him so as to favor the departure of the lover who took the hint and escaped

When he had clearly got off Now said the mother spread the sheet on the bed with your own hands—we have done our part in weaving it



FOLK CYNICISM IN THE BEAST EPIC



THE BEAST *epic* Reynard the Fox *was popular all through the Middle Ages A primitive Latin ancestor of the tale existed as early as* 940 *two centuries later we find one in which the animals are given names Ysengrimus the wolf* Reinardus *the fox* Bruno *the bear* Balduinus *the ass There are versions in half French half Latin French Flemish Low and High German and even Icelandic Some of the successive authors were monkish adapters some* trouvères *Thus though the English translation was not made and published by Caxton until 1481 the story is much older*

A few of Aesop s Fables *appear in the narrative as incidental stories the man and the serpent the horse envious of the hart s fleetness the ass and the hound the wolf and the crane But the subject of the whole tale is Reynard s wiliness in wriggling out of the constantly increasing dangers his deceptions betrayals and murders bring upon him Reynard always overreaches the others by an adroit playing upon their weaknesses Bruin the bear s greedy love of honey Tybert the cat s fierce pursuit of mice Bellyn the ram s stupid desire to be regarded as clever Even Noble the lion monarch of the beasts allows himself to be gulled by alluring*

inventions of buried treasure and is easily deflected from his purposes by following the whims of his wife At the end in a burlesque trial by combat Reynard triumphs over Isegrim by shaving off all his hair and oiling his body throwing dirt in his opponent s face blinding him with urine and well not hitting but squeezing below the belt

Together with a certain amount of bawdy humor there is a great deal of the crude medieval comedy of drubbings bloody snouts and brutal mutilations The underlying theme reveals itself as a sly deflation of conventional morals The animals Reynard defeats by his cajoleries and twistings are seldom better than he is only more foolish Peasant Machiavellianism reaches the cynical conclusion that life is a struggle between unscrupulous brains and selfish stupidity

REYNARD THE FOX

*** After many complaints about Reynard's misdeeds Noble the Lion had sent Bruin commanding the fox to appear at Court and defend himself against these charges Tempted by Reynard into a trap baited with honey Bruin had his muzzle torn and battered and his claws pulled out and rolled himself howling back to Court ***

Reynard Betrays Tybert the Cat Into a Snare

THE KING said How durst this false thief Reynard do this? I to you, Bruin and swear by my crown I shall so avenge yo him that ye shall owe me thanks!

He sent for all the wise beasts and desired counsel how that he m avenge this over great wrong the fox had done Then the Council orda old and young that he should be sent for, and summoned earnestly aga abide such judgment as should there be given him on all his trespasses they thought that the cat Tybert might best do this message if he w for he is right wise The King thought the counsel good

Then the King said Sir Tybert ye shall now go to Reynard and to him this second time that he come to Court to answer the plea Th he be fell to other beasts he trusts you well and will do your counsel tell him if he come not he shall have the third warning and be summo and if then he come not we shall proceed by law against him and al lineage without mercy

Tybert spake "My Lord the King they that thus counseled you not my friends He will not for me neither come ne abide I beseech dear King send some other to him I am little and feeble Bruin the who was so great and strong could not bring him how should I then it on hand?

Nay said the King Sir Tybert ye are wise and well learned Th ye be not great there lies not much in that Many do more with skill knowledge than with might and strength"

Then said the cat Since it must needs be done I must then take it me God give grace that I may well achieve it for my heart is heavy, evil willed thereto

Tybert soon made him ready toward Maleperduys And he saw far come flying one of St Martin s birds then cried he aloud and said

hail gentle bird, turn thy wings hitherward and fly on my right side The bird flew forth upon a tree which stood on the left side of the cat Then was Tybert woe, for he thought it was a sinister token and a sign of harm For if the bird had flown on his right side he had been merry and glad but now he was anxious lest his journey should turn to misfortune He went and ran toward Maleperduys and there found he the fox alone standing before his house

Tybert said 'The rich God give you good even Reynard' The King hath menaced you to take your life from you if ye come not now with me to the Court'

The fox then spake and said 'Tybert my dear cousin ye be right welcome' I would well truly that ye had much good luck What hurted it the fox to speak fair? Though he said well his heart thought it not and that shall be seen ere they depart

Reynard said Shall we this night be together? I will make you good cheer and tomorrow early in the dawning we will go together to the Court Good nephew let us do so I have none of my kin that I trust so much as you Here was Bruin the bear—the traitor' He looked so knavishly on me and methought he was so strong that I would not for a thousand marks have gone with him but cousin I will tomorrow go early with you

Tybert said 'It is best that we go now for the moon shines as light as if it were day *I never saw fairer weather*'

Nay dear cousin such might meet us by daytime that would make us good cheer and by night peradventure might do us harm It is suspicious to walk by night Therefore abide this night with me'

Tybert said What should we eat if we abode here?

Reynard said Here is but little to eat Ye may well have a honeycomb good and sweet What say ye Tybert will ye any thereof?

Tybert answered I set naught thereby Have ye nothing else? If ye gave me a good fat mouse I should be better pleased

A fat mouse' said Reynard Dear cousin what say ye? Hereby dwelleth a priest and hath a barn by his house Therein are so many mice that a man could not lead them away upon a wain I have heard the priest many times complain that they did him much harm

Oh dear Reynard lead me thither for all that I may do for you'

Yea Tybert say ye truth? Love ye well mice?

If I love them well? said the cat I love mice better than anything that men give me' Know ye not that mice savor better than game—yea than pancakes or pasties? Will ye well do so lead me thither where the mice are and then ye shall win my love yea, although ye had slain my father, mother and all my kin.'

Reynard said 'Ye mock and jest therewith!'

The cat said 'So help me God I do not!'

"Tybert said the fox wit I that verily I would yet this night make ye that ye should be full of mice

Reynard!" quoth he Full? That were many'

"Tybert ye jest!

Reynard' quoth he 'in truth I do not If I had a fat mouse I would not give it for a golden noble

Let us go then Tybert' quoth the fox I will bring you to the place ere I go from you '

Reynard, quoth the cat, 'upon your safe conduct I would well go with you to Montpellier"

Let us go then said the fox We tarry too long"

Thus went they forth without hindrance to the place where they would be to the priest's barn which was fast walled about with a mud wall And the night before had the fox broken in and had stolen from the priest a good fat hen and the priest all angry, had set a snare before the hole to avenge him for he would fain have taken the fox This well knew the fox, and said Sir Tybert cousin creep into this hole and ye shall not tarry long but that ye shall catch mice by great heaps Hark how they pipe! When ye be full come again I will tarry here after you before this hole We will tomorrow go together to the Court Tybert why tarry ye thus long? Come off, and so may we return soon to my wife who waits for us, and shall make us good cheer'

Tybert said Reynard cousin is it then your counsel that I go into this hole? These priests are so wily and shrewish I dread to take harm"

Oh ho Tybert! said the fox I never saw you so sore afraid What aileth you?

The cat was ashamed and sprang into the hole And anon he was caught in the snare by the neck ere he wist Thus deceived Reynard his guest and cousin

As Tybert was ware of the snare he was afraid and sprang forth—the snare went to Then he began to shout for he was almost strangled He called he cried and made a villainous noise

Reynard stood before the hole and heard all and was well satisfied and said Tybert love ye well mice? Be they fat and good? Knew the priest hereof or Mertynet they be so gentle that they would bring you sauce Tybert ye sing and eat—is that the custom of the Court? Lord God if Isegrim were there by you in such rest as ye be now then should I be glad for oft hath he done me damage and harm

Tybert could not get away, but he mewed and cried out so loud, that

Mertynet sprang up and cried 'God be thanked my snare hath taken the thief that hath stolen our hens Arise up we will reward him!'

With these words arose the priest in an evil time and waked all that were in the house and cried in a loud voice The fox is taken!

There leaped and ran all that there was The priest himself ran all mother naked Mertynet was the first that came to Tybert The priest took to Locken his wife an offering candle and bade her light it at the fire and he smote Tybert with a great staff There received Tybert many a great stroke all over his body Mertynet was so angry that he smote the cat an eye out The naked priest lifted up and should have given a great stroke to Tybert but Tybert, who saw that he must die sprang between *the priest s legs with his claws and with his teeth that he tore out his right* colyon or balock stone That leap became ill to the priest and to his great shame

This thing fell down upon the floor When Dame Locken knew that she sware by her father s soul that she would rather it had cost her all the offerings of a whole year than that the priest should have had that harm *hurt,* and shame and that it had not happened, and said *In the Devil s* name was the snare there set! See Mertynet dear son this is thy father s harness This is a great shame and to me a great hurt for though he be healed thereof he is but a lost man to me and also shall never be able to do that sweet play and game'

The fox stood without, before the hole and heard all these words and laughed so sore that he could hardly stand He spake thus all softly Dame Locken be all still and your great sorrow sink Although the priest hath lost one of his stones it shall not hinder him he shall do with you well enough There is in the world many a chapel in which is rung but one bell Thus scorned and mocked the fox the priest s wife Dame Locken that was full of sorrow

The priest fell down aswoon They took him up and brought him again to bed Then went the fox away to his burrow and left Tybert the cat in great dread and jeopardy for the fox wist none other but that the cat was nigh dead But when Tybert the cat saw them all busy about the priest then began he to bite and gnaw the snare in the middle asunder and sprang out of the hole and went rolling and rolling toward the King s Court And he came to the Court as a poor wight He had caught harm at the priest s house by the help and counsel of the fox His body was all beaten to pieces and blind on the one eye

THE SUN-WARMED WISDOM OF CHAUCER



CHAUCER'S *age is an age of transition between the medieval and the modern. Chivalry, a dying order flaring up in a kind of autumnal splendor, glows with a pageantry more magnificent than when the wine of youth ran in its veins. Plate armor, burnished and damascened, glitters on the battle field among dancing pennons and waving crests. The horned headdresses of ladies tower fantastically into the air, and the pointed toes of noblemen's shoes curl up in improbable spirals. But the crossbow has already destroyed the military value of the mounted knight, whom firearms will presently leave a mere decorative survival. Crecy was won by the arrows of massed yeomen.*

National states are beginning to assert the solid might that will replace the shadowy authority of the Holy Roman Empire, just as Huss and Wyclif and the Lollards show stirrings of what will grow to the Protestant revolt against the papacy. Capitalism assumes a strangely modern color when we read of the failure in 1345 of two great Florentine banking houses, the Bardi and the Peruzzi. Imperialism appears in Edward III's armed claim to the throne of France and John of Gaunt's attempt to seize

the kingdom of Castile Labor grown conscious of its power with the scarcity of hands that followed the Black Death terrified vested interests by its demands convulsed France with the violences of the Jacquerie and reduced English conservatives like John Gower to panic with the uprisings —really labor strikes—of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw Reactionaries met the threat with repressive legislation and were fought with radical theory Education was spreading with the Revival of Learning between 1340 and 1410 an entire chain of universities spread from Cracow to Saint Andrews

Chaucer lived in the very flood tide of these changes Of a middle-class London family he had court connections that brought him into public employment all his life He served in the army was taken prisoner and ransomed by the King himself He was Controller of Customs Commissioner of Buildings M P for the County of Kent an ambassador on diplomatic and secret missions to France Italy Flanders This humorous good natured practical man busy in the world s affairs is as different as can be imagined from the conventional image of the shrinking and sensitive poet leading a cloistered existence

Chaucer began his literary career as a courtly poet of romance he translated the long French Roman de la Rose and his own early Book of the Duchess merged the established medieval forms of the dream and the lover s lament The House of Fame uses the vision again but this time in an allegory of sharply realistic satire showing that good and evil names are only confused gossip borne on air Troilus and Cressida for all its legendary background of the fall of Troy and its conventions of courtly love is fundamentally a profound and realistic study of human character and a psychological tragedy And then from the past and the allegory and the dream Chaucer moves into the April sunlight of his own contemporary England and gathers an immortal company at the Tabard to joggle down the rutted fourteenth century roads to Canterbury

No longer is he speaking merely for the nobility or the court It is all England that is here in miniature the Knight and roaring Miller the Shipman Yeoman and scoundrelly Pardoner the good Parson and plump Monk the Franklin with his beard white as a daisy the gat toothed Wife of Bath and the rest of that lively train And their stories are not Chaucer s stories put into their mouths but their own It is the reeling Miller who manages to get in a dig at his enemy the Carpenter with his tale of the luscious Alison wincing as is a jolly colt but with a come hither look in her eye and how she served her husband a carpenter It is the grave

Clerk of Oxford who answers the Wife of Bath s remarks on keeping hus bands in subjection with the story of the patient Griselda and then courteously recites a poem composed in the Wife s honor in which he advises wives to clatter like windmills in a gale and leave their husbands to weep and wring and wail

Satire glimmers constantly through both the descriptions of the pilgrims and the stories they tell but Chaucer enjoys the whole human comedy too much and revels too heartily in the richness of human nature to be pure satirist He delights in all that is vividly itself from saintly parson to roistering scalawag The fiery faced Summoner he tells us appreciatively had a voice twice as loud as a trumpet the bald head of the Monk shone like glass at cloth making the Wife of Bath positively beat the Dutch! When the Canon s Yeoman comes spurring up to join the company Chaucer observes his dripping brow and exclaims in ecstasy It was joye for to see him sweat! So vast a relish for all experience cannot confine itself to being censorious

Nevertheless Chaucer is keenly alive to the laughable weaknesses of his people Seeing the Squire as a brave polite and cultivated young gentle man Chaucer also notes his dandyism the raiment embroidered as if it were a mead of flowers white and red and the locks curled as if they were laid in press and takes a little dig at his gallantries

> *So hot he loved that by nightertale*
> *He slept no more than doth a nightingale*

The Monk who loves hunting and horseflesh his bridle jingling in the wind and enjoys fat swans best of any roast is Chaucer tells us with a witty swipe that cuts both ways a manly man to been an abbot able He is equally clear in revealing the vices of the more unscrupulous pilgrims the venal Summoner who for a quart of wine would overlook a man s having a concubine the Friar with his complaisance to well heeled sinners and the cynical Pardoner cheating people with pig s bones displayed as holy relics Let there be no mistake though Chaucer s lively understand ing too genial to abominate the man does not excuse the sin

His all-embracing sympathy that runs through the portraits of the pil grims runs just as warmly through the tales they tell The Cock and the Fox *with its delicate raillery at the loquacity of women teases Chanticleer no less for letting Pertelote shame him into ignoring his dream Mulier est*

hominis confusio quotes Chanticleer, and then gallantly mistranslates his own remarks

> Madam the meaning of this Latin is,
> Woman is mannes joy and mannes bliss

The Nun s Priest who tells the story a confessor of women denies humorously that he had any desire to criticize the advice giving of women These been the cockes wordes and not mine and piles it on in an exaggeration of generosity ' I can none harm of no woman divine Chaucer slyly leaves it to us to decide just how far we want to agree with the priest

He uses the beast fable with an elvish subtlety entirely novel For Chanticleer and Pertelote are not really a cock and a hen of course any more than Reynard and Tybert the cat or the creatures of Aesop were really animals Chanticleer piling up examples of the meanings of dreams from Cicero the Golden Legend Macrobius the Book of Daniel Joseph and Dan Pharaoh s dream the stories of Croesus and Andromache grows more and more incredible as a cock and becomes a delicious parody of pompous erudition And Pertelote garrulously arguing from Cato and talking about red colera and black bile and offering a whole pharmacopoeia of herbs and laxatives and purges is all woman and housewife But then just as we have come to think of them as man and woman Chaucer tosses in a vivid phrase to remind us of their being fowls Just peck them up where they grow 'When I see the beauty of your face Ye been so scarlet hue about your eyen Redder than coral was his comb and all Crested with notches like a castle wall

The truth is that instead of trying to make us forget the absurdity of a cock behaving like a man Chaucer rubs it in As G K Chesterton remarks Chaucer reveled I might say wallowed in the wild disproportion of making his little farmyard fowl talk like a philosopher and even a scholar he deliberately makes his story of a cock and a hen a cock-and bull story But behind the patent joke there lurks a cosmic paradox Is it more fantastic for a cock to be described as a man than for a man to be described as a man? Perhaps he is only a featherless fowl talking grandiloquently about the riddle of Destiny

THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE

*** We do not know the date of the *Canterbury Tales* except that they were composed in the later part of Chaucer's life and that he died around 1400 The modern rendering used here is that of Frank Ernest Hill ***

Shamed by Dame Pertelote into Ignoring His Prophetic Dream, Chanticleer Falls into the Fox's Jaws, But Escapes by a Ruse

Once long ago set close beside a wood
Meagre of look a little cottage stood
Where dwelt a poor old widow in a dale
This widow she of whom I tell my tale
Even since the day when she was last a wife
All patiently had led a simple life
Small were her earnings and her property
But what God sent she used with husbandry,
And kept two daughters and herself Of sows
Three and no more she had about the house
Also a sheep called Molly and three kine
Her sooty hall and bower were nothing fine
And there full many a slender meal she ate
No poignant sauce was needed for her plate
   She had a yard that was enclosed about
By sticks and a dry ditch that ran without
And there she kept a cock named Chanticleer
None in the land at crowing was his peer
His voice was merrier than the organ s tone
That loud on mass days in the church is blown,
And surer from his lodge his crowing fell
Than stroke of any clock or abbey bell
He knew by nature each ascension of
The equinoxial circle arched above
For when fifteen degrees had been ascended
He crowed so that it could not be amended

Redder than coral was his comb and all
Crested with notches like a castle wall
His bill was black—like jet it seemed to glow—
Like azure shone each leg and every toe
His nails were white—the lily flower is duller
And gold all burnished was his body's color
This noble cock had under governance
Seven hens to do all wholly his pleasance
Which were his paramours and sisters dear
And in their colors matched him wondrous near,
Of whom she that was fairest hued of throat
Fairly was called Damoselle Pertelote
Courteous she was discreet and debonaire
Companionable and bore herself so fair
Even since the day that she was seven nights old,
She hath the heart of Chanticleer in hold—
Locked in each motion in each graceful limb
He loved her so that this was well with him
But what a joy it was to hear them sing
In sweet accord My Love's Gone Journeying
While the bright sun uprose from out the land
For this was in the time I understand
When all the birds and beasts could sing and speak
So once it fell as day began to break
And Chanticleer with his wives one and all
Was sitting on his perch within the hall
And next him sat this fair Dame Pertelote
That Chanticleer groaned deeply in his throat
Like one that in his dream sore troubled is
And when she heard this roaring groan of his
Pertelote was aghast, and cried Dear heart,
What aileth you that thus ye groan and start?
What a fine sleeper! Fie now fie for shame!
But Chanticleer replied I pray you Dame
Take it not so amiss by God I seemed
Just now in such a danger as I dreamed
That still my heart is strangely terrified
God bring my dream to something good! he cried
And out of prison foul my body keep!
Now I was roaming (so I dreamed in sleep)
Within our yard and there I saw a beast

Was like a dog and would have made arrest
Upon my body and would have had me dead
His color was between a yellow and red
And tipped his tail was likewise both his ears
With black quite different from his other hairs
His snout was small between two glowing eyes,
Even now my heart with terror almost dies,
And doubtless it was this which made me start
For shame!" quoth she Fie on you small of heart!
Alas!" she cried for, by the God above
Now have ye lost my heart and all my love
I cannot love a coward by my faith
For truly what so any woman saith,
We all desire if such a thing can be
Husbands that shall be sturdy, wise and free,
Trusty, and not a fool nor one to hoard
Nor such as stands aghast to see a sword
Nor yet a boaster by the God above
How durst ye say for shame unto your love
That there was anything on earth ye feared?
Have ye no man s heart though ye have a beard?
And was it dreams that brought this melancholy?
God knows that nothing is in dreams but folly
Dreams are engendered out of gluttony
And drink, and from complexions it may be
That show of humors more than should be right
Surely this vision which ye dreamed last night
Comes of the too great superfluity
Ye have of your red *colera* pardee
Which makes folk in their dreams to have great dread
Of arrows or of fire with tongues of red
Of red beasts that will bite them and of all
Struggle and strife and dogs both great and small—
Just as the humor of melancholy will make
Full many a man within his sleep to break
Out crying with fear of black bears or black bulls
Or else of some black devil that at him pulls
Of other humors I could tell you still
That work on many a sleeping man much ill,
But I will pass as quickly as I can

'Lo Cato he that was so wise a man
Said he not thus Take no account of dreams?
Now, sire' she said "when we fly from the beams
For God s love take a little laxative,
Upon my soul and as I hope to live
My counsel is the best, and it is wholly
The truth for choler and for melancholy
Purge yourself now and, since ye must not tarry,
And in this town is no apothecary
I will myself to certain herbs direct you
That shall be profit to you and correct you
And in our very yard such herbs should be
Which of their nature have the property
To purge you wholly under and above
Forget this not I say for God s own love!
Just peck them where they grow and eat. But make
Good cheer now husband for your fathers sake
Fear ye no dream now can I say no more
Madam" quoth he "*grand merci* for your lore
Yet touching thus Lord Cato who I own
Hath for his wisdom such a great renown
Though he adviseth us to take no heed
Of dreams—by God in old books can ye read
Of many a man, more in authority
Than ever Cato was God prosper me
That say just the reverse of what he says
And by experience in many ways
Find that our dreams may be prophetic things
Alike for joys and woeful happenings
That in this present life all folk endure
This needs no argument to make it sure
For the full proof is shown in many a deed
One of the greatest authors that men read
Says thus that on a time two friends set out
On pilgrimage and they were both devout
And it befell they came unto a town
Where were such crowds of people up and down
And in the hostelries so little space
There was not even a cottage in the place
Wherein the both of them might harbored be

So they were forced of sheer necessity
For that night's sleeping to part company,
And each of them goes to his hostelry
To take his lodging as it might befall
The one of them was bedded in a stall
Out in a yard with oxen of the plow,
The other got a proper place somehow,
As was his chance or fortune it may be,
That governs all lives universally
'And it befell that long before the day
This man as dreaming in his bed he lay
Thought that he heard his friend begin him call,
Crying Alas! for in an ox's stall
This night shall I be murdered as I lie
Now help me dear my brother ere I die
Arise! in all haste come to me! he said
His comrade started from his sleep in dread
But when he was awakened from his dreaming
He turned and gave no notice to it deeming
That all his dream was but a vanity!
And twice as he was sleeping thus dreamed he
And then he thought he saw his friend again
A third time and he said 'Now am I slain
Behold my wounds bloody and deep and wide!
Arise up early on the morrow tide
And at the west gate of the town quoth he
A cart with dung full laden shalt thou see
In which my body is hidden secretly
Then boldly stop that dung cart instantly
My gold did cause my murder to say truly'
Then all the slaying did he tell him duly
With a full piteous face and pale of hue
And ye may trust his dream he found full true
For on the morrow with the break of day
Unto his comrade's inn he took his way,
And when he came upon the ox's stall
To his companion he began to call
'The landlord spoke and answered him anon
After this fashion Sir your friend is gone
He went from out the town when day first broke'

Then straightway in this man suspicion woke
For he remembered what he dreamed and he
Would stay no more but went forth instantly
Unto the west gate of the town and found
A dung cart set as if to dung the ground
That was arrayed exactly in the way
As in his dream he heard the dead man say
Then with a bold heart he began to cry
Justice and vengeance on this villainy
'My friend was slain last night and in this cart
Lies staring with a wound above his heart!
I cry upon the officers quoth he
That should keep rule here and security!
Help! Help! Alas here lies my comrade slain!'
What should I add to make the tale more plain?
The folk rushed out and cast the cart to ground
And in the middle of the dung they found
The body of the man murdered all new
'O blissful God that art so just and true!
Lo! always thus murder dost thou betray!
Murder will out, we see it day by day
So loathsome is it and such cursed treason
To God the soul of justice and of reason
That never will He let it hidden be
Though it should stay a year or two or three,
Murder will out—this is my whole opinion
Straightway the officers that had dominion
Over the city seized and tortured so
The carter and the landlord with him too,
That soon they both confessed their villainy
And by the neck were hanged So men may see
From such examples dreams are to be feared
And furthermore I pray you notice well
In the Old Testament if Daniel
Believed that dreams were any vanity
And read of Joseph too and ye shall see
Whether some dreams may be (I say not all)
Warnings of things that afterwards befall
Consider Egypt's King Dan Pharao
And let his baker and his butler show

Whether of dreams they felt not the result
Whoso will divers histories consult
May read of dreams full many a wondrous thing
'Lo Crœsus, that in Lydia was king –
Did he not dream he sat upon a tree,
Which signified his hanging that should be?
And lo Andromache Dan Hector's wife–
Before the day that Hector lost his life
Dreams gave her warning that should Hector go
With day to join the fight against the foe
The life of Hector would be lost and she
Warned him of this but unsuccessfully
He went to fight holding her vision vain
And so was shortly by Achilles slain
But this tale is too long to tell and dawn
Draws near already, I may not go on
In brief and for conclusion I assert
That of this vision I shall have some hurt
And Madam I will tell you furthermore
That on these laxatives I set no store
For they are venomous I ll never try them,
I love them never a jot and I defy them'
'Now let us speak of mirth and stop all this,
Dame Pertelote as I have hope of bliss
In one thing God hath richly sent me grace,
For when I see the beauty of your face
Ye be so scarlet red about the eyes
That as I gaze all dread within me dies
For sure as gospel I would have you know,
Mulier est hominis confusio,
Madam the meaning of this Latin is–
Woman s the joy of man and all his bliss
For when at night I feel your fluffy side
Although I may not then upon you ride
Because our perch, alas is made so narrow,
Such joy and solace pierce me to the marrow
That then do I defy both vision and dream
And with that word he flew down from the beam–
For it was day–and his hens one and all
And with a chucking he commenced to call
For in the yard he had found a grain of corn

His fear he scorned now with a royal scorn,
He feathered Pertelote full twenty time
And trod as often ere that it was prime
All like unto a lion grim he goes,
And strutteth up and down upon his toes
Scarcely he deigned with foot to touch the ground,
And chucked all proudly when a corn he found
And then his wives ran to him one and all
But suddenly befell a grievous thing
For ever the farther end of joy is woe
God know th that joys of earth are soon to go,
And if an orator could write this well,
He might embed it in a chronicle
As a fact of sovereign notability
Let every wise man listen unto me
This story is just as true I undertake
As is the book of Launcelot of the Lake,
Whereof are ladies reverent and fain
Now to my theme will I return again
A black marked fox wicked and very sly,
Had lurked for three years in the wood near by
And by a fine premeditated plot
That same night, breaking through the hedge had got
Into the yard where Chanticleer the fair
Was with his wives accustomed to repair,
And in a bed of herbs stone still he lay
Till onward to eleven went the day
Waiting his time on Chanticleer to fall
As do the murderers gladly—one and all—
That low in ambush crouch to murder men
O treacherous murderer, lurking in thy den!
O new Iscariot! O new Ganilon!
O false dissembler O thou Greek Sinon
That broughtest Troy all utterly to sorrow!
O Chanticleer accursed be that morrow
That thou into the yard flew from the beams
Thou hadst been well admonished in thy dreams
That this same day was perilous to thee
But that which God foreknows must surely be
As certain scholars make the matter work
This ye will learn from any well trained clerk

Upon that point has been great altercation
Within the schools and lengthy disputation
Among a hundred thousand if a man!
But I could never sift it to the bran
As could the holy doctor Augustine,
Or Boethius or Bishop Bradwardine
To say if God's divine forewitnessing
Compelleth me of need to do a thing
(By need I mean simple necessity)
Or whether a free choice be granted me
To do that same thing or to do it not
Though God foreknew it ere that it was wrought,
Or if his knowing binds me not a whit,
Save on condition to accomplish it!
In no such matters will I interfere
My tale is of a cock as ye may hear,
That from his wife took counsel, to his sorrow
To walk within the yard upon that morrow
That he had dreamed the dream I have related
Women's advice is oftentimes ill fated!
Counsel a woman brought us first to woe
And out of Paradise made Adam go
Though he was merry there and well at ease
But since I know not whom it might displease
Should I the advice of women hold to blame—
Forget it for I said it but in game
Read authors where they treat of such affairs
And hear of women in these books of theirs
These are the cock's words only none of mine
For in no woman can I harm divine!
Fair in the sand to bathe her merrily
Lieth Pertelote with all her sisters nigh
In the warm sun and Chanticleer so free
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea
(*Physiologus* says for certainty
That they sing very well and merrily)
And so it fell that as he cast his eye
Among the worts upon a butterfly
He saw this fox before him crouching low
Nowise it pleased him then to strut or crow
But quick Cok Cok he cried and up he started

Like one fear stril eth suddenly weak hearted
For any creature will desire to flee
If suddenly his enemy he see,
Though never before he saw it with his eye
  This Chanticleer, when he the fox did spy
He would have fled but that the fox anon
Said Noble sire alas! will ye be gone?
Be ye afraid of me that am your friend?
Now truly I were worse than any fiend
If I should plan you hurt or villainy
I came not to disturb your privacy
Surely the one and only reason bringing
Me here—it was to listen to your singing
For certainly ye have as merry a steven
As any angel hath that sings in heaven
There is more feeling in your music than
Boethius had or any singing man
My lord your father (God him sanctify)
Likewise your mother (in her great courtesy)
Have been within my house to my great ease
And truly sire full fain I would you please
But with respect to singing in this wise
I say that as I hope to keep my eyes
I never heard such singing from a man
As from your father when the day began—
Truly it was full lusty all his song
And that his voice might ring more clear and strong
He used to strain until his eyes would close
So loudly would he cry and he uprose
Upon his toe tips as he crowed withal
And stretched his neck out very long and small
He was of such discretion too that there
Was none in any country anywhere
That him in song or wisdom might surpass
True I have read in *Sir Burnell the Ass*
Among his verse how that there was a cock
Who all because a priest s son gave a knock
Unto his leg when he was young —for this
Schemed that he later lost his benefice
But certainly no man can well compare
The high discretion and the wisdom rare

Your father had with that cock's trick cry
But sing sire sing for holy charity
Try now can ye your father counterfeit?'
This Chanticleer his wings began to beat
As one that could no treachery descry —
So was he ravished by this flattery
This Chanticleer stood high upon his toes
He stretched his neck he made his eyes to close,
And thus began to make a mighty cry
Sir Russell Fox up bounded instantly
And by the throat he seized this Chanticleer
And flung him on his back and sped from there
Off toward the wood and no man saw him run.
O Destiny, that none of us may shun!
Alas! that Chanticleer flew from the beams!
Alas! that Pertelote recked not of dreams!
And on a Friday fell all this mischance!
O Venus that art goddess of pleasance
Since Chanticleer was servant unto thee
And spent himself to serve thee faithfully
More for delight than the world to multiply,
Why wouldst thou suffer him on thy day to die?
O Geoffrey master dear supreme and skilled
That when King Richard was with arrow killed
Made for thy noble lord complaint so sore,
Why do I lack thy meaning and thy lore
Friday to chide with singing as did ye?
(For truly on a Friday slain was he)
Then would I raise my sorrowful refrain
For Chanticleer's affright, and for his pain
Not such a lamentation and great crying
Did Trojan ladies make for Ilium dying
When fire and Pyrrhus' naked sword they feared,
Who seized the aged Priam by the beard
And slew him (so the *Æneid* tells the tale)
As did these hens that in the yard made wail
To see their Chanticleer in fearsome plight.
But Pertelote shrieked with surpassing might
Louder she cried than did Hasdrubal's wife
What time she saw Hasdrubal lose his life
And Carthage burned by Roman torches She

Was filled with grief and torment utterly
And in the fire she flung herself, and so
Steadfast of heart in flames to death did go
O woeful hens your cry was like the cry
When Nero sent Rome City to the sky
And there was fearful wailing from the wives
Of Roman senators that lost their lives,
All guiltless wicked Nero had them slain!
Now to my tale will I return again

This simple widow and her daughters two
Heard all these hens lament with great to do
And rushing out of doors at once they see
The fox make toward the forest hastily
Bearing the cock away upon his back
They cried 'Out! Harrow!' 'Weladay! Alack!
Ha! Ha! the fox!' and after him they ran
And with them waving sticks came many a man
And Collie our dog and Talbot and Gerland
And Malkin with a distaff in her hand,
The cows and calves ran and the very hogs
Crazed as they were with the barking of the dogs
And men and women making great halloo
Their hearts with running all but burst in two
They yelled like fiends in hell—who could have stilled them?
And the ducks cried as someone would have killed them
The geese for fear went flying over trees
Out of the hive there poured a swarm of bees
Ah! *Benedicite!* such wild noise rang
In truth that Jack Straw ramping with his gang
In search of some poor Fleming they could kill
Never made shouting that was half so shrill
As on that day was made about this fox
They came with trumpets made of brass and box
Of horn and bone on which they blew and tooted
And therewithal they shrieked and whooped and hooted
Until it seemed that heaven itself would fall
And now, good men I pray you hearken all!

Look now how Fortune turneth suddenly
The hope and triumph of their enemy
This cock upon the fox's back that lay,
Despite his fear still found a voice to say

Thus to the fox Now sire, were I as ye
God help me I would shout defiantly
Turn once again proud churls, turn one and all!
A very pestilence upon you fall!
Look ye at last I stand within the wood!
Now do your worst the cock is mine for good,
For I will eat him up and quickly too' "
The fox replied 'In faith that will I do! —
But as he spoke the word the cock broke free
Out of his open mouth full dextrously
And flew high up and perched upon a limb
And the fox saw him there and called to him
'Alas! O Chanticleer alas! quoth he
I fear that I have done you injury!
I frightened you by seizing you so hard
And rushing with you hither from your yard,
But sire I did it with no ill intent—
Come down, and I will tell you what I meant
God help me, I will speak you fair and true'
'Nay then' quoth he, my curse upon us two
And first I ll curse myself both blood and bones,
If thou shalt fool me oftener than once!
Thou shalt no more with crafty flatteries
Make me to sing for thee and close my eyes
For he who shuts his eyes when he should see—
God give no good to any such as he!'
'Nay, quoth the fox but God give him mischance
That is so indiscreet of governance
That jabbers when he ought to hold his tongue!'
So of the negligent my tale is sung
That reckless are and trust in flattery
But if ye deem this naught but vanity
As of a fox, or of a cock and hen,
Take ye the moral that it hath good men
For Saint Paul saith he not that all things writ
Can point our doctrine and embellish it?
Then take the grain and let the chaff lie still
And now good God if it shall be Thy will
As saith my lord so make us all good men
And bring us into holy bliss *Amen*

THE RENAISSANCE FLOWERING OF FREEDOM



E RENAISSANCE was the flowering of all that new growth which age of Chaucer had seen in bud The great national states broke the er of the feudal nobility Ferdinand and Isabella united Aragon and ile into the single throne of Spain Louis XI laid the foundations of the ich monarchy the Wars of the Roses were the last struggle of the ns in England and backed by the merchants and bankers Henry VII at Bosworth Oriental trade and the gold of the New World stimulated ish of rival imperialisms the vision of the City of God and a kingdom of this world dimmed in the fierce contention of material power Ad urers and mercenary captains seized states artists like Benvenuto ini and audacious literary blackmailers like Aretino shouldered their among the great Careers were open to talent

mbition and pride—medieval sins—became virtues in the heady intoxi on of this brave new world Men wanted enjoyment spiced dainties ing wines gold fine raiment beauty here and now clamorously refus to believe them snares of Satan Luxury and pomp blazed in Papal ie the galleries of Hampton Court and Fontainebleau the Field of

the Cloth of Gold With this robust delight in the senses mingled the intellectual ferment of Humanism, glorifying the powers of the mind, flaunting a thousand queries and skepticisms It made the rigors of the monastic ideal seem cramped self-denial timorous and dingy For good or ill men were breathing the air of an expanded world electric with freedom and self-confidence

It was really the Renaissance not Jean Jacques Rousseau that gave birth to the doctrine of the natural goodness of man Rabelais is typical of his age and its confidence in human nature its refusal to believe that man is evil at the core Rabelais insisted that though men may misuse their powers and follow their desires in dangerous ways, there is no more anything wrong with being able to build a palace and building it than there is with using a healthy body to run and jump instead of mortifying it into feeble ness and disease It is a blasphemy against the goodness of God to imagine that He fills the world with fruits and flowers and jewels and wonders to be known, only in order that man shall peevishly deny himself their enjoy ment God is no cheat to be tempting us with a thousand evils falsely tricked out as desirable The good things of life really are good and our desire for them is good Rabelais affirms again and again that man with all his natural appetites and all his powers of mind, is fundamentally sound, he reiterates a confident faith in the wholeness and harmoniousness of man s entire nature

The monastic morality he dismisses as nothing but cowardice It is fear of the world fear of life Only a slave needs to be told when to get up when to go to bed, when to eat when to pray what he must eat what he must wear what he must think Virtue lies in a free choice of what is good not in blind obedience Knowledge responsibility and independence, not subservience to authority are what will bring spiritual splendor Rabelais refuses to believe that an anarchy of selfishness and cruelty will be the inevitable result of giving men freedom On the contrary only free men and free women—for Rabelais does not discriminate between the sexes—can be really courteous and well bred have generous hearts and loving spirits

For many readers these larger issues in Rabelais are overshadowed by the qualities in him that are called Rabelaisian It is true that Rabelais in herited from the Middle Ages and enjoyed a hearty and realistic awareness of the physical and animal aspects of human behavior An evasive attitude toward coarseness and dirt is an innovation of modern prudery an arch

bishop of Rabelais day might use a directness of diction that would startle a modern gangster Rabelais exults in describing people wading through enormous meals downing huge quantities of ale belching and relieving themselves and going to it again Breaking wind emptying the bladder unloading the bowels embarrass him no more than they do a small child and Rabelais is as willing to talk about them as about astronomy medicine theology or philosophy (No more willing as people sometimes imagine who peep through him in prurient snatches but skip all the serious passages that bore them) The sexual behavior of men and women he finds as heartily entertaining and amusing as Chaucer and Boccaccio did Nature rather indelicately gave the organs of love other functions as well and Rabelais is no more delicate than nature Indeed it must be frankly avowed that Rabelais is often dirty But his dirtiness is not slime or smut it is the dirtiness of the earth itself the good rich fertile dirt out of which all life grows and ripens

A modern reader is made especially conscious of this sprawling indecency for Rabelais satiric method is hyperbole made consistent and outrageous Everything in his book is many times life size every sentiment multiplied gigantically the whole technique a grotesque and good humored and grandiose exaggeration Grangousier and his wife Gargamelle are genial giants Their son Gargantua is born yelling Some drink some drink it takes 17 913 cows to provide him with milk and to clothe him sixteen ells and a quarter for his codpiece alone As a youthful prank Gargantua steals the bells of Notre Dame in Paris during the war with the Picrocholians he combs out of his hair a cannon ball he hadn t known was there It adds to the fun that the whole of this Homeric war with its huge contestants and its elaborate maneuvers and campaigns is fought around a brook and a few hills and villages over an area little more than three miles across In so inordinate a world as this that Rabelais has made it is inevitable that the precocious hero should be tumbling ladies while he is hardly out of the cradle and making in boyhood fantastic sybaritic experiments with the necks of geese

The education of Gargantua is a comic contrast between the natural development of the human organism and the distrust and toil of ecclesiastical teaching His childhood has all the normal indifference to cleanliness and the nasty habits that convention refuses to remember the tedious scholastic curriculum leaves him a lazy and undisciplined booby But the experimental humanist Ponocrates arouses him by emulation mingles

study with play conversation storytelling music and athletic sports and by making his education not mere wearisome drudgery but an interesting part of a normal and well balanced life achieves what the Latin sophister was totally unable to accomplish

The Abbey of Thélème as Gargantua and the Monk later establish it is a parody in reverse of monastic life Unlike monks and nuns with their ugly habits of gray or brown or black, the members of this order dress to their individual tastes as beautifully and colorfully as they desire Bells toll the monastic from a hard couch to a sparse meal rule his life during the day and send him to his slumber He is vowed to celibacy and once entered in an order only with the greatest difficulty can he withdraw Ladies and gentlemen will dwell together at Thélème passing the time as they will marrying if they so desire and leaving if they choose But Fay ce que vouldras *Do as you will does not mean indulgence incontinence, or idleness It means consideration generosity good breeding play, study work a full and harmonious* enlargement *of life s activitie The normal and well rounded human being Rabelais felt sure wants work responsibility and a balanced life and responds to the possibility of these things with a respect for the genuine welfare of others as well as himself*

The rhymed inscription on the Gate of the Abbey epitomizes Rabelais ideals It warns away bigots hypocrites cheats liars cowards thieves drunkards usurers lawyers judges misers melancholiacs and fools It welcomes all gallant noble gay handsome witty honest and faithful men all well bred charming merry neat kind obliging clever wise and virtuous ladies The hearty good humor the tremendous vitality of sheer fun and even the grossness in Rabelais should not blind u to the fact that his way of life is one characterized by seriousness and breadth as well as mere roaring gusto Rabelais refuses to starve our animal nature he refuses to stunt our emotional nature he refuses to limit our domains of knowledge and speculation And philosophy and scholarship for Rabelais are just as alive as eating and drinking and love making His self-confident jollity can afford to make jokes even on his deathbed Give me my domino he is supposed to have said when *he was dying for I am cold and besides, is it not* written Beati qui in domino moriuntur?

RABELAIS

««« The successive parts of Rabelais book appeared in 1533 1535 1545 1552 and 1564 The first two books were translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart in 1653 and a translation of the third was found among his papers by Peter Motteux who translated the fourth and fifth books in an edition published in 1708 The Motteux Urquhart translation is the one used here

All our selections are from Book I The first selection has a good deal of Chapters 3 and 4 a bit of Chapter 5 and most of Chapters 6 and 7 The second selection has nearly all of Chapter 8 and the third selection nearly all of Chapters 11 and 13 The fourth selection has nearly all of Chapters 48 and 49 and all of Chapters 51 and 53 »»»

How Gargantua Was Born and Began Crying for Drink

GRANGOUSIER was a good fellow in his time and notable jester he loved to drink neat as much as any man that then was in the world and would willingly eat salt meat To this intent he was ordinarily well furnished with gammons of bacon both of Westphalia Mayence and Bayonne, with store of dried neat s tongues plenty of links chitterlings and puddings in their season together with salt beef and mustard a good deal of hard row of powdered mullet called Botargos great provisions of sausages not of Bologna (for he feared the Lombard boccone) but of Bigorre Longaulnay Brenne and Rouargue

In the vigor of his age he married Gargamelle daughter to the King of the Parpaillons a jolly pug and well mouthed wench These two did oftentimes do the two-backed beast together joyfully rubbing and frotting their bacon 'gainst one another insofar that at last she became great with child of a fair son, and went with him unto the eleventh month for so long yea longer may a woman carry her great belly especially when it is some masterpiece of nature and a person predestinated to the performance in his due time of great exploits

Honest widows by this means may without danger play at the close buttock game with might and main and as hard as they can for the space

of the first two months after the decease of their husbands I pray you my good lusty springal lads if you find any of these females that are worth the pains of untying the codpiece point get up ride up them and bring them to me for if they happen within the third month to conceive the child shall be heir to the deceased if before he died he had no other children, and the mother shall pass for an honest woman

The manner and occasion how Gargamelle was brought to bed and de livered of her child was thus, and if you do not believe it, I wish your bum gut fall out and make an escapade Her bum gut indeed or fundament, escaped her in an afternoon on the third day of February with having eaten too many *Gobedilhos* Gobedillios are the fat tripes of *coiros* Coiros are beeves fattened at the cratch in ox stalls

The good man Grangousier commanded there should be no want or pinching for anything nevertheless he bade his wife eat sparingly be cause she was near her time, and that these tripes were no very commend able meat They would fain said he be at the chewing of ordure, that would eat the case wherein it was Notwithstanding these admonitions she did eat sixteen quarters two bushels three pecks, and a pipkin full O the fair fecality wherewith she swelled by the ingrediency of such shitten stuff After dinner they all went out in a hurle to the grove of willows where on the green grass to the sound of the merry flutes and pleasant bagpipes they danced so gallantly that it was a sweet and heavenly sport to see them so frolic

Then did they fall upon the chat of victuals and some belly furniture to be snatched at the very same place which purpose was no sooner men tioned but forthwith began flagons to go gammons to trot goblets to fly great bowls to ting glasses to ring Draw reach fill mix Give it me with out water so my friend So whip me off this glass neatly bring me hither some claret a full weeping glass till it run over A cessation and truce with thirst.

While they were on this discourse and pleasant tattle of drinking Gar gamelle began to be a little unwell in her lower parts Whereupon Gran gousier rose from the grass and fell to comfort her very honestly and kindly suspecting she was in travail and told her it was best for her to sit down upon the grass under the willows because she was likely very shortly to see young feet and that therefore it was convenient she should pluck up her spirits and take a good heart anew at the fresh arrival of her

baby saying to her withal, that although the pain was somewhat grievous to her it would be but of short continuance and that the succeeding joy would quickly remove that sorrow, in such sort that she should not so much as remember it.

On with a sheep s courage quoth he despatch this boy and we will speedily fall to work for the making of another

Ha, said she "so well as you speak at your own ease you that are men well then in the name of God I ll do my best seeing that you will have it so but would to God that it were cut from you

'What? said Grangousier

'Ha said she you are a good man indeed you understand it well enough'

What my member? said he By the goat s blood if it please you that shall be done instantly Cause bring hither a knife'

Alas said she the Lord forbid I pray Jesus to forgive me I did not say it from my heart therefore let it alone, and do not do it neither more nor less any kind of harm for my speaking so to you But I am like to have work enough to do today, and all for your member, yet God bless you and it.

As soon as [Gargantua] was born he cried not as other babes use to do *miez, miez, miez,* but with a high sturdy, and big voice shouted aloud Some drink some drink some drink as inviting all the world to drink with him The noise hereof was so extremely great that it was heard in both the countries at once of Beauce and Bibarois

The good man Grangousier drinking and making merry with the rest heard the horrible noise which his son had made as he entered into the light of this world when he cried out Some drink, some drink some drink Whereupon he said in French Que grand tu as et souple le gousier that is to say *How great and nimble a throat thou hast,* which the company hearing said that verily the child ought to be called *Gargantua* because it was the first word after his birth his father had spoke in imitation of the ancient Hebrews Whereupon he condescended and his mother was very well pleased therewith In the meanwhile to quiet the child they gave him to drink a tirelarigot that is till his throat was like to crack with it Then was he carried to the font and there baptized according to the manner of all good Christians

Immediately thereafter were appointed for him seventeen thousand nine hundred and thirteen cows of the towns of Pautille and Breemond to furnish him with milk in ordinary for it was impossible to find a nurse suffi

cient for him in all the country considering the great quantity of milk that was requisite for his nourishment although there were not wanting some doctors of the opinion of Scotus, who affirmed that his own mother gave him suck and that she could draw out of her breasts one thousand four hundred two pipes and nine pails of milk at every time

How Gargantua's Clothes and Codpiece Were Made

His father ordained to have clothes made to him in his own livery, which was white and blue To work then went the tailors and with great expedition were those clothes made cut and sewed according to the fashion that was then in request To make him every shirt of his were taken up nine hundred ells of Chatellerault linen and two hundred for the gussets in manner of cushions which they put under his arm pits For his breeches were taken up eleven hundred and five ells and a third of white broadcloth They were cut in the form of pillars chamfered channeled and pinked behind that they might not overheat his reins and were within the panes puffed out with the lining of as much blue damask as was needful and remarl that he had very good leg harnish, proportionable to the rest of his stature

For his codpiece was used sixteen ells and a quarter of the same cloth and it was fastened on the top like unto a triumphal arch most gallantly fastened with two enameled clasps in each of which was set a great emerald as big as an orange, for as says Orpheus *lib de lapidibus*, and Pliny *libr ultimo*, it hath an erective virtue and comfortative of the natural member The exture out jecting or outstanding of his codpiece was of the length of a yard jagged and pinked and withal bagging and strouting out with the blue damask lining after the manner of his breeches But had you seen the fair embroidery of the small needlework purl and the curiously interlaced knots by the goldsmith s art set out and trimmed with rich diamonds precious rubies fine turquoises costly emeralds and Persian pearls you would have compared it to a fair cornucopia or horn of abundance such as you see in antiques or as Rhea gave to the two nymphs Amalthea and Ida the nurses of Jupiter

And like to that horn of abundance it was still gallant, succulent droppy sappy pithy lively always flourishing always fructifying full of juice full of flower full of fruit and all manner of delight I avow God it would have done one good to have seen him but I will tell you more of him in

the book which I have made of the dignity of codpieces One thing I will tell you, that as it was both long and large so was it well furnished and victualed within nothing like unto the hypocritical codpieces of some fond wooers and wench courters which are stuffed only with wind to the great prejudice of the female sex

For his coat were taken up eighteen hundred ells of blue velvet dyed in grain embroidered in its borders with fair gilliflowers in the middle decked with silver purl intermixed with plates of gold and store of pearls hereby showing that in his time he would prove an especial good fellow and singular whip-can

How Gargantua Passed His Childhood, and His Unusual Exploits in Cleanliness

Gargantua from three years upwards unto five was brought up and instructed in all convenient discipline by the commandment of his father and spent that time like all other little children of the country that is in drinking eating and sleeping in eating sleeping and drinking and in sleeping drinking and eating Still he wallowed and rolled himself up and down in the mire and dirt he blurred and sullied his nose with filth he blotted and smutched his face with any kind of scurvy stuff he trod down his shoes in the heel At the flies he did oftentimes yawn and ran very heartily after the butterflies the Empire whereof belonged to his father He pissed in his shoes shit in his shirt and wiped his nose on his sleeve He did let his snot and his snivel fall in his pottage and dabbled paddled and slabbered everywhere

This little lecher was always groping his nurses and governesses upside down arsieversie topsiturvy *harribouquet* with a *Yacco haick hyck gio,* handling them very rudely in jumbling and tumbling them to keep them going for he had already begun to exercise the tools and put his codpiece in practice which codpiece or *braguette* his governesses did every day deck up and adorn with fair nosegays curious rubies sweet flowers and fine silken tufts and very pleasantly would pass their time in taking you know what between their fingers and dandling it till it did revive and creep up to the bull and stiffness of a suppository or *streat migdeleon* which is a hard rolled up salve spread upon leather Then did they burst out in laughing when they saw it lift up its ears as if the sport had liked them

One of them would call it her little dill her staff of love another again her branch of coral her female adamant her placket racket her

cyprian sceptre, her jewel for ladies, and some of the other women would give it these names my bunguetee my stopple too, my bushrusher, my gallant wimble my pretty borer my little piercer, my dangling hangers, down right to it, stiff and stout, in and to my pusher, dresser pouting stick, my honey pipe my pretty pillicock, linky pinky my lusty andouille and crimson chitterlin my little couille bredouille, my pretty rogue and so forth It belongs to me,' said one, It is mine,' said the other, What,' quoth a third 'shall I have no share in it? by my faith, I will cut it then' 'Ha to cut it' said the other 'would hurt him, Madam do you cut little children s things?'

About the end of the fifth year, Grangousier returning from the con quest of the Canarians went by the way to see his son Gargantua There was he filled with joy as such a father might be at the sight of such a child of his, and while he kissed him and embraced him he asked many childish questions of him about divers matter and drank very freely with him and with his governesses of whom in great earnest he asked among other things, whether they had been careful to keep him clean and sweet? To this Gar gantua answered that he had taken such a course for that himself that in all the country there was not to be found a cleanlier boy than he

How is that? said Grangousier

I have answered Gargantua by a long and curious experiment found out a means to wipe my bum the most lordly the most excellent, and the most convenient that ever was seen

What is that? asked Grangousier 'how is it?

I will tell you by and by' said Gargantua Once did I wipe me with a gentlewoman s velvet mask and found it to be good, for the softness of the silk was very voluptuous and pleasant to my fundament Another time with one of their hoods and in like manner that was comfortable At an other time with a lady s neckerchief and after that I wiped me with some earpieces of hers made of crimson satin but there was such a number of golden spangles in them (turdy round things a pox take them) that they fetched away all the skin of my tail with a vengeance Now I wish St Anthony s fire burn out the bum gut of the goldsmith that made them and of her that wore them This hurt I cured by wiping myself with a page s cap garnished with a feather after the Switzer s fashion

Afterwards in dunging behind a bush I found a March Cat and with it wiped my breech but her claws were so sharp that they scratched and ulcerated all my perineum Of this I recovered the next morning there after by wiping myself with my mother s gloves of a most excellent per fume After that I wiped me with sage, with fennel with anet with mar

joram with roses with gourd leaves with beets with colewort with leaves of the vine tree, with mallow, wool blade (which is a tail scarlet) with lettuce and with spinach leaves All this did very great good to my leg Then with mercury with parsley with nettles with comfrey but that gave me the bloody flux of Lombardy which I healed by wiping me with my braguette Then I wiped my tail in the sheets, in the coverlet in the curtains with a cushion with Arras hangings with a green carpet, with a table cloth with a napkin with a handkerchief, with a combing cloth in all which I found more pleasure than do mangy dogs when you rub them

'Yea but said Grangousier which torchecul didst thou find to be the best?

I was coming to it' said Gargantua 'I wiped my tail with a hen with a cock with a pullet, with a calf's skin with a hare with a pigeon with a cormorant with an attorney s bag with a hood with a coif with a falconer s lure But to conclude I say and maintain that of all torcheculs arsewisps bumfodders tail napkins bunghole cleansers and wipe breeches, there is none in the world comparable with the neck of a goose that is well downed if you hold her head between your legs And believe me therein upon mine honor for you will feel in your nockhole a most wonderful pleasure both in regard to the softness of the said down, and of the temperate heat of the goose which is easily communicated to the bum gut and the rest of the inwards insofar as to come even to the regions of the heart and brains And think not that the felicity of the heroes and demigods in the Elysian Fields consisteth either in their asphodel ambrosia, or nectar as our old women were used to say but in this according to my judgment that they wipe their tails with the neck of a goose holding her head between their legs and such is the opinion of Master John of Scotland alias Scotus'

The good man Grangousier having heard this discourse was ravished with admiration considering the high reach and marvelous understanding of his son Gargantua

How Gargantua Built the Abbey of Théleme, and How the Thélèmites Lived There

There was left only the monk to provide for whom Gargantua would have made Abbot of Seville but he refused it He would have given him the Abbey of Bourgueil or of Sanct Florent which was better or both if it pleased him but the monk gave him a very peremptory answer that

he would never take upon him the charge nor government of monks For how shall I be able,' said he 'to rule over others that have not full power and command over myself? If you think I have done you, or may hereafter do any acceptable service, give me leave to found an abbey after my own mind and fancy '

The notion pleased Gargantua very well, who thereupon offered him all the country of Theleme by the river of Loire till within two leagues of the great forest of Port Huault The monk then requested Gargantua to institute his religious order contrary to all others First, then," said Gargantua, you must not build a wall about your convent for all other abbeys are strongly walled and mured about

'See said the monk, 'and not without cause (seeing wall and mur signify but one and the same thing) where there is mur before and mur behind, there is store of murmur envy, and mutual conspiracy Moreover seeing there are certain convents in the world whereof the custom is if any woman come in I mean chaste and honest women they immediately sweep the ground which they have trod upon, therefore was it ordained that if any man or woman entered into religious orders should by chance come within this new abbey, all the rooms should be thoroughly washed and cleansed through which they had passed

And because in all other monasteries and nunneries all is compassed limited and regulated by hours it was decreed that in this new structure there should be neither clock nor dial, but that according to the opportunities and incident occasions all their hours should be disposed of, 'for, said Gargantua, the greatest loss of time that I I now is to count the hours What good comes of it? Nor can there be any greater dotage in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion

Item Because at that time they put no women into nunneries but such as were either purblind blinkards lame crooked ill favoured misshapen fools senseless spoiled or corrupt nor encloistered any men but those that were either sickly subject to defluxions ill bred louts simple sots or peevish trouble houses

'But to the purpose, said the monk "A woman that is neither fair nor good to what use serves she?

'To make a nun of said Gargantua

Yea' said the monk 'and to make shirts and smocks Therefore was it ordained that into this religious order should be admitted no women that were not fair well featured, and of a sweet disposition nor men that were not comely personable and well conditioned

Item, Because in the convents of women men come not but underhand

privily and by stealth it was therefore enacted that in this house there shall be no women in case there be not men nor men in case there be not women

Item Because both men and women that are received into religious orders after the expiring of their noviciate or probation year were constrained and forced perpetually to stay there all the days of their life it was therefore ordered that all whatever men or women admitted within this abbey should have full leave to depart with peace and contentment whensoever it should seem good to them so to do

Item For that the religious men and women did ordinarily make three vows to wit those of chastity poverty and obedience it was therefore constituted and appointed that in this convent they might be honourably married that they might be rich and live at liberty

The architecture was in a figure hexagonal, and in such a fashion that in every one of the six corners there was built a great round tower of threescore foot in diameter and were all of a like form and bigness Upon the north side ran along the river of Loire, on the bank whereof was situated the tower called Arctic Going towards the east, there was another called Calaer,—the next following Anatole—the next Mesembrine—the next Hesperia and the last Criere Every tower was distant from other the space of three hundred and twelve paces The whole edifice was everywhere six storeys high reckoning the cellars underground for one The second was arched after the fashion of a basket handle the rest were ceiled with pure wainscot, flourished with Flanders fretwork in the form of the foot of a lamp and covered above with fine slates with an endorsement of lead carrying the antique figures of little puppets and animals of all sorts notably well suited to one another and gilt together with the gutters which jutting without the walls from betwixt the crossbars in a diagonal figure painted with gold and azure reached to the very ground where they ended into great conduit pipes which carried all away into the river from under the house

This same building was a hundred times more sumptuous and magnificent than ever was Bonnivet Chambourg or Chantilly for there were in it nine thousand three hundred and two and thirty chambers every one whereof had a withdrawing room, a handsome closet a wardrobe an oratory and neat passage leading into a great and spacious hall Between every tower in the midst of the said body of building there was a pair of winding such as we now call lantern stairs, whereof the steps were part of porphyry which is a dark red marble spotted with white part of Numidian stone which is a kind of yellowishly streaked marble upon various colours and part of serpentine marble with light spots on a dark green

ground each of those steps being two and twenty foot in length and three fingers thick and the just number of twelve betwixt every rest, or, as we now term it landing place In every resting-place were two fair antique arches where the light came in and by those they went into a cabinet, made even with and of the breadth of the said winding and the reascending above the roofs of the house ended conically in a pavilion By that vise or winding they entered on every side into a great hall and from the halls into the chambers From the Arctic tower unto the Criere were the fair great libraries in Greek, Latin Hebrew, French Italian and Spanish respectively distributed in their several cantons according to the diversity of these languages In the midst there was a wonderful scalier or winding stair, the entry whereof was without the house in a vault or arch six fathom broad It was made in such symmetry and largeness that six men at arms with their lances in their rests might together in a breast ride all up to the very top of all the palace From the tower Anatole to the Mesembrine were fair spacious galleries, all coloured over and painted with the ancient prowesses, histories and descriptions of the world

In the middle of the lower court there was a stately fountain of fair alabaster Upon the top thereof stood the three graces, with their cornucopias or horns of abundance and did jet out the water at their breasts mouth ears eyes and other open pas ages of the body The inside of the buildings in this lower court stood upon great pillars of chalcedony stone, and porphyry marble made archways after a goodly antique fashion Within those were spacious galleries long and large adorned with curious pictures the horns of bucks and unicorns with rhinosceroses water horses called hippopotamus, the teeth and tusks of elephants and other things well worth the beholding The lodging of the ladies for so we may call those gallant women took up all from the tower Arctic unto the gate Mesembrine The men pos essed the rest

Before the said lodging of the ladies that they might have their recreation, between the first two towers on the outside were placed the tilt yard the barriers of lists for tournaments the hippodrome or riding court, the theatre or public playhouse and natatory or place to swim in with most admirable baths in three stages situated above one another, well furnished with all necessary accommodation and store of myrtle-water By the riverside was the fair garden of pleasure and in the midst of that the glorious labyrinth Between the two other towers were the courts for the tennis and the baloon Towards the tower Criere stood the orchard full of all fruit trees set and ranged in a quincuncial order At the end of that was the great park abounding with all sorts of venison Betwixt the third

couple of towers were the butts and marks for shooting with a snapwork gun an ordinary bow for common archery or with a crossbow The office-houses were without the tower Hesperia, of one storey high The stables were beyond the offices, and before them stood the falconry managed by ostrich keepers and falconers very expert in the art, and it was yearly supplied and furnished by the Candians Venetians Sarmates now called Muscoviters, with all sorts of most excellent hawks eagles gerfalcons goshawks sacres, laniers falcons sparrowhawks marlins and all other kinds of them, *so gentle and perfectly well manned that flying of themselves* sometimes from the castle for their own disport, they would not fail to catch whatever they encountered The venery, where the beagles and hounds were kept, was a little farther off drawing towards the park

All the halls chambers and closets or cabinets were richly hung with tapestry and hangings of divers sorts according to the variety of the seasons of the year All the pavements and floors were covered with green cloth The beds were all embroidered In every back-chamber or withdrawing room there was a looking glass of pure crystal set in a frame of fine gold garnished all about with pearls and was of such greatness that it would represent to the full the whole lineaments and proportion of the person that stood before it At the going out of the halls which belong to the ladies lodgings were the perfumers and trimmers through whose hands the gallants passed when they were to visit the ladies Those sweet artificers did every morning furnish the ladies chambers with the spirit of roses orange flower water and angelica, and to each of them gave a little precious casket, vapouring forth the most odoriferous exhalations of the choicest aromatical scents

All their life was spent not in laws statutes or rules but according to their own free will and pleasure They rose out of their beds when they thought good they did eat, drink labour sleep when they had a mind to it, and were disposed for it None did awake them none did offer to constrain them to eat, drink nor to do any other thing for so had Gargantua established it In all their rule and strictest tie of their order there was but this one clause to be observed

DO WHAT THOU WILT

Because men that are free well born well bred and conversant in honest companies have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions and withdraws them from vice which is called honour Those same men when by base subjection and constraint, they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition by which they formerly were inclined to virtue to shake off and break that bond of

servitude wherein they are so tyrannously enslaved, for it is agreeable with the nature of man to long after things forbidden and to desire what is denied us

By this liberty they entered into a very laudable emulation to do all of them what they saw did please one If any of the gallants or ladies should say, Let us drink they would all drink If any one of them said Let us play they all played If one said Let us go a walking into the fields they went all If it were to go a hawling or a hunting the ladies mounted upon dainty well paced nags, seated in a stately palfrey saddle carried on their lovely fists miniardly begloved every one of them either a sparrowhawk or a laneret or a marlin and the young gallants carried the other kinds of hawks

So nobly were they taught that there was neither he nor she amongst them but could read write, sing play upon several musical instruments speak five or six several languages and compose in them all very quaintly both in verse and prose Never were seen so valiant knights so noble and worthy so dextrous and skilful both on foot and a horseback more brisk and lively more nimble and quick or better handling all manner of weapons than were there Never were seen ladies so proper and handsome so miniard and dainty, less forward or more ready with their hand and with their needle in every honest and free action belonging to that sex than were there

For this reason when the time came that any man of the said abbey either at the request of his parents or for some other cause had a mind to go out of it he carried along with him one of the ladies namely, her whom he had before that chosen for his mistress and [they] were married together And if they had formerly in Theleme lived in good devotion and amity, they did continue therein and increase it to a greater height in their state of matrimony, and did entertain that mutual love till the very last day of their life in no less vigour and fervency than at the very day of their wedding

CERVANTES AND THE CONFLICT BETWEEN IDEALISM AND REALITY



DON QUIXOTE *moves on three levels of experience First it is a wild knockabout farce full of the seventeenth-century equivalents for slapsticks and custard pies Like the Keystone Comedy cops who are shot or stabbed in highly vulnerable parts of their anatomy with no more ill effect than a leap in the air an anguished yelp and a clapping of the hand to the injured part Don Quixote and Sancho Panza show the most fantastic capacity to undergo the most violent physical injuries without permanent damage They can be tumbled rump over brainpan tossed in blankets thrown in the air by windmill sails poked in the belly trampled by sheep bashed in the skull beaten up and down the backbone practically split open by overdoses of purgatives and still groaning through all their poultices and bandages precipitate themselves into the next adventure and ask for more*

Second the story is a parody of courtly romance and the exaggerations of chivalry How much bearing Cervantes queries on the real world in which men live have all these fantasies of crazy vigils and fanatical devotions impossible ideals and incredible feats of valor? Don Quixote addling his brains by reading about Amadis of Gaul Palmerin of England and Orlando Furioso and sallying forth on the roads of sixteenth-century Spain to perform deeds of knight-errantry is a perfect symbol of the incongruity between the world of moonstruck idealism and the world of bread and butter fact And is Don Quixote emulating Roland by doing mad things over the imaginary faithlessness of his mistress any more deranged than Roland muddying fountains tearing up trees by the roots and setting fire to houses? For a knight-errant to run mad upon just occasion, the Don marvelously says is neither strange nor meritorious the rarity is to run mad without a cause So may his equally imaginary Dulcinea conceive what I should perform in the wet if I do so much in the dry

But when Byron wrote, Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away he altogether ignored the book s deepest level of meaning For though Don Quixote *does begin to be sure both as farce and as a mocking caricature of chivalrous romance as Cervantes sank himself into his creation it turned into something tenderer and sadder and wiser than that Miguel de Cervantes was no practical man of the world himself his own career had been no monument to common sense He had risen from a bed of fever to defy Turkish fire at the battle of Lepanto He had married a wife with no dowry as a collector of wine and oil for the fleet he kept his accounts so inefficiently and trusted others so extravagantly that he was always in financial difficulties For years he wooed an evasive literary success with heroic dramas and pastoral romances enamored of the precise themes* Don Quixote *is presumed to ridicule The very familiarity the Don shows with all the details of chivalrous romance proves how deep had been his creator s devotion How then asks Joseph Wood Krutch could he ridicule Don Quixote without ridiculing himself or how could he fail to sympathize with this man whose only fault was to find himself in a world which provided no opportunities for the exercise of the high and selfless principles which he wished to profess?*

Don Quixote *begins no doubt in rebellion against the will-o' the wisp that had kept its author a struggling and impoverished failure all his life The satire is self satire Cervantes with a rueful grin subjecting his Knight of the Rueful Countenance to a series of burlesque misfortunes which are*

only parodies of the defeats he has known himself It is with a kind of poetic justice that he inflicts drubbings and indignities upon the character of the story who is his own alter ego punishing him symbolically for his own foolish ignorance of the world But one cannot remake one s entire nature at the age of fifty six Cervantes might fancy in a moment of mocking disillusion that he could recant the nonsense of romance forever he could not sustain the mood The patronizing laughter grows troubled and uncertain the pragmatic judgments grow more and more dubious and what began in derision changes slowly into a lofty if comic justification of the very idealism it set out to deride

No sensitive reader of Don Quixote *can long persist through its pages without feeling this We begin by laughing at his absurd mishaps the attacks on windmills seen as giants the slaughter of sheep mistaken for armies the interpretation of every inn into a castle and the turning of kitchen wenches and harlots into great ladies and virgins After a time however we learn to wince at the brutal beatings the knocking out of his teeth the cruel practical jokes of which he is the victim He never sees the facts as they are but through all his delusions we gradually become aware of a daft nobility an irrational purity of spirit through which Don Quixote enters into a world that, although not the world of everyday fact is somehow more important than that world From then on the action becomes tragicomic and even the heartiest of our laughter is never far from pain*

In making Don Quixote the symbol however, for reaffirming an unconquerable idealism Cervantes does not lose sight of prosaic reality as chivalrous romance had done The world he traverses is the material one that the Don is always forgetting and misinterpreting The enchanted castles are all in his imagination and the lovely melting virgins the mighty potentates the wizards and the giants The material world is the world of Yanguesian carriers stinking shepherds and goatherds innkeepers chain gangs of convict galley slaves sluttish maidservants traveling merchants and Cervantes paints it in vivid picaresque detail It is the world in which Sancho Panza feels at home and in which he is more often right than his master

These two in fact represent contrasted ways of looking upon the world forever correcting and supplementing each other Sancho lives in the greedy sense and always sees things as they are Don Quixote among lofty ideal images of virtue of a world as it ought to be Krutch s analysis of the fulling mill episode searchingly demonstrates these dual planes of

reality When Sancho mocks the Don for having mistaken the hammering uproar for the bellowing of giants he replies Am I who am a knight, bound to know the meaning of every mechanic noise, and distinguish between sound and sound? But let the six fulling mills be transformed into so many giants and if I do not lay 'em at my feet with their heels upwards then I ll give thee leave to exercise thy ill bred raillery as much as thou pleasest It is hard to deny the truth of this contention that courage is nobler than being able to tell the sound of a fulling mill and equally impossible not to perceive with Sancho that courage so divorced from common sense does little good Cervantes great achievement Krutch well concludes is not so much that he could devise endless adventures for his Knight and Squire but that in every one of them each character should be as in the brief adventure just referred to both right and wrong Never by any chance does the Knight win, and yet never, in another sense, does he lose

In the end Sancho Panza symbolic again of the practical man in all times becomes reluctantly impressed by the idealist awed and half convinced that somewhere his ideal kingdom must exist in the world after all And we too, seeing his blunders against a background as sharply realistic as might be revealed by any muckraking factualist, feel our throats swell with reverential and hopeless pity for the grandeur of this mad knight He almost ceases indeed to be deranged and becomes instead a conscious idealist deliberately affirming the ideal and refusing to allow his aspirations to be limited to the material plane Don Quixote will stake his all on the faith that man is not merely a shrewder kind of animal but an aspiring spirit and that at last he may create what he aspires to

It is by a roundabout road indeed that Cervantes reaches that goal He had first to see through his own toploftical romanticism and then in turn to see through the crude and intolerant empiricism born of his disillusion to the soul of truth within romantic ideals When he has done so his satire is able with deeper wisdom to bump the dreaming highflier down against the solid earth and to shame the pigsty realist out of the mire in which he has been wallowing And this ironical and gentle wisdom he poured into the two equipoised and antithetical figures of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza

The remoter consequences of Cervantes imaginative genius have been far reaching Later satirists have adapted his invention again and again The burlesque knight whom he first devised is made ludicrously contempti

ble in Butler's Hudibras *and touchingly foolish in Carroll's White Knight. The same figure clad in less fantastic garments but wearing still the same unworldly purity of soul in a world no less prickly with defeat appears now as Parson Adams in Fielding's eighteenth-century England, now as Prince Myshkin in Dostoevsky's Russia, now as George Brush, the saintly traveling salesman of* Heaven's My Destination. *Some have been not unworthy of their great forerunner. But none has equaled his combination of comedy with a noble sweetness.*

DON QUIXOTE

*** The First Part of *Don Quixote* appeared in 1605 the Second in 1615 The translation used here is that of Peter Motteux, as revised by Ozell The extracts quoted are from Book III Chapters 4 and 6 ***

How Don Quixote Mistook Two Flocks of Sheep for Armies

WHEN Don Quixote perceiving a thick cloud of dust arise right before them in the road The day is come said he turning to his squire the day is come Sancho that shall usher in the happiness which fortune has reserved for me this day shall the strength of my arm be signalized by such exploits as shall be transmitted even to the latest posterity See st thou that cloud of dust Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army marching this way, and composed of an infinite number of nations"

"Why then, at this rate" quoth Sancho, "there should be two armies, for yonder s as great a dust on t'other side'

With that Don Quixote looked and was transported with joy at the sight, firmly believing that two vast armies were ready to engage each other in that plain for his imagination was so crowded with those battles enchantments surprising adventures amorous thoughts and other whimsies which he had read of in romances that his strong fancy changed everything he saw into what he desired to see and thus he could not conceive that the dust was only raised by two large flocks of sheep that were going the same road from different parts and could not be discerned till they were very near He was so positive that they were two armies that Sancho firmly believed him at last.

Well, sir quoth the squire "what are we to do I beseech you?"

'What should we do' replied Don Quixote but assist the weaker and the injured side? For know Sancho that the army which now moves towards us is commanded by the Great Alifanfaron Emperor of the vast island of Taprobana The other that advances behind us is his enemy, the King of the Garamantians Pentapolin with the naked arm so called because he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare

Pray sir quoth Sancho why are these two great men going together by the ears?

"The occasion of their quarrel is this answered Don Quixote 'Alifanfaron a strong pagan is in love with Pentapolin s daughter a very beautiful lady and a Christian Now, her father refuses to give her in marriage to the heathen prince unless he abjure his false belief and embrace the Christian religion

Burn my beard' said Sancho 'if Pentapolin ben t in the right on t I'll stand by him and help him all I may"

I commend thy resolution replied Don Quixote "'tis not only lawful but requisite for there s no need for being a knight to fight in such battles

I guessed as much quoth Sancho But where shall we leave my ass in the meantime that I may be sure to find him again after the battle for I fancy you never heard of any man that ever charged upon such a beast

''Tis true' answered Don Quixote and therefore I would have thee turn him loose though thou wert sure never to find him again for we shall have so many horses after we have got the day that even Rozinante him self will be *in danger of being changed for another' Then mounting to the* top of a hillock whence they might have seen both the flocks had not the dust obstructed their sight, 'Look yonder Sancho cried Don Quixote "that knight whom thou see'st in the gilded arms bearing in his shield a crowned lion couchant at the feet of a lady is the valiant Laurealco lord of the silver bridge He in the armor powdered with flowers of gold bearing three crows argent in a field azure is the formidable Micocolembo great Duke of Quiracia That other of a gigantic size that marches on his right is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche sovereign of the three Arabias, he s arrayed in a serpent s skin and carries instead of a shield a huge gate which they say belonged to the Temple which Samson pulled down at his death when he revenged himself upon his enemies But cast thy eyes on this side Sancho and at the head of t other army see the ever victorious Timonel of Carcajona Prince of New Biscay whose armor is quartered azure vert or and argent and who bears in his shield a cat or in a field gules with these four letters MIAU for a motto being the beginning of his mistress s name the beautiful Miaulina, daughter to Alpheniquen Duke of Algarva That *other monstrous load upon the back of yonder* wild horse with arms as white as snow and a shield without any device is a Frenchman new created knight called Pierre Papin Baron of Utrick He whom you see pricking that pied courser s flanks with his armed heels is the mighty Duke of Nervia, Espartafilardo of the wood bearing in his shield a field of pure azure powdered with asparagus (esparrago) with this motto in Castilian *Rastrea mi suerte*, Thus trails or drags my fortune

And thus he went on naming a great number of others in both armies to every one of whom his fertile imagination assigned arms colors impresses

and mottos as readily as if they had really been that moment extant before his eyes

Sancho listened to all this romantic muster roll as mute as a fish with amazement, all that he could do was now and then to turn his head on this side and t other side to see if he could discern the knights and giants whom his master named But at length not being able to discover any Why cried he you had as good tell me it snows the devil of any knight giant, or man can I see of all those you talk of now who knows but all this may be witchcraft and spirits like yesternight?'

'How! replied Don Quixote Dost thou not hear their horses neigh, their trumpets sound and their drums beat?

Not I quoth Sancho I prick up my ears like a sow in the beans and yet I can hear nothing but the bleating of sheep

Sancho might justly say so indeed for by this time the two flocks were got very near them

'Thy fear disturbs thy senses said Don Quixote and hinders thee from hearing and seeing right But tis no matter withdraw to some place of safety since thou art so terrified for I alone am sufficient to give the victory to that side which I shall favor with my assistance'

With that he couched his lance slapped spurs to Rozinante and rushed like a thunderbolt from the hillock into the plain Sancho bawled after him as loud as he could Hold sir cried Sancho for heaven s sake come back What do you mean? As sure as I am a sinner those you re going to maul are nothing but poor harmless sheep Come back I say Woe be to him that begot me! Are you mad sir? There are no giants no knights no cats no asparagus gardens no golden quarters no what d ye call ems Does the Devil possess you? You re leaping over the hedge before you come at the stile You re taking the wrong sow by the ear Oh that I was ever born to see this day!

But Don Quixote still riding on, deaf and lost to good advice outroared his expostulating squire Courage brave knights' cried he 'march up fall on all you who fight under the standard of the valiant Pentapolin with the naked arm Follow me and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on that infidel Alifanfaron of Taprobana and so saying he charged the squadron of sheep with that gallantry and resolution that he pierced broke and put it to flight in an instant, charging through and through not without a great slaughter of his mortal enemies whom he laid at his feet biting the ground and wallowing in their blood The shepherds seeing their sheep go to rack called out to him till finding fair means ineffectual they unloosed their slings, and began to ply him with stones as big as their fists But the

champion disdaining such a distant war spite of their showers of stones, rushed among the routed sheep trampling both the living and the slain in a most terrible manner impatient to meet the general of the enemy and end the war at once

"Where where art thou" cried he 'proud Alifanfaron? Appear! See here a single knight who seeks thee everywhere to try now hand to hand the boasted force of thy strenuous arm and deprive thee of life as a due punishment for the unjust war which thou hast audaciously waged with the valiant Pentapolin

Just as he had said this while the stones flew about his ears one unluckily hit upon his small ribs and had like to have buried two of the shortest deep in the middle of his body The knight thought himself slain, or at least desperately wounded and therefore calling to mind his precious balsam and pulling out his earthen jug he clapped it to his mouth But before he had swallowed a sufficient dose souse comes another of those bitter almonds that spoiled his draught, and hit him so pat upon the jug hand and teeth that it broke the first, maimed the second and struck out three or four of the last These two blows were so violent that the boisterous knight falling from his horse lay upon the ground as quiet as the slain so that the shepherds fearing he was killed got their flock together with all speed and carrying away their dead which were no less than seven sheep they made what haste they could out of harm s way without looking any farther into the matter

All this while Sancho stood upon the hill where he was mortified upon the sight of this mad adventure There he stamped and swore and banned his master to the bottomless pit he tore his beard for madness and cursed the moment he first knew him But seeing him at last knocked down and settled the shepherds being scampered he thought he might venture to come down and found him in a very ill plight though not altogether senseless

Ah! Master quoth he 'this comes of not taking my counsel Did not I tell you twas a flock of sheep and no army?

Friend Sancho replied Don Quixote know 'tis any easy matter for necromancers to change the shapes of things as they please Thus that malicious enchanter who is my inveterate enemy to deprive me of the glory which he saw me ready to acquire while I was reaping a full harvest of laurels transformed in a moment the routed squadrons into sheep If thou wilt not believe me Sancho yet do one thing for my sake do but take thy ass and follow those supposed sheep at a distance and I dare engage thou shalt soon see them resume their former shapes and appear such as I described them But stay do not go yet for I want thy assistance Draw near

and see how many cheek teeth and others I want for by the dreadful pain in my jaws and gums I fear there s a total dilapidation in my mouth

With that the knight opened his mouth as wide as he could while the squire gaped to tell his grinders with his snout almost in his chaps but just in that fatal moment the balsam that lay wambling and fretting in Don Quixote s stomach came up with an unlucky hiccough and with the same violence that the powder flies out of a gun all that he had in his stomach discharged itself upon the beard face eyes, and mouth of the officious squire ' Santa Maria' cried poor Sancho, what will become of me' My master is a dead man' He s vomiting his very heart s blood'

But he had hardly said this when the color smell, and taste soon undeceived him and finding it to be his master's loathsome drench it caused such a sudden rumbling in his maw that before he could turn his head he unladed the whole cargo of his stomach full in his master's face and put him in as delicate a pickle as he was himself Sancho having thus paid him in his own coin half blinded as he was ran to his ass to take out something to clean himself and his master But when he came to look for his wallet and found it missing not remembering till then that he had unhappily left it in the inn, he was ready to run quite out of his wits He stormed and stamped and cursed him worse than before and resolved with himself to let his master go to the Devil and e en trudge home by himself though he was sure to lose his wages and his hopes of being governor of the promised island

Thereupon Don Quixote got up with much ado and clapping his left hand before his mouth, that the rest of his loose teeth might not drop out he laid his right hand on Rozinante s bridle (for such was the good nature of the creature that he had not budged a foot from his master), then he crept along to Squire Sancho that stood lolling on his ass s panel with his face in the hollow of both his hands in a doleful moody melancholy fit

"Friend Sancho said he seeing him thus abandoned to sorrow, ' learn of me that one man is no more than another if he do no more than what another does All these storms and hurricanes are but arguments of the approaching calm Better success will soon follow our past calamities."

How Don Quixote Did Vigil Through a Night of Strange Enchantment

They had not gone above two hundred paces before they heard a noise of a great waterfall which was to them the most welcome sound in the world But then listening with great attention to know on which side the

grateful murmur came, they on a sudden heard another kind of noise that strangely allayed the pleasure of the first especially in Sancho who was naturally fearful and pusillanimous They heard a terrible din of obstreperous blows struck regularly and a more dreadful rattling of chains and irons which together with the roaring of the waters might have filled any other heart but Don Quixote s with terror and amazement Add to this the horrors of a dark night and solitude, in an unknown place the loud rustling of the leaves of some lofty trees under which fortune brought them at the same unlucky moment the whistling of the wind which concurred with the other dismaying sounds the fall of the waters the thundering thumps and the clinking of chains aforesaid The worst too was that the blows were redoubled without ceasing the wind blowed on and daylight was far distant But then it was Don Quixote secured by his intrepidity (his inseparable companion), mounted his Rozinante braced his shield brandished his lance, and showed a soul unknowing fear and superior to danger and fortune

"Know Sancho cried he I was born in this Iron Age to restore the Age of Gold or the Golden Age as some choose to call it I am the man for whom fate has reserved the most dangerous and formidable attempts the most stupendous and glorious adventures and the most valorous feats of arms Do but observe O thou my faithful squire what a multifarious assemblage of terrors surrounds us! A horrid darkness a doleful solitude, a confused rustling of leaves a dismal rattling of chains a howling of the winds an astonishing noise of cataracts that seem to fall with a boisterous rapidity from the steep mountains of the moon a terrible sound of redoubled blows still wounding our ears like furious thunderclaps and a dead and universal silence of those things that might buoy up the sinking courage of frail mortality In this extremity of danger Mars himself might tremble with the affright Yet I in the midst of all these unutterable alarms still remain undaunted and unshaken

When Sancho heard his master talk thus he fell a weeping in the most pitiful manner in the world

Pray sir cried he 'why will you thus run yourself into mischief? What need you go about this rueful misventure? 'Tis main dark and there s ne er a living soul sees us we have nothing to do but to sheer off and get out of harm s way though we were not to drink a drop these three days Who is there to take notice of our flinching? I ve heard our parson, whom you very well know say in his pulpit that he who seeks danger perishes therein And therefore we should not tempt heaven by going about a thing that we cannot compass but by a miracle Dear Master don t be so hard-hearted and if you won t be persuaded not to meddle with this ungracious

adventure do but put it off till daybreak to which according to the little skill I learned when a shepherd it can t be above three hours for the muzzle of the lesser bear is just over our heads and makes midnight in the line of the left arm"

How, canst thou see the muzzle of the bear? asked Don Quixote There s not a star to be seen in the sky"

That s true quoth Sancho, but fear is sharpsighted and can see things under ground and much more in the skies'

'Let day come or not come tis all one to me cried the champion, it shall never be recorded of Don Quixote that either tears or entreaties could make him neglect the duty of a knight'

Sancho finding his master obstinate and neither to be moved with tears nor good advice resolved to try a trick of policy to keep him there till daylight. And accordingly while he pretended to fasten the girths he slyly tied Rosinante s hinder legs with his ass s halter without being so much as suspected so that when Don Quixote thought to have moved forwards he found his horse would not go a step without leaping though he spurred him on smartly

Sancho perceiving his plot Look you sir, quoth he 'heaven's o my side and won t let Rozinante budge a foot forwards and now if you ll still be spurring him I dare pawn my life twill be but striving against the stream, or, as the saying is but kicking against the pricks

Don Quixote fretted and chafed, and raved and was in a desperate fury to find his horse so stubborn but at last observing that the more he spurred and galled his sides the more resty he proved he though unwillingly resolved to have patience till twas light 'Well said he since Rozinante will not leave this place I must tarry in t till the dawn though its slowness will cost me some sighs'

Much about this time whether it were the coolness of the night or that Sancho had eaten some loosening food at supper or, which seems more probable that nature by a regular impulse gave him notice of her desire to perform a certain function that follows the third concoction it seems honest Sancho found himself urged to do that which nobody could do for him But such were his fears that he durst not for his life stir the breadth of a straw from his master yet to think of bearing the intolerable load that pressed him so was to him as great an impossibility

In this perplexing exigency (with leave be it spoken) he could find no other expedient but to take his right hand from the crupper of the saddle and softly untying his breeches let them drop down to his heels having done this he as silently took up his shirt and exposed his posteriors which

were none of the least to the open air But the main point was how to ease himself of this terrible burden without making a noise to which purpose he clutched his teeth close, screwed up his face shrunk up his shoulders and held in his breath as much as possible Yet see what misfortunes attend the best projected undertakings! When he had almost compassed his design he could not hinder an obstreperous sound very different from those that caused his fear, from unluckily bursting out

Hark! cried Don Quixote who heard it "what noise is that Sancho?"

Some new adventures I'll warrant you quoth Sancho for ill luck you know seldom comes alone' Having passed off the thing thus he e en ventured t other strain and did it so cleverly that without the least rumor or noise his business was done effectually, to the unspeakable ease of his body and mind

But Don Quixote having the sense of smelling as perfect as that of hearing and Sancho standing so very near or rather tacked to him certain fumes that ascended perpendicularly began to regale his nostrils with a smell not so grateful as amber No sooner the unwelcome steams disturbed him but having recourse to the common remedy he stopped his nose and then with a snuffling voice Sancho' said he ' thou art certainly in great bodily fear

So I am quoth Sancho but what makes your worship perceive it now more than you did before?

Because' replied Don Quixote thou smellest now more unsavorily than thou didst before'

This discourse such as it was, served them to pass away the night and now Sancho seeing the morning arise thought it time to untie Rozinante s feet and do up his breeches and he did both with so much caution that his master suspected nothing As for Rozinante, he no sooner felt himself at liberty but he seemed to express his joy by pawing the ground for with his leave be it spoken he was a stranger to curveting and prancing Don Quixote also took it as a good omen that his steed was now ready to move and believed it was a signal given him by kind fortune to animate him to give birth to the approaching adventure

After they had gone a pretty way under a pleasing covert of chestnut trees they came into a meadow adjoining to certain rocks from whose top there was a great fall of waters At the foot of those rocks they discovered certain old ill contrived buildings that rather looked like ruins than inhabited houses and they perceived that the terrifying noise of the blows which yet continued issued out of that place When a little farther at the doubling of the point of a rock they plainly discovered (kind reader do

not take it amiss) six huge fulling mill hammers which interchangeably thumping several pieces of cloth made the terrible noise that caused all Don Quixote s anxieties and Sancho s tribulation that night

Don Quixote was struck dumb at this unexpected sight, and was ready to drop from his horse with shame and confusion Sancho stared upon him, and saw him hang down his head with a desponding dejected countenance like a man quite dispirited with this cursed disappointment At the same time he looked upon Sancho and seeing by his eyes and his cheeks swelled with laughter, that he was ready to burst he could not forbear laughing himself in spite of all his vexation, so that Sancho seeing his master begin immediately gave a loose to his mirth and broke out into such a fit of laughing that he was forced to hold his sides with both his knuckles for fear of bursting his aching paunch

Four times he ceased and four times renewed his obstreperous laughing which sauciness Don Quixote began to resent with great indignation and the more when Sancho in a jeering tone presumed to ridicule him with his own words repeating part of the vain speech he made when first they heard the noise *Know, Sancho, I was born in this Iron Age to restore the Age of Gold I am the man for whom heaven has reserved the most dangerous and glorious adventures, etc* " Thus he went on till his master dreadfully enraged at his insolence hit him two such blows on the shoulders with his lance that had they fallen upon his head they had saved Don Quixote the trouble of paying him his wages whatever he must have done to his heirs Thereupon Sancho finding his jest turned to earnest begged pardon with all submission Mercy good your worship,' cried he, spare my bones I beseech you' I meant no harm I did but joke a little

And because you joke I do not,' cried Don Quixote Come hither good Mr Jester, you who pretend to rally tell me had this been a dangerous adventure as well as it proves only a false alarm have I not shown resolution enough to undertake and finish it? Am I, who am a knight, bound to know the meaning of every mechanic noise and distinguish between sound and sound? Besides it might happen as really it is that I had never seen a fulling mill before though thou like a base scoundrel as thou art wert born and brought up among such mean implements of drudgery But let the six fulling hammers be transformed into so many giants and then set them at me one by one or all together and if I do not lay them at my feet with their heels upwards then I ll give thee leave to exercise thy ill bred raillery as much as thou pleasest.'

SATIRIC OVERTONES IN SHAKESPEARE



SHAKESPEARE *is not traditionally ranked as a satirist There is often attributed to him a sweetness buoyancy and serenity foreign to the tone of satire Gentle Shakespeare Sweetest Shakespeare fancy s child Thou smilest and art still out topping knowledge Further the drama tist is conceived of as having merged himself so entirely in the human beings whom he portrays that he voices no judgment of them only reveals them like God revealing the world so that in all that universal range from the exquisite absurdity of Bottom the highhearted wit of Rosalind and the Rabelaisian laughter of Falstaff to the world weary questioning of Hamlet and the appalling agonies of Lear there is at once the deepest understanding and an absolute impersonality*

Nor is such a judgment utterly without foundation Shakespeare does not stack the cards of his moral universe by opposing deep-dyed scoundrels to spotless heroines and heroes Our sympathy with Hamlet does not make us hate Gertrude and Claudius nor the blackness of Macbeth s cruelty and treachery prevent our pitying the lonely hatred through which he struggles to his doom The gentle Cordelia is not without a tinge of her father s

obstinacy the saintly Isabella of Measure for Measure is more than a little priggish and self righteous Lear is not a model father Even the horrible Regan and Goneril have some just resentments and the monstrous Ed mund a case to defend his villainy Shakespeare is no Juvenalian moralist scourging his characters with whips of scorpions

A great deal of Shakespeare s comedy is a warm and loving nonsensi cality that carries no sting of criticism Launce Dogberry, Moth Launcelot Gobbo are drawn laughably but not contemptuously the antics of Quince Snout Starveling and Snug in A Midsummer Night s Dream are not intended to make us disdain these simpletons The repartee of Beatrice and Benedick in Much Ado About Nothing is high spirited abuse not satire The slapstick imbroglios of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios in The Comedy of Errors sustain no thread of scornful comment True Shakespeare is constantly exchanging merry glances with us over all these characters heads but he is not withdrawing his sympathies nor inviting us to withdraw ours either from them or from the qualities in them by which we are amused

Such a withdrawal however is the ambiguous and distinguishing mark within the very heart of satire Whether it denounces or only mocks satire is alien and external to its victims It laughs at and against it banishes the objects of its criticism beyond the reach of our sympathy Even when the satirist attacks faults he knows to be within himself he establishes as it were a division, decrees the evil to be a foreign growth that is no part of the essential reality that is himself There is the real self that sees truth and loves goodness and there is this absurd or morbid infection that must be cast into the outer darkness Satire alienates itself from the objects of its scorn or derision and it alienates us from them

Now Shakespeare is too purely a dramatist to be consistently a satirist He sees too deeply and most important of all with too loving an under standing into the hearts of men to alienate himself utterly even when they do very dreadful things His sense of the whole tortured ludicrous dilemma of human existence submerges his just hatred of evil so that Shylock is dismissed from the scene almost with pity and the ignoble jealousy of Othello rendered less hateful by the remorse and the grandeur with which Othello pronounces justice on himself But satire even when it takes the dramatic form judges not the cause but the consequence and on it gives sentence of mockery or contempt

Although Shakespeare s enormous variety and vitality of imaginative

insight could not be contained within any one literary mold he left no major form unexplored and satire too came within his range Few of his plays are pure satire Love s Labour s Lost is it attacks pedantic learning and the monastic idea of cloistered contemplation as against direct experience of the world

> Small have continual plodders ever won
> Save base authority from others books

Life and nature are the true sources of wisdom in which women and their love far from being the irrelevant distraction Ferdinand Dumain and Longaville in the play believe have a role nothing short of essential Troilus and Cressida and Coriolanus are also satire although in the former Hector speaks with such noble dignity and Troilus laments his loss with such pathos that readers have sometimes been misled into thinking that it was only the Greeks the doltish Ajax and the peevish Achilles whom Shakespeare was satirizing And the cynical mood of these two plays moves into the ferocious satire of Timon of Athens with the once opulent Timon summoning his false friends to a mock banquet and throwing in their faces the bowls of warm water that have been served instead of luxurious dishes Shakespeare thus ranges all the way from comical satire to tragic satire

More than this there is hardly a play no matter what its mood in which satire is not represented In Twelfth Night Shakespeare lampoons the cowardly and fatuous Sir Andrew Aguecheek and fairly whips the upstart and self infatuated Malvolio from the stage As You Like It merrily derides the pastoral romance with Silvius and Phebe the lovesick swain and scornful maiden of convention throws in for good measure Rosalind s lively mockery of romantic courtship then adds on top of that the dyspeptic satire of the malcontent Jaques with Touchstone as a shrewd commentator on them all The laughter directed against Shallow and Slender the two country justices in the second part of Henry IV and in The Merry Wives of Windsor is satiric laughter and much of the fun of Nym and Pistol is derived from showing up the windy and horrendous boastfulness of Pistol the dark and terrifying understatements of Nym and the cowardice of both

Mercutio shows us the witty and sparkling mocker making his way over into the realm of tragedy In his fantastic and bravura description of Queen Mab he slyly tells how

Sometimes she gallops o er a courtier s nose,
And then he dreams of smelling out a suit
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig s tail,
Tickling a parson s nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice

And his remarks on Tybalt as a swordsman are a brilliant deflation of the fashionable Italianate style of dueling

> *O! he is the courageous captain of complements He fights as you sing prick song keeps time distance and proportion rests me his minim rest one two and the third in your bosom the very butcher of a silk button a duellist a duellist a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause Ah the immortal passado! the punto reverso the hay!—— The pox of such antic, lisping affecting fantasticoes these new tuners of accents!*

Falstaff is both the purveyor and the object of satire In his own person and not without his own connivance he shows up the vices of gluttony, drinking greed dishonesty cowardice boasting and mendacity But Falstaff's great gift is that he sees through everything including himself and is therefore no less vastly amused to make a jest of himself than to unmask the world Observe the two-way thrusts by which on the field of battle he rationalizes his own fears

> *'Well tis no matter honor pricks me on Yes but how if honor prick me off when I come on How then? Can honor set to a leg?* No *Or take away the grief of a wound? No Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No What is honor? A word What is that word honor? Air A trim reckoning Who hath it? He that died o Wednesday Doth he feel it? No Doth he hear it? No Tis in sensible then? Yea to the dead But will it not live with the living?* No *Why? Detraction will not suffer it Therefore I ll none of it Honor is a mere scutcheon—and so ends my catechism*

Is it Falstaff or the pomp of military glory that bears off the honors here?

It is not easy to represent Shakespeare s satire by any single scene or group of scenes The plays that are prevailingly satire need their full scale of development to make the satire clear In the others satire is more often a note of accent in a speech here and there a few words flashing out of the

dramatic movement of the whole than it is an extended passage of dia logue But the sonnet My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun is a complete artistic whole and a witty answer to all the nest of tuneful Petrarchan sonneteers choiring their ladies perfections in Platonic ecstasies Our scene from the first part of Henry IV *where Prince Hal leads Falstaff into a trap and reveals him as a coward and liar is characteristic of Shake speare s laughing satire The scenes of Hamlet deriding old men bur lesquing Osric s ornate euphuisms to his face and tearing the dignity of man himself to shreds begin to sound the tone of tragic satire And the Fool rebuking Lear for the insane stupidity of surrendering his kingdom to his daughters—a bitter fool truly—strikes out a wild and lamentable laughter satirically harmonious with the dreadful outcries of Lear upon the heath Here satire transcends satire and becomes pure horror*

SHAKESPEARE

««« The *Sonnets* were not published until 1609 but they are supposed to have been written between 1592 and 1603 with the bulk of them centering around 1593-98 *Henry IV* was probably produced around 1598 *Hamlet* around 1600 and *King Lear* around 1605-06 »»»

SONNET 130

Shakespeare Refuses to Praise His Mistress in Courtly Metaphors

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,
Coral is far more red than her lips red
If snow be white why then her breasts are dun,
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head

I have seen roses damasked red and white
But no such roses see I in her cheeks,
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks

I love to hear her speak yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound
I grant I never saw a goddess go
My mistress when she walks treads on the ground

And yet, by Heaven I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare

HENRY IV

From Act II, Scene 4

Falstaff Fights Against a Hundred or So Opponents

The scene is the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto, Francis following with wine

POINS Welcome Jack! Where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF A plague of all cowards I say and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack boy Ere I lead this life long I ll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue Is there no virtue extant?

He drinketh

PRINCE Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter pitiful hearted Titan that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound

FALSTAFF You rogue here s lime in this sack too There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it A villanous coward! Go thy ways old Jack die when thou wilt if manhood good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth then am I a shotten herring There lives not three good men unhang d in England and one of them is fat and grows old God help the while! A bad world I say I would I were a weaver, I could sing psalms or anything A plague of all cowards I say still

PRINCE How now wool sack! what mutter you?

FALSTAFF A king s son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese I ll never wear hair on my face more You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE Why you whoreson round man what s the matter?

FALSTAFF Are not you a coward? Answer me to that and Poins there?

POINS 'Zounds ye fat paunch an ye call me coward by the Lord ll stab thee

FALSTAFF *I* call thee coward! I ll see thee damn d ere I call thee coward but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst You are straight enough in the shoulders you care not who sees your back Call

you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me Give me a cup of sack I am a rogue, if I drunk to day

PRINCE O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last

FALSTAFF All s one for that (*He drinketh*) A plague of all cowards, still say I

PRINCE What s the matter?

FALSTAFF What s the matter! There be four of us here have ta en a thousand pound this day morning

PRINCE Where is it Jack where is it?

FALSTAFF Where is it! Taken from us it is a hundred upon poor four of us

PRINCE What a hundred man?

FALSTAFF I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together I have scaped by miracle I am eight times thrust through the doublet four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack d like a hand saw—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man all would not do A plague of all cowards! Let them speak if they speak more or less than truth they are villains and the sons of darkness

PRINCE Speak sirs how was it?

GADSHILL We four set upon some dozen—

FALSTAFF Sixteen at least my lord

GADSHILL And bound them

PETO No no they were not bound

FALSTAFF You rogue they were bound every man of them or I am a Jew else an Ebrew Jew

GADSHILL As we were sharing some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

FALSTAFF And unbound the rest and then come in the other

PRINCE What fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF All! I know not what you call all but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish If there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack then am I no two legg d creature

PRINCE Pray God you have not murd red some of them

FALSTAFF Nay that s past praying for, I have pepper d two of them Two I am sure I have paid two rogues in buckram suits I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie spit in my face call me horse Thou knowest my old ward here I lay and thus I bore my point Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

PRINCE. What four? Thou saidst but two even now

FALSTAFF Four Hal I told thee four

POINS Ay ay he said four

FALSTAFF These four came all a front and mainly thrust at me I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target thus

PRINCE Seven? why, there were but four even now

FALSTAFF In buckram?

POINS Ay, four, in buckram suits

FALSTAFF Seven by these hilts or I am a villain else

PRINCE Prithee let him alone we shall have more anon

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear me Hal?

PRINCE Ay and mark thee too Jack

FALSTAFF Do so for it is worth the listening to These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

PRINCE So two more already

FALSTAFF Their points being broken—

POINS Down fell their hose

FALSTAFF Began to give me ground but I followed me close came in foot and hand and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid

PRINCE O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF But, as the devil would have it three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me for it was so dark Hal that thou couldst not see thy hand

PRINCE These lies are like their father that begets them gross as a mountain open palpable Why thou clay brain d guts thou knotty pated fool thou whoreson obscene greasy tallow catch—

FALSTAFF What art thou mad? art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE Why how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come tell us your reason what say st thou to this?

POINS Come your reason, Jack your reason

FALSTAFF What upon compulsion? Zounds an I were at the strappado or all the racks in the world I would not tell you on compulsion Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion I

PRINCE I ll be no longer guilty of this sin This sanguine coward this bed presser, this horse back breaker this huge hill of flesh—

FALSTAFF Sblood you starveling you elf skin you dried neat s tongue you bull s pizzle you stockfish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor s yard you sheath you bow case you vile standing tuck—

PRINCE Well breathe a while and then to it again and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons hear me speak but this—

POINS Mark Jack

PRINCE We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth Mark now how a plain tale shall put you down Then did we two set on you four, and with a word out fac d you from your prize, and have it yea and can show it you here in the house and Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity and roar d for mercy and still run and roar d as ever I heard bull-calf What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done and then say it was in fight! What trick what device what starting hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS Come let s hear Jack what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF By the Lord I knew ye as well as he that made ye Why hear you my masters Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules but beware instinct the lion will not touch the true prince Instinct is a great matter I was now a coward on instinct I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life, I for a valiant lion and thou for a true prince But by the Lord lads I am glad you have the money Hostess clap to the doors! Watch to night pray to morrow Gallants lads boys, hearts of gold all the titles of good fellowship come to you!

HAMLET

*** From Act II Scene 2 ***

Hamlet Insults Polonius, Baits Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and Wearies of the World

The scene is a room in the castle at Elsinore Polonius is on the stage
Enter Hamlet, reading

POLONIUS O give me leave how does my good Lord Hamlet?
HAMLET Well God a mercy
POLONIUS Do you know me my lord?
HAMLET Excellent well you are a fishmonger
POLONIUS Not I my lord
HAMLET Then I would you were so honest a man
POLONIUS Honest, my lord?
HAMLET Ay sir, to be honest as this world goes is to be one man picked out of ten thousand
POLONIUS That s very true my lord
HAMLET For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog being a god kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?
POLONIUS I have my lord
HAMLET Let her not walk i the sun conception is a blessing but as your daughter may conceive —friend look to t
POLONIUS (*aside*) How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter Yet he knew me not at first he said I was a fishmonger he is far gone and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love very near this I ll speak to him again —What do you read my lord?
HAMLET Words word words
POLONIUS What is the matter my lord?
HAMLET Between who?
POLONIUS I mean the matter that you read my lord
HAMLET Slanders sir for the satirical rogue says here that old men have gray beards that their faces are wrinkled their eyes purging thick amber and plum tree gum and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams all which sir though I most powerfully and po

tently believe yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for you yourself sir should be old as I am if like a crab, you could go backward

POLONIUS (*aside*) Though this be madness yet there is method in t.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAMLET Into my grave

POLONIUS Indeed that s out of the air (*Aside*)
How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of I will leave him and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter —My honorable lord I will most humbly take my leave of you

HAMLET You cannot sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal except my life except my life except my life

POLONIUS Fare you well my lord

HAMLET These tedious old fools

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

POLONIUS You go to seek the Lord Hamlet, there he is

ROSENCRANTZ (*to Polonius*) God save you, sir!

Exit Polonius

GUILDENSTERN My honored lord!

ROSENCRANTZ My most dear lord!

HAMLET My excellent good friends! How dost thou Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads how do you both?

ROSENCRANTZ As the indifferent children of the earth

GUILDENSTERN Happy, in that we are not over happy,
On Fortune s cap we are not the very button

HAMLET Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ Neither my lord

HAMLET Then you live about her waist or in the middle of her favors?

GUILDENSTERN Faith her privates we

HAMLET In the secret parts of Fortune? O most true she is a strumpet What s the news?

ROSENCRANTZ None my lord but that the world s grown honest

HAMLET Then is doomsday near but your news is not true Let me question more in particular what have you my good friends deserved at the hands of Fortune that she sends you to prison hither?

GUILDENSTERN Prison my lord!

HAMLET Denmark s a prison

ROSENCRANTZ Then is the world one.

HAMLET A goodly one in which there are many confines wards and dungeons Denmark being one o the worst

ROSENCRANTZ We think not so, my lord

HAMLET Why then 'tis none to you, for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so to me it is a prison

ROSENCRANTZ Why then your ambition makes it one, tis too narrow for your mind

HAMLET O God I could be bounded in a nut shell and count myself a king of infinite space were it not that I have bad dreams

GUILDENSTERN Which dreams indeed are ambition for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream

HAMLET A dream itself is but a shadow

ROSENCRANTZ Truly and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow s shadow

HAMLET Then are our beggars bodies and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars shadows Shall we to the court? for by my fay I cannot reason

ROSENCRANTZ }
GUILDENSTERN } We ll wait upon you

HAMLET No such matter I will not sort you with the rest of my servants for to speak to you like an honest man I am most dreadfully attended But, in the beaten way of friendship what make you at Elsinore?

ROSENCRANTZ To visit you my lord no other occasion

HAMLET Beggar that I am I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you and sure dear friends my thanks are too dear a halfpenny Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come deal justly with me come come nay speak

GUILDENSTERN What should we say my lord?

HAMLET Why any thing but to the purpose You were sent for and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to color I know the good king and queen have sent for you

ROSENCRANTZ To what end my lord?

HAMLET That you must teach me But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship by the consonancy of our youth by the obligation of our ever preserved love and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal be even and direct with me whether you were sent for or no

ROSENCRANTZ *(aside to Guildenstern)* What say you?

HAMLET *(aside)* Nay then I have an eye of you —
If you love me hold not off

GUILDENSTERN My lord we were sent for

HAMLET I will tell you why so shall my anticipation prevent your dis covery and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather I have

of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth forgone all custom of exercises and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory this most excellent canopy the air look you this brave o erhanging firmament this majestical roof fretted with golden fire why it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, no nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so

FROM ACT V SCENE 2

Hamlet Parodies Osric's Euphuisms to His Face

A hall in the castle

Hamlet and Horatio are together Enter Osric

OSRIC. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark

HAMLET I humbly thank you sir Dost know this waterfly?

HORATIO No my good lord

HAMLET *Thy state is the more gracious for* tis a vice to know him He hath much land and fertile let a beast be lord of beasts and his crib shall stand at the king s mess 'tis a clough but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt

OSRIC Sweet lord if your lordship were at leisure I should impart a thing to you from his majesty

HAMLET I will receive it sir with all diligence of spirit Put your bonnet to his right use tis for the head

OSRIC. I thank your lordship it is very hot

HAMLET No believe me 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly

OSRIC. It is indifferent cold my lord indeed

HAMLET But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot or my complexion—

OSRIC. Exceedingly my lord it is very sultry as twere,—I cannot tell how But my lord his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head sir this is the matter—

HAMLET I beseech you remember—

Hamlet moves him to put on his hat

OSRIC. Nay, good my lord for mine ease in good faith Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes believe me an absolute gentleman full of most excellent differences of very soft society and great showing indeed to speak feelingly of him he is the card or calendar of gentry for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see

HAMLET Sir his definement suffers no perdition in you though I know to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick sail But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article and his infusion of such dearth and rareness as to make true diction of him his semblable is his mirror and who else would trace him his umbrage nothing more

OSRIC. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him

HAMLET The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

OSRIC Sir?

HORATIO Is t not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do t sir really

HAMLET What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSRIC Of Laertes?

HORATIO His purse is empty already all s golden words are spent

HAMLET Of him sir

OSRIC. I know you are not ignorant—

HAMLET I would you did sir yet in faith if you did it would not much approve me Well sir?

OSRIC You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

HAMLET I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excel lence but to know a man well were to know himself

OSRIC I mean sir for his weapon but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed he s unfellowed

HAMLET What s his weapon?

OSRIC. Rapier and dagger

HAMLET That s two of his weapons but well

OSRIC The king sir hath wagered with him six Barbary horses against the which he has imponed as I take it six French rapiers and poniards with their assigns as girdle hanger and so three of the carriages in faith are very dear to fancy very responsive to the hilts most delicate carriages and of very liberal conceit

HAMLET What call you the carriages?

HORATIO I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done

OSRIC The carriages, sir, are the hangers

HAMLET The phrase would be more germane to the matter if we could carry a cannon by our sides I would it might be hangers till then. But, on six Barbary horses against six French swords their assigns and three liberal conceited carriages that s the French bet against the Danish Why is this imponed " as vou call it?

OSRIC The king sir hath laid sir that in a dozen passes between yourself and him he shall not exceed you three hits he hath laid on twelve for nine and it would come to immediate trial if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer

HAMLET How if I answer 'no ?

OSRIC I mean my lord the opposition of your person in trial

HAMLET Sir I will walk here in the hall if it please his majesty it is the breathing time of day with me let the foils be brought the gentleman willing and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits

OSRIC Shall I redeliver you e en so?

HAMLET To this effect sir, after what flourish your nature will

OSRIC I commend my duty to your lordship

HAMLET Yours yours (*Exit Osric*) He does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for s turn

HORATIO This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head

HAMLET He did comply with his dug before he sucked it Thus has he—and many more of the ame breed that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter a kind of yesty collection which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions and do but blow them to their trial the bubbles are out.

KING LEAR

««« From Act I Scene 4 »»»

The Fool Reads Lear a Lesson on Parting with His Crown

A hall in the Duke of Albany s palace
Lear and Kent have been talking together, enter Oswald, Goneril's Steward

LEAR You you sirrah where s my daughter?

OSWALD So please you — *Exit*

LEAR What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back (*Exit a Knight*) Where s my fool, ho? I think the world s asleep

Re enter Knight

How now! where s that mongrel?

KNIGHT He says my lord your daughter is not well

LEAR Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

KNIGHT Sir he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

LEAR He would not!

KNIGHT My lord I know not what the matter is but to my judgment your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont, there s a great abatement of kindness appear as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter

LEAR. Ha! sayest thou so?

KNIGHT I beseech you pardon me my lord if I be mistaken for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged

LEAR Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception I have perceived a most faint neglect of late which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretense and purpose of unkindness I will look further into 't But where s my fool? I have not seen him this two days

KNIGHT Since my young lady s going into France sir the fool hath much pined away

LEAR No more of that I have noted it well Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her (*Exit an Attendant*) Go you call hither my fool *Exit an Attendant*

Re enter Oswald

O you sir you come you hither sir who am I sir?

OSWALD My lady s father

LEAR My lady s father! my lord s knave you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

OSWALD I am none of these, my lord, I beseech your pardon

LEAR Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? *Striking him*

OSWALD I ll not be struck my lord

KENT Nor tripped neither, you base foot ball player *Tripping up his heels*

LEAR I thank thee fellow, thou servest me and I ll love thee

KENT Come sir arise away! I ll teach you differences away, away! If you will measure your lubber s length again tarry but away! go to, have you wisdom? so *Pushes Oswald out*

LEAR Now, my friendly knave I thank thee there's earnest of thy service *Giving Kent money*

Enter Fool

FOOL Let me hire him too here's my coxcomb *Offering Kent his cap*

LEAR How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

FOOL Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb

KENT Why fool?

FOOL Why for taking one's part that s out of favor nay as thou canst not smile as the wind sits thou lt catch cold shortly there take my coxcomb why this fellow hath banished two on s daughters and done the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him thou must needs wear my coxcomb How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

LEAR Why my boy?

FOOL If I gave them all my living I ld keep my coxcombs myself There s mine beg another of thy daughters

LEAR. Take heed, sirrah the whip

FOOL Truth s a dog must to kennel he must be whipped out when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink

LEAR. A pestilent gall to me!

FOOL Sirrah I ll teach thee a speech

LEAR. Do

FOOL Mark it, nuncle

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest
Learn more than thou trowest,

Set less than thou throwest
Leave thy drink and thy whore
And keep in a door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score

KENT This is nothing fool

FOOL Then tis like the breath of an unfee d lawyer you gave me nothing for t Can you make no use of nothing nuncle?

LEAR Why no boy nothing can be made out of nothing

FOOL (*to Kent*) Prithee tell him so much the rent of his land comes to he will not believe a fool

LEAR A bitter fool!

FOOL Dost thou know the difference my boy,
Between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

LEAR No lad teach me

FOOL
That lord that counsel d thee
To give away thy land
Come place him here by me
Do thou for him stand
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear
The one in motley here
The other found out there

LEAR Dost thou call me fool boy?

FOOL All thy other titles thou hast given away that thou wast born with

KENT This is not altogether fool my lord

FOOL No faith lords and great men will not let me if I had a monopoly out they would have part on t and ladies too they will not let me have all the fool to myself they ll be snatching Give me an egg nuncle and I ll give thee two crowns

LEAR What two crowns shall they be?

FOOL Why after I have cut the egg in the middle and eat up the meat the two crowns of the egg When thou clovest thy crown i the middle and gavest away both parts thou borest thine ass on thy back o er the dirt thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away If I speak like myself in this let him be whipped that first finds it so
(*Singing*) Fools had ne er less wit in a year
For wise men are grown foppish
And know not how their wits to wear
Their manners are so apish

LEAR When were you wont to be so full of songs sirrah?

FOOL I have used it nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother for when thou gavest them the rod and puttest down thine own breeches
(*Singing*) Then they for sudden joy did weep
And I for sorrow sung
That such a king should play bo peep
And go the fools among
Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie I would fain learn to lie

LEAR An you lie sirrah we'll have you whipped

FOOL I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are they'll have me whipped for speaking true thou lt have me whipped for lying and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace I had rather be any kind o thing than a fool and yet I would not be thee nuncle thou hast pared thy wit o both sides and left nothing i the middle Here comes one o the parings

Enter Goneril

LEAR How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i the frown

FOOL Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning now thou art an O without a figure I am better than thou art now I am a fool thou art nothing (*To Goneril*) Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me though you say nothing
Mum mum
He that keeps nor crust nor crumb
Weary of all shall want some
(*Pointing to Lear*) That s a shealed peascod

DONNE AND DISILLUSION WITH ROMANTIC LOVE



DONNE S *poetry has exerted a strange fascination over readers in recent years His tortured doubts and disillusions and cynical disgusts made him seem a prophetic mirror of the frustrations and bitterness that were an angry counterpoint to the jazz triumphs of the 1920 s He was as Hugh I Anson Fausset observes one of the first men of genius to express with frenzied penetration that state of discord and disintegration into which men fall when critical self-consciousness robs them of their harmony with nature* T S *Eliot s Prufrock Hamletizing among the teacups and his Burbank elegizing the glories of Venice while the vulgar Bleistein ogles the Princess Volupine are enfeebled descendants of Donne gelded of his flaming and virile rebellion Joseph Wood Krutch s forlorn Hellenistic rendering of the modern temper a plaintive variation on Donne s angry despair*

But the bitterness with which Donne looks on the world often seems only an extension of the peculiar exasperation with which he is filled by women Here too his voice has a modern ring It is like the sadism with which Aldous Huxley pursues the Rosies and Mary Thriplows and Virginia Maunciples of his novels by subjecting them to the most ferocious sexual

humiliations like the submerged animus beneath Thurber s War Between the Sexes Donne s hatred of women is an angry and romantic cynicism born of disillusion with romantic love that strange compound mingling the sighs and swoonings of the troubadours the medieval worship of the Virgin the ardors of the body and a queerly transformed Platonic mysticism The rapt ethereality of the other Elizabethan lyricists hymning their Stellas and Ideas Donne s tangled inner conflict distorts into furious accusations of stupidity faithlessness and lust

His dilemma grows out of a struggle between cynicism and ideal desire He would wish to believe that love reaches spiritual heights and that there is no antagoni m between the soul and the body s urgency but his own sensuality is too sharp a goad He would wish to believe that the woman who arouses his desire deserves his love but feverishly oscillates between finding this one a brainless jabberer, that one a mercenary drab a third a loose minx and a fourth an ungrateful harpy who denies him her body only in order to see him suffer Hence twofold disillusion women are wantons and his love is only a crude itch for coupling From his own lust he tries to turn away his eyes but it inflames the humiliations he feels inflicted upon him and he pours out his resentment against the whole sex with redoubled venom

This entire furious reaction against the idyllic convention of woman worship Donne molds into a lyrical attack of extraordinary virulence and intellectual power We do not know if Donne s mistresses were as bad as he says they were but if they were not others have been and even when they have not men have sometimes felt them to be Donne s sustained control of his structure his glitter of paradox his tortuous intricacy of analysis and the emotional intensity beneath the wit make these poems particular and personal but the mood they reflect is perpetually recurrent No one but Donne could have written them and probably half the human race has experienced their bitterness

JOHN DONNE

*** Donne's *Poems* were not published until after his death in 1631 but most of the songs and sonnets were probably written around 1594 ***

He Ironizes About Woman's Constancy

Now thou hast lov'd me one whole day
To-morrow when thou leav'st what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate some new made vow?
Or say that now
We are not just those persons which we were?
Or, that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love and his wrath any may forswear?
Or as true deaths true marriages untie
So lovers contracts images of those
Bind but till sleep death's image them unloose?
Or your own end to justify
For having purpos'd change and falsehood you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lunatic against these scapes I could
Dispute and conquer if I would,
Which I abstain to do
For by to morrow I may think so too

He Complains That, Having Exhausted All Other Vices, Women Are Now Trying the Novelty of Faithfulness

I can love both fair and brown
Her whom abundance melts and her whom want betrays
Her who loves loneness best and her who masks and plays
Her whom the country form'd and whom the town
Her who believes and her who tries
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes
And her who is dry cork and never cries
I can love her, and her, and you and you,
I can love any so she be not true

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices spent and now would find out others?
Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?
Oh we are not, be not you so
Let me, and do you twenty know
Rob me but bind me not and let me go
Must I who came to travail thorough you
Grow your fixt subject because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song
And by Love's sweetest part Variety she swore
She heard not this till now and that it should be so no more
She went examin'd and return'd ere long,
And said alas Some two or three
Poor heretics in love there be
Which think to 'stablish dangerous constancy
But I have told them since you will be true
You shall be true to them who're false to you

He Pretends a Series of Bequests That Symbolize His Mistress's Shortcomings

Before I sigh my last gasp let me breathe,
Great love some Legacies, Here I bequeath
Mine eyes to *Argus* if mine eyes can see
If they be blind then Love I give them thee
My tongue to Fame, to Ambassadors mine ears,
  To women or the sea my tears
Thou Love hast taught me heretofore
 By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much before

My constancy I to the planets give,
My truth to them who at the Court do live
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits, to *Buffoons* my pensiveness
My silence to any who abroad hath been
  My money to a Capuchin
Thou Love taught st me by appointing me
 To love there where no love receiv d can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity

My faith I give to Roman Catholics
All my good works unto the Schismatics
Of Amsterdam my best civility
And Courtship to an University
My modesty I give to soldiers bare,
  My patience let gamesters share
Thou Love taught st me by making me
 Love her that holds my love disparity
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends mine industry to foes
To Schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness
My sickness to Physicians or excess
To Nature all that I in Rhyme have writ
  And to my company my wit

Thou Love by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught st me to make, as though I gave, when I did but restore

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
I give my physic books my written rolls
Of Moral counsels I to Bedlam give
My brazen medals unto them which live
In want of bread, to them which pass among
All foreigners mine English tongue
Thou Love by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers dost my gifts thus disproportion

Therefore I ll give no more, but I ll undo
The world by dying because love dies too
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in Mines where none doth draw it forth,
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a Sun dial in a grave
Thou Love taught st me by making me
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee
To invent, and practise this one way, to annihilate all three

JONSON'S TERRIFYING CARICATURES OF REALITY



THE METHOD of Jonson is at the very antipodes from the method of Shakespeare In Shakespeare's plays as Lytton Strachey points out innumerable facets flash out quality after quality the subtlest and most elusive shades of temperament are indicated until at last the whole being takes shape before us endowed with what seems to be the very complexity and mystery of life itself Pressing after the fleeing travelers he has robbed Falstaff shouts They hate us youth,' and 'What! ye knaves young men must live Could anyone have anticipated the exquisite inappropriateness of those words and the light they throw on the old ruffian?

Jonson on the other hand aims at only one sharply defined effect From the beginning he bites his stylus deeper and deeper until the design stands out in brilliant light glowing against darkest shadow Good morning to the day and next, my gold! exclaims Volpone the curtain opens to let the sun flood in through the window upon the glitter of massy plate the sparkle of jewels and piles of golden coins In that moment the keynote is struck yellow gold and yellow greed that never varies throughout the entire play Volpone exulting in images of luxury and filled with glee over the cupidity

that renders his dupes so easily vulnerable Mosca darting back and forth whispering allurements in their ears and goading them and Volpone on Voltore ready to lie and cheat, the doddering Corbaccio to disinherit his son Corvino to debauch his wife all in hopes of getting Volpone s hoard every one of these and every action of the play has no other purpose than to paint this single vice of greed and its shining lure

Volpone, in fact, has no characteristics except greed guile a derisive joy in the gullibility of his victims and a lasciviousness closely related to greed Vivid limited and grotesque the same deliberate restriction in portrayal appears in all Jonson s characters from Sir Epicure Mammon in The Alchemist *feeding his imagination with enormous banquets of exotic delicacies and super* Roman *orgies upon silken beds inflated with air to the unhappy noise tormented Morose of* The Silent Woman *They are all humours single traits endowed with identity rather than living and breathing human beings One of Jonson s characters is at once mere carica ture and the very core of a man stripped of all extraneous detail The art Jonson practices is an art of classici m and it is an art of distortion The very names proclaim the central qualities their bearers stand for* Mosca *the gadfly* Voltore *the vulture*

And yet somehow or other the energy of Jonson breathes into these masks a terrifying vitality Mosca *hissing and giggling* Volpone *leaping out of the bedclothes and bounding across the stage* Corbaccio *deaf bleary eyed and drooling with avarice—ludicrous or dreadful these figures con vince with demonic power Partly this springs from the sharp realism of surface with which they are drawn Jonson has caught their precise man nerisms of speech and movement painted their dress and the scenes through which they move in color exact detail But deeper than that, except in such intentional farce as the sheer absurdity of Morose Jonson seizes upon the very vitals of his characters Though no human being is nothing but a monster like Volpone the qualities for which Volpone and Corvino stand do exist and they do the evil in the world that Jonson shows them doing*

The age in which Jonson was living sharpened his perception of human venality and baseness Elizabeth was recently dead the stammering slob bering pedantic and clownish James I sat on England s throne bom bastically proclaiming the divine right of kings and feebly turning tail whenever Parliament grew rebellious It was soon clear what the new reign was to be like Extravagant favorites alternately cajoled and bullied their

with their charms Elizabeth for all her flaring and arbitrary had been a shrewd administrator a great ruler a sharp ter and ability James was a dupe of fools

ency had always been toward a certain astringency of mind a bricklayer he had made himself not without difficulty t erudite dramatists of his day He had seen the rough side his independent temper and hard hitting plainness had got more than once The jealousies rivalries feuds backbiting olences of London theatrical and literary life hardly served even talent or genius necessarily produced elevation of tact with the court may well have been no less salutary mmon sense and learning all combined to give Jonson a ew of mankind

of Rabelais toughness and ability to look unflinchingly at ects of life Jonson has little Rabelaisian geniality or loving dy of Volpone *takes strong guts to swallow it is bitter and its victims with a scourge of steel But it is strong too and werful If Jonson does not share Rabelais confidence in ous goodness he does believe in their capacity for shame h a scorn that sears like a red hot sword he will show them tupidities their contemptible weaknesses and their hideous shrink back from the picture he seems to say let them r And let them reform themselves They can*

VOLPONE

««« *Volpone* was first produced in 1605 The two extracts given here are from Act I Scene 1 and Act III Scene 6 »»»

Mosca Persuades Corbaccio to Disinherit His Son in Favor of Volpone

The scene is a room in Volpone's house Volpone and Mosca are present

MOSCA Keep you still sir
Here is Corbaccio
VOLPONE. Set the plate away
The vulture s gone and the old raven's come!
MOSCA Betake you to your silence and your sleep
Stand there and multiply (*Putting the plate to the rest*)
Now, shall we see
A wretch who is indeed more impotent
Than this can feign to be yet hopes to hop
Over his grave—
Enter Corbaccio
Signior Corbaccio!
You re very welcome, sir
CORBACCIO How does your patron?
MOSCA Troth, as he did sir, no amends
CORBACCIO What! mends he?
MOSCA No sir he s rather worse
CORBACCIO That s well Where is he?
MOSCA Upon his couch sir newly fall n asleep
CORBACCIO Does he sleep well?
MOSCA No wink sir all this night
Nor yesterday but slumbers
CORBACCIO Good! he should take
Some counsel of physicians I have brought him
An opiate here from mine own doctor
MOSCA. He will not hear of drugs

CORBACCIO Why? I myself
Stood by while it was made saw all the ingredients
And know it cannot but most gently work
My life for his tis but to make him sleep
VOLPONE (*aside*) Ay, his last sleep, if he would take it.
MOSCA Sir
He has no faith in physic
CORBACCIO Say you say you?
MOSCA He has no faith in physic he does think
Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease to escape I often have
Heard him protest that your physician
Should never be his heir
CORBACCIO Not I his heir?
MOSCA Not your physician sir
CORBACCIO O no no no,
I do not mean it
MOSCA No, sir nor their fees
He cannot brook he says they flay a man,
Before they kill him
CORBACCIO Right, I do conceive you
MOSCA. And then they do it by experiment
For which the law not only doth absolve them
But gives them great reward and he is loth
To hire his death, so
CORBACCIO It is true they kill
With as much license as a judge
MOSCA Nay more
For he but kills sir, where the law condemns
And these can kill him too
CORBACCIO Ay or me,
Or any man How does his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?
MOSCA Most violent
His speech is broken and his eyes are set
His face drawn longer than twas wont—
CORBACCIO How! how!
Stronger than he was wont?
MOSCA No sir his face
Drawn longer than twas wont
CORBACCIO O good!

MOSCA His mouth
Is ever gaping and his eyelids hang
CORBACCIO Good
MOSCA A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead
CORBACCIO 'Tis good
MOSCA His pulse beats slow and dull
CORBACCIO Good symptoms still
MOSCA And from his brain—
CORBACCIO I conceive you, good
MOSCA Flows a cold sweat with a continual rheum,
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes
CORBACCIO Is t possible? Yet I am better ha!
How does he, with the swimming of his head?
MOSCA O sir, tis past the scotomy, he now
Hath lost his feeling and hath left to snort
You hardly can perceive him that he breathes
CORBACCIO Excellent excellent! sure I shall outlast him
This makes me young again a score of years.
MOSCA I was a coming for you sir
CORBACCIO Has he made his will?
What has he given me?
MOSCA No sir
CORBACCIO Nothing! ha?
MOSCA He has not made his will sir
CORBACCIO Oh oh oh!
What then did Voltore the lawyer here?
MOSCA He smelt a carcase sir when he but heard
My master was about his testament
As I did urge him to it for your good—
CORBACCIO He came unto him did he? I thought so
MOSCA Yes and presented him this piece of plate
CORBACCIO To be his heir?
MOSCA I do not know sir
CORBACCIO True
I know it too
MOSCA (*aside*) By your own scale sir
CORBACCIO Well
I shall prevent him yet See Mosca look
Here I have brought a bag of bright chequines
Will quite weigh down his plate

MOSCA (*taking the bag*) Yea marry sir
  This is true physic this your sacred medicine,
  No talk of opiates to this great elixir!
CORBACCIO 'Tis aurum palpabile if not potabile
MOSCA It shall be minister d to him in his bowl.
CORBACCIO Ay do do do
MOSCA. Most blessed cordial!
  This will recover him
CORBACCIO Yes do do do
MOSCA I think it were not best, sir
CORBACCIO What?
MOSCA To recover him
CORBACCIO O no no no by no means.
MOSCA Why sir this
  Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it
CORBACCIO 'Tis true therefore forbear I ll take my venture
  Give me it again
MOSCA. At no hand, pardon me
  You shall not do yourself that wrong sir I
  Will so advise you you shall have it all
CORBACCIO How?
MOSCA All sir tis your right, your own no man
  Can claim a part tis yours without a rival,
  Decreed by destiny
CORBACCIO How, how good Mosca?
MOSCA I ll tell you sir This fit he shall recover
CORBACCIO I do conceive you
MOSCA And on first advantage
  Of his gain d sense will I re importune him
  Unto the making of his testament
  And shew him this *Pointing to the money*
CORBACCIO Good good
MOSCA 'Tis better yet,
  If you will hear sir
CORBACCIO Yes with all my heart
MOSCA Now would I counsel you make home with speed
  There frame a will whereto you shall inscribe
  My master your sole heir
CORBACCIO And disinherit
  My son!

MOSCA O sir the better for that colour
Shall make it much more taking
CORBACCIO O but colour?
MOSCA This will sir you shall send it unto me
Now, when I come to inforce as I will do,
Your cares your watchings and your many prayers
Your more than many gifts your this day s present
And last produce your will, where without thought,
Or least regard unto your proper issue
A son so brave and highly meriting
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your heir
He cannot be so stupid or stone dead
But out of conscience and mere gratitude—
CORBACCIO He must pronounce me his?
MOSCA 'Tis true
CORBACCIO This plot
Did I think on before
MOSCA I do believe it
CORBACCIO Do you not believe it?
MOSCA Yes sir
CORBACCIO Mine own project
MOSCA Which when he hath done sir—
CORBACCIO Publish d me his heir?
MOSCA And you so certain to survive him—
CORBACCIO Ay
MOSCA Being so lusty a man—
CORBACCIO 'Tis true
MOSCA Yes sir—
CORBACCIO I thought on that too See how he should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
MOSCA You have not only done yourself a good—
CORBACCIO But multiplied it on my son
MOSCA 'Tis right sir
CORBACCIO Still my invention
MOSCA Las sir! heaven knows
It hath been all my study all my care
(I e en grow gray withal) how to work things—
CORBACCIO I do conceive sweet Mosca
MOSCA You are he
For whom I labour here

CORBACCIO Ay do do do
I ll straight about it *Going*
MOSCA Rook go with you raven!
CORBACCIO I know thee honest
MOSCA (*aside*) You do lie sir!
CORBACCIO And—
MOSCA Your knowledge is no better than your ears sir
CORBACCIO I do not doubt to be a father to thee
MOSCA Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing
CORBACCIO I may have my youth restored to me why not?
MOSCA Your worship is a precious ass!
CORBACCIO What say st thou?
MOSCA I do desire your worship to make haste sir
CORBACCIO Tis done tis done, I go *Exit*
VOLPONE (*leaping from his couch*) O I shall burst!
Let out my sides let out my sides—
MOSCA Contain
Your flux of laughter sir you know this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook
VOLPONE O but thy working and thy placing it!
I cannot hold good rascal let me kiss thee
I never knew thee in so rare a humour
MOSCA Alas sir I but do as I am taught
Follow your grave instructions give them words
Pour oil into their ears and send them hence
VOLPONE 'Tis true tis true What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself!
MOSCA Ay with our help sir
VOLPONE So many cares so many maladies
So many fears attending on old age
Yea death so often call d on as no wish
Can be more frequent with them their limbs faint,
Their senses dull their seeing hearing going
All dead before them yea their very teeth
Their instruments of eating failing them
Yet this is recl on d life! nay here was one
Is now gone home that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his gout nor palsy feigns himself
Younger by scores of years flatters his age
With confident belying it hopes he may
With charms like Æson have his youth restored

And with these thoughts so battens as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on, as he
And all turns air!

Corvino Offers His Wife, Celia, to Volpone as a Mistress

The scene is Volpone's chamber Volpone is lying in his couch, Mosca sitting beside him Corvino is shown in

MOSCA Sir,
Signior Corvino here, is come to see you
VOLPONE Oh!
MOSCA And hearing of the consultation had,
So lately for your health is come to offer
Or rather sir to prostitute—
CORVINO Thanks sweet Mosca
MOSCA Freely unask'd, or unintreated—
CORVINO Well
MOSCA As the true fervent instance of his love
His own most fair and proper wife the beauty
Only of price in Venice—
CORVINO Tis well urged
MOSCA To be your comfortress and to preserve you
VOLPONE Alas I am past already! Pray you thank him
For his good care and promptness but for that
'Tis a vain labour e en to fight gainst heaven,
Applying fire to stone—uh uh uh uh! *Coughing*
Making a dead leaf grow again I take
His wishes gently though and you may tell him,
What I have done for him marry, my state is hopeless.
Will him to pray for me and to use his fortune
With reverence when he comes to t.
MOSCA Do you hear sir?
Go to him with your wife
CORVINO Heart of my father!
Wilt thou persist thus? come, I pray thee come
Thou seest tis nothing Celia By this hand
I shall grow violent Come do t I say

CELIA Sir kill me rather I will take down poison,
Eat burning coals do any thing—
CORVINO Be damn d!
Heart I will drag thee hence home by the hair
Cry thee a strumpet through the streets rip up
Thy mouth unto thine ears and slit thy nose
Like a raw rochet!—Do not tempt me come
Yield I am loth—Death! I will buy some slave
Whom I will kill and bind thee to him alive
And at my window hang you forth devising
Some monstrous crime which I in capital letters
Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis
And burning corsives on this stubborn breast
Now, by the blood thou hast incensed I ll do it!
CELIA Sir what you please you may I am your martyr
CORVINO Be not thus obstinate I have not deserved it
Think who it is intreats you Prithee sweet —
Good faith thou shalt have jewels gowns attires
What thou wilt think and ask Do but go kiss him
Or touch him but For my sake —At my suit —
This once —No! not! I shall remember this
Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst my undoing?
S death! if she would but speak to him
And save my reputation it were somewhat,
But spitefully to affect my utter ruin!
MOSCA Ay now you have put your *fortune in her hands*
Why i faith it is her modesty I must quit her
If you were absent she would be more cunning
I know it and dare undertake for her
What woman can before her husband? pray you
Let us *depart and leave her here*
CORVINO Sweet Celia
Thou may st redeem all yet I ll say no more
If not esteem yourself as lost Nay stay there
Shuts the door, and exit with Mosc
CELIA O God and his good angels! whither whither
Is shame fled human breasts? that with such ease
Men dare put off your honours and their own?
Is that, which ever was a cause of life
Now placed beneath the basest circumstance
And modesty an exile made for money?

VOLPONE Ay in Corvino, and such earth-fed minds,
Leaping from his couch
That never tasted the true heaven of love
Assure thee Celia he that would sell thee
Only for hope of gain and that uncertain
He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready money had he met a cope man
Why art thou mazed to see me thus revived?
Rather applaud thy beauty's miracle,
'Tis thy great work that hath not now alone
But sundry times raised me, in several shapes,
And but this morning like a mountebank
To see thee at thy window ay before
I would have left my practice for thy love,
In varying figures I would have contended
With the blue Porteus or the horned flood
Now art thou welcome
CELIA Sir!
VOLPONE Nay fly me not
Nor let thy false imagination
That I was bed rid make thee think I am so
Thou shalt not find it I am now as fresh,
As hot as high and in as jovial plight
As when in that so celebrated scene
At recitation of our comedy
For entertainment of the great Valois
I acted young Antinous and attracted
The eyes and ears of all the ladies present
To admire each graceful gesture note and footing *Sings*
Come my Celia let us prove
While we can the sports of love
Time will not be ours for ever
He at length our good will sever,
Spend not then his gifts in vain
Suns that set may rise again
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?

Or his easier ears beguile
Thus removed by our wile?—
'Tis no sin love s fruits to steal
But the sweet thefts to reveal,
To be taken to be seen
These have crimes accounted been

CELIA Some serene blast me or dire lightning strike
This my offending face!

VOLPONE Why droops my Celia?
Thou hast in place of a base husband found
A worthy lover use thy fortune well
With secrecy and pleasure See behold
What thou art queen of not in expectation
As I feed others but possess d and crown d
See here a rope of pearl and each more orient
Than that the brave Ægyptian queen caroused
Dissolve and drink them See a carbuncle
May put out both the eyes of our St Mark
A diamond would have bought Lollia Paulina
When she came in like star light hid with jewels

CELIA Good sir these things might move a mind affected
With such delights but I whose innocence
Is all I can think wealthy or worth th enjoying
And which once lost I have nought to lose beyond it,
Cannot be taken with these sensual baits
If you have conscience—

VOLPONE Tis the beggar s virtue
If thou hast wisdom hear me Celia
Thy baths shall be the juice of July flowers
Spirit of roses and of violets
The milk of unicorns and panthers breath
Gather d in bags and mixt with Cretan wines
Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber
Which we will take until my roof whirl round
With the vertigo and my dwarf shall dance
My eunuch sing my fool make up the antic
Whilst we in changed shapes act Ovid s tales
Thou like Europa now and I like Jove

CELIA If you have ears that will be pierced—or eyes
That can be open d—a heart that may be touch d—
Or any part that yet sounds man about you—

If you have touch of holy saints—or heaven—
Do me the grace to let me scape—if not
Be bountiful and kill me You do know,
I am a creature hither ill betray'd,
By one, whose shame I would forget it were
If you will deign me neither of these graces
Yet feed your wrath sir rather than your lust,
(It is a vice comes nearer manliness)
And punish that unhappy crime of nature
Which you miscall my beauty flay my face
Or poison it with ointments for seducing
Your blood to this rebellion Rub these hands
With what may cause an eating leprosy
Even to my bones and marrow any thing
That may disfavour me save in my honour—
And I will kneel to you pray for you pay down
A thousand hourly vows sir for your health,
Report and think you virtuous—

VOLPONE Think me cold
Frozen and impotent and so report me?
That I had Nestor s hernia thou wouldst think
I do degenerate and abuse my nation
To play with opportunity thus long
I should have done the act and then have parley d
Yield or I ll force thee *Seizes her*

CELIA O! just God!

VOLPONE In vain—

BONARIO (*rushing in*) Forbear foul ravisher libidinous swine!
Free the forced lady or thou diest impostor
But that I m loth to snatch thy punishment
Out of the hand of justice thou shouldst yet,
Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance
Before this altar and this dross thy idol—
Lady let s quit the place it is the den
Of villainy fear nought you have a guard
And he, ere long shall meet his just reward

Exeunt Bonario and Celia

MOLIÈRE: SANITY TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WORLD



THE FRONDE *unlike the English Civil War was almost entirely an aristocratic rebellion only vaguely assisted by popular unrest in Paris It had small help from the middle class because for the century preceding the throne had made itself the buttress of mercantile prosperity When it collapsed the power of the nobility was crushed and when the young Louis XIV took the reins of government in his own hands in 1661 he made it a matter of deliberate policy to ensure that henceforth like planets around the sun the aristocracy should revolve around the crown Nobles were encouraged to spend most of the year dancing attendance at court balls masquerades ballets opera theatricals hunting gambling pageantry amorous dalliance provided an unceasing round of pleasures for the gay and warm blooded decorations dignities titles sinecures pensions flowed from the royal bounty to tempt the ambitious*

Versailles was the center and symbol of this system The huge almost infinite building with its terraces and balustrades its mythological statues and fountains its canals pools gardens parterres its great trees trans

planted from distant forests its innumerable apartments and enormous salons carved gilded and glittering with mirrors its grand staircases pouring downwards in marble cataracts the monarch, with his red heels and towering periwig surrounded by crowds of undulating courtiers—all this was more than a magnificent architectural structure and a pompous ritual It was both a strategy and a cultural ideal dictatorship dramatized made grandiose colorful august almost reasonable

Molière moved in this splendid world but he was not of it The son of a prosperous upholsterer his background was middle class He received a good education at the Collège de Clermont, where the Prince de Conti, Chapelle, and Cyrano de Bergerac were among his fellow students he is believed to have studied philosophy with Gassendi But at the age of twenty-one he joined the obscure little company of actors that called itself the Illustre Théâtre He endured debt and imprisonment spent more than a dozen years moving about the provinces Actors in the seventeenth century were in social position something between gypsies charlatans, and strumpets even a hundred years later the greatest actress of her day Adrienne Lecouvreur could not be buried in consecrated ground In becoming an actor Molière not only renounced bourgeois conventionality, he automatically deprived himself of all social status Even when returning at last to Paris he came under the protection of the King he was a spectator looking upon a world of which he was not a part an inferior privileged somewhat uncertainly by royal favor, but never an equal His isolation helped Molière from being involved in the system he saw in creating his scheme of values he called upon neither fashion nor convention but common sense

Common sense is indeed the key virtue in Molière but a common sense so uncommon that only a few rare geniuses have ever possessed it Whether he gazes at the glittering world of fops and marquises or at the world of middle-class tradesmen his sanity is absolute Nothing fooled or duped him he saw through every variety of fake and pretentiousness His Précieuses Ridicules with their high flown affectations his Learned Ladies with their pedantic and misplaced devotion to grammar and astronomy the medical impostures of The Doctor Despite Himself and The Imaginary Invalid the religious hypocrisy of Tartuffe the legal chicaneries of a whole crew of notaries and advocates in comedy after comedy—how Molière blows their pretenses before him with a high wind of ridicule that buffets and overwhelms them in gales of laughter! The same extraordinary sanity lies beneath the mockery of his Bourgeois Gentleman and George Dandin,

both betrayed by social snobbery into trying to deny their own class and enter another

Molière s distrust of the farfetched is only the negative side of his faith in the normal Like Rabelais he has confidence in the health and sound ness of human instinct like Rabelais he is suspicious of the shackles that perverted ingenuity fear or self interest may devise The movement and well being of the body the enjoyment of eating and drinking growth laughter learning using one s powers falling in love and marrying the tenderness of parents for their children and the affection of children for their parents all these are natural and good It is only when they grow gangrened with dogmatism tyranny or folly that they become bad

Only then does Molière make them targets for his flights of salutary derision Let the doctor begin believing that it is not his function to heal but merely to make a living that it is enough if he follows the traditional rules of his profession that the patient is responsible for curing himself—and then Molière will be overwhelming him beneath strokes of annihilating satire Let Orgon be hypnotized by Tartuffe and his own cowardly super stition into becoming blind and cruel to his own family and Molière will pepper him with vollies of stinging arrows Let old men force themselves in marriage on unwilling young girls husbands domineer over wives or wives nag and torment husbands children be pert and insolent to their parents or parents tyrannize over their children and all Molière s artillery is drawn into fire Moliere is against avarice against meanness and malice and cruelty against fanaticism and hardheartedness and though he prefers the genially careless spendthrift to the close fisted he is against extrava gance and frivolity too and flippancy and shallowness Everywhere he shows his belief in warmth kindliness common sense depth of feeling and intelligence

Now this superb balance and sanity achieve a simplicity so complete that its depth and breadth take on a deceptive appearance of being com monplace Audiences may imagine even while he is rousing them to inextinguishable laughter that their hilarity has been provoked by a mere flair of comic absurdity or farcical invention in the playwright that has no connection with the truth But in reality the truth of Molière s commen tary on life is the very core of his comedy He has made these light frivolous happy things says Lytton Strachey as eternal as the severest and weightiest works of men He has filled them with a wonderful irre sponsible wisdom condensing into single phrases the ridiculousness of generations

Molière's dramatic methods are strikingly like those of Ben Jonson but he was not the careful craftsman that Jonson was Some of his greatest plays are almost slapdash in structure his verse is often little more than doggerel, and its rhyming monotonous He has none of Jonson s rigorous unity of mood but sweeps in a single play from the craziest buffoonery to the subtlest wit and most devastating satire It is in his character drawing that he is like Jonson His is the method of the simplified type of selective elimination Harpagon is miserly and he is old Tartuffe is power loving, hypocritical, and lascivious Alceste blunt, disillusioned with men, and unhappy That—at first—seems all

But Molière has more gradations of light and shade than can be found in Jonson s melodramatic glare of contrasts His types are always essences never as Jonson s sometimes are, mere eccentricities Even so slight a sketch as the child Louison who appears for a single scene in The Imaginary Invalid *is more than a stage child Her father is going to whip her she pretends to fall down dead Argan with his usual gullibility believes she really has died of terror, and begins to lament The child leaps up Don t cry Papa, she says all of a sudden I m not dead How exquisitely that quaint absurd 'all of a sudden creates the living lovable, tenderhearted infant before our eyes!*

More than this although Molière values above all the doctrines of moderation and common sense he understands those powerful forces in the soul that brush aside in Strachey s words the feeble dictates of human wisdom like gossamer, and lend by their very lack of compromise a dignity and almost a nobility to folly and even vice itself To the very end Harpagon is more devoted to his casket than to his children George Dandin enduring from his wife s family the affronts reserved for the upstart and apostrophizing himself 'Tu l as voulu George Dandin *is at once ludicrous and painful And Tartuffe has the kind of horrible greatness Milton s Satan might have if he lived with a seventeenth-century bourgeois family in France*

These are the reasons that Molière s comedy satire is supreme in all the satire of the theater Two-dimensional though his caricatures are they suggest immeasurable depths, they are like shadows cast by tremendous beings For all his prosaic sense he has a profound sensitiveness His comprehension of the world is no mere intellectual diagram but as full of warmth and life as his laughter His wisdom is a living equilibrium of sympathy and sanity

THE IMAGINARY INVALID

*** *The Imaginary Invalid* was first produced in 1673. The scenes are Act III, Scenes 3 and 6. The *translation is by the editor* ***

Béralde Tries to Convince His Brother Argan That Medicine Is a Fraud

The scene is Argan's bedroom

BÉRALDE This husband Angelique is to take, ought he to be for her, my brother, or for you?

ARGAN He ought to be, my brother, both for her and for me. I want to have in my family people that I need.

BÉRALDE By that reasoning, when your little Louison grows up, you'll give her in marriage to an apothecary.

ARGAN Why not?

BÉRALDE Is it possible that you're so bewitched with your druggists and doctors that you positively wish to be ill in spite of people and nature!

ARGAN How do you make that out, my brother?

BÉRALDE I mean, my brother, that I don't know any man who is less ill than you are, and that I wouldn't ask for a better constitution than you have. A great sign that you are quite well, and that your body is perfectly sound, is that with all the care you've taken of yourself you haven't been able to spoil the goodness of your constitution, and that you haven't died of all the medicines they've made you take.

ARGAN But don't you know, my brother, that that is just what saves me, and that Monsieur Purgon says I would die if I let as much as three days go by without taking care of myself?

BÉRALDE If you don't take care, he'll take such good care of you that he'll send you to the other world.

ARGAN Let us consider a little, my brother. Have you no faith in medicine?

BÉRALDE No, my brother, and I don't see that for our health we need to have ...

ARGAN What! you think there's no truth in a thing established all over the world and reverenced for centuries?

BÉRALDE Far from finding any truth in it between you and me I find it one of the greatest follies of mankind and to look at things philosophically I know of no stranger mummery nothing more ridiculous than a man who wants to meddle with curing another

ARGAN And why my brother, don t you want one man to try to cure another?

BÉRALDE For this reason my brother that the springs of our machinery are mysteries into which so far men haven t penetrated an inch and that nature has hung before our eyes veils too thick for us to see through

ARGAN According to you then doctors don t know anything?

BÉRALDE Not at all my brother They know most of the greatest classics, they know how to speak a beautiful Latin, know how to name all the maladies in Greek define them and classify them, but how to cure them, that is something they don t know

ARGAN But certainly we must agree that doctors know more about these things than others do

BÉRALDE They know my brother just what I told you which won t cure much and all the excellence of their art consists of pompous balderdash and specious gabble that gives you words instead of reasons and promises instead of performance

ARGAN But after all my brother there are people as wise and clever as you and we see that when they re sick everybody has recourse to doctors

BÉRALDE That s a sign of human weakness not of the worth of their art

ARGAN But doctors themselves evidently believe in their art, since they employ it on themselves

BÉRALDE Some of them share the popular error by which they profit and others profit by it without sharing it Your Monsieur Purgon is not a cheat he s all doctor from head to heels believes more firmly in his rules than in all the demonstrations of mathematics and would consider it a crime to wish to examine them He sees nothing obscure in medicine, nothing doubtful nothing difficult he prescribes bleedings and purgings at random with a vehemence of prevention an inflexibility of confidence a defiance of reason and common sense that hesitates at nothing He doesn t have to wish you any ill in what he does to you, he ll dispatch you with the best faith in the world and in killing you he ll do only what he s done to his wife and children and will do if necessary to himself

ARGAN Oh you just have a grudge against him my brother But let s get down to facts What should we do when we re ill?

BÉRALDE Nothing my brother

ARGAN Nothing?

BÉRALDE Nothing Only keep still Nature herself when we let her will gently extricate herself from the disorder she has fallen into It is our anxiety, our impatience that spoils everything Most men die of their remedies not of their illnesses

ARGAN But you must agree my brother that nature can be helped by certain things

BÉRALDE My heavens brother! those are just notions we like to repeat Very beautiful fancies have always insinuated themselves among men we come to believe them because they flatter us and we wish they were true When a doctor talks to you of aiding relieving easing nature of taking away from it what hurts it and giving it what it lacks of reestablishing it and restoring the full ease of its functions when he talks to you of rectifying the blood soothing the bowels and the brains reducing the swelling of the spleen mending the lungs repairing the liver fortifying the heart *restoring and conserving the natural warmth and having secrets that* will lengthen life by years he s just telling you the fairy tale of medicine But when you come down to truth and experience you find there s nothing in all that and it s like one of those beautiful dreams which leave you on waking only the disappointment of having believed in them

ARGAN That is to say that all the science of the world is locked up in your head *and that you know more about it than all the great doctors of our* age

BÉRALDE In talk and in deeds your great doctors are two entirely different kinds of people Hear them talk and they are the cleverest people in the world see them act the most ignorant of men

ARGAN Bless me! I see you re a great doctor yourself and I only wish some *of them were here to refute your reasoning and abate your chatter*

BÉRALDE Brother I don t take it as my job to combat medicine Everyone at his peril or fortune may believe what he pleases What I say is only between us I only hoped I could get you out of the error you have fallen into and to amuse you take you to see some of Moliere s comedies on this theme

ARGAN *He s an impudent rascal your Moliere with his comedies!* a nice thing making game of upright people like doctors!

BÉRALDE It s not the doctors he makes game of but the absurdity of medicine

ARGAN That s a fine business butting in on the control of medicine! There s a fine booby an insolent scoundrel mocking consultations and prescriptions attacking *the college of physicians* and putting on his stage such venerable persons as that!

BÉRALDE What do you want him to put there but the different professions of men? Every day they play princes and kings who are quite as good as your doctors

ARGAN By Heaven! if I were the doctors I d revenge myself for his impertinence When he was sick I d let him die without help In vain he d beg and beg I wouldn t give him the least little bleeding not the least little enema, and I d say to him Die die, that will teach you to deride the Faculty

BÉRALDE You re in a temper with him

ARGAN Yes He s an ill advised fellow and if the doctors are wise they ll do what I say

BÉRALDE He will be even wiser than your doctors for he won t even ask their help

ARGAN So much the worse for him if he has recourse to no remedies

BÉRALDE He has his reasons for not wanting any and he maintains they are permissible only to very robust and vigorous people who have strength enough to bear the sickness and the remedy as well, but as for him, he has only strength enough to bear his illness

Monsieur Purgon Casts a Rebellious Patient into the Outer Darkness

The scene is still Argan s bedchamber
To Argan and Beralde enter M Purgon, shown in by Toinette

M PURGON Downstairs at the door I ve just learned some pretty news that they mock my prescriptions here and refuse to take the remedy I have prescribed

ARGAN Monsieur it s not—

M PURGON This is a great audacity a strange rebellion of a patient against his doctor!

TOINETTE It s appalling

M PURGON An enema that I took pleasure in compounding myself

ARGAN It wasn t I—

M PURGON Invented and formed according to all the rules of the art

TOINETTE He is in the wrong

M PURGON And which would have had a marvelous effect on the bowels

ARGAN My brother?

M PURGON Send him away with scorn!

ARGAN (*pointing to Beralde*) It is he—

M PURGON It is an unheard of thing to do

TOINETTE That is true

M PURGON An outrageous assault upon medicine

ARGAN (*indicating Beralde*) He is the cause—

M PURGON A crime of lese faculty which cannot be severely enough punished

TOINETTE. You are right

M PURGON I hereby declare that I break off relations with you

ARGAN It is my brother—

M PURGON That I will have *no more to do with you*

TOINETTE You will do well

M PURGON And that to end all connection with you here is the deed of gift I was making my nephew in consideration of the marriage (*He tears up the deed, and furiously throws down the pieces*)

ARGAN It is my brother who did all the wrong

M. PURGON *Despise my enema!*

ARGAN Have it brought to me I m going to take it

M PURGON Before long I should have had you completely cured

TOINETTE He doesn t deserve it

M PURGON I was going to purify your body and rid it entirely of dangerous humours

ARGAN *Ah! my brother!*

M PURGON And I needed no more than a dozen further medicines to empty the bottom of the sack

TOINETTE He is unworthy of your pains

M PURGON But, since you have not chosen to be cured by my hands

ARGAN It isn t my fault

M PURGON Since you have exempted yourself *from* the obedience one owes one s physician

TOINETTE. That cries for vengeance

M PURGON Since you have rebelled against the remedies I prescribed

ARGAN Hey! not at all

M PURGON I have to say to you that I abandon you to your bad constitution, to the intemperance of your bowels to the corruption of your blood to the acidity of your bile and to the impurity of your humours

TOINETTE It is well done

ARGAN Ah God!

M PURGON And I predict that within four days you will fall into a state that is incurable

ARGAN Ah *mercy!*

M. PURGON That you will fall into a condition of bradypepsia,*

ARGAN Monsieur Purgon!

M. PURGON From bradypepsia into dyspepsia,

ARGAN Monsieur Purgon!

M. PURGON From dyspepsia into apepsia

ARGAN Monsieur Purgon!

M. PURGON From apepsia into lientery

ARGAN Monsieur Purgon!

M. PURGON From lientery into dysentery,

ARGAN Monsieur Purgon!

M. PURGON From dysentery into dropsy

ARGAN Monsieur Purgon!

M. PURGON And from dropsy into deprivation of life to which you will have brought yourself by your folly *M. Purgon stalks out*

ARGAN Ah! My God! I am dead Brother you have destroyed me

* *Bradypepsia* slow and imperfect digestion *lientery* a looseness in which the bowels void nourishment almost as soon as they receive it.

THE MISER

*** *The Miser* was first produced in 1667 The scenes are Act I Scenes 6, 7 and 8 and Act V Scene 3 The translation is by the editor ***

Harpagon Decides on a Husband for His Daughter

The scene is Harpagon's house
Harpagon and his daughter Elise discovered

HARPAGON I intend your brother for a certain widow of whom they were just speaking to me this morning and you I will give to M Anselme

ELISE To M Anselme?

HARPAGON Yes a staid prudent and careful man who is not above fifty and whose wealth is spoken of everywhere

ELISE (*making a curtsey*) I have no wish to get married father if you please

HARPAGON (*imitating her*) And I my dear girl my pet I wish you to get married if you please

ELISE (*curtseying once more*) I beg your pardon father

HARPAGON (*imitating Elise*) I beg your pardon, daughter

ELISE I am M Anselme s most humble servant (*curtseying again*) but with your leave, I shall not marry him

HARPAGON I am your most humble slave but (*imitating Elise*) with your leave you shall marry him not later than this evening

ELISE Not later than this evening?

HARPAGON Not later than this evening

ELISE (*curtseying again*) That shall not be father

HARPAGON (*imitating her again*) This shall be daughter

ELISE No

HARPAGON Yes

ELISE No I tell you

HARPAGON Yes I tell you

ELISE That is a thing you shall not drive me to

HARPAGON That is a thing I shall drive you to

ELISE I will kill myself sooner than marry such a husband

HARPAGON You shall not kill yourself and you shall marry him But has such boldness ever been seen! Has ever a daughter been heard to speak to her father in this manner?

ELISE But has any one ever seen a father give away his daughter in marriage in this manner?

HARPAGON It is a match to which no one can object, and I bet that every one will approve of my choice

ELISE And I bet that no reasonable being will approve of it

HARPAGON (*perceiving Valère in the distance*) Here comes Valère Shall we make him judge between us in this matter?

ELISE I agree to it

HARPAGON Will you submit to his judgment?

ELISE Yes I will submit to what he shall decide

HARPAGON That is agreed

HARPAGON Come here Valere We have elected you to tell us who is in the right my daughter or I

VALERE You Sir beyond contradiction

HARPAGON Do you know what we are talking about?

VALÈRE No But you could not be in the wrong You are made up of right

HARPAGON I intend this evening to give her for a husband a man who is as rich as he i discreet and the jade tells me to my face that she will not take him What say you to this?

VALÈRE What do I say to it?

HARPAGON Yes

VALÈRE Eh! eh!

HARPAGON What?

VALÈRE I say that in the main I am of your opinion and you cannot but be right But on the other side she is not altogether wrong and

HARPAGON How is that? M Anselme is a desirable match, he is a gentleman who is noble kind steady discreet, and very well to do and who has neither chick nor child left him from his first marriage Could she meet with a better match?

VALÈRE That is true But she might say to you that it is hurrying things a little too much and that you should give her some time at least to see whether her inclinations would agree with

HARPAGON This is an opportunity which should be taken by the forelock I find in this marriage an advantage which I could not find elsewhere and he agrees to take her without a dowry

VALÈRE. Without a dowry?

HARPAGON Yes

VALÈRE In that case I say no more Do you see this is altogether a convincing reason one must yield to that

HARPAGON It is a considerable saving to me

VALÈRE Assuredly it cannot be gainsaid It is true that your daughter might represent to you that marriage is a more important matter than you think

that it involves a question of being happy or miserable all one's life and that an engagement which must last till death ought never to be entered into except with great precautions

HARPAGON Without a dowry!

VALERE You are right. That decides it all of course There are people who might tell you that on such an occasion the wishes of a daughter are something no doubt, that ought to be taken into consideration and that this great disparity of age of temper, and of feelings makes a marriage subject to very sad accidents

HARPAGON Without a dowry!

VALÈRE Ah! there is no reply to that I know that well enough Who the devil could say anything against that? Not that there are not many fathers who would prefer humouring the wishes of their daughters to the money they could give them who would not sacrifice them to their own interests and who would above all things try to infuse into marriage that sweet conformity which at all times maintains honour peace and joy and which

HARPAGON Without a dowry!

VALERE It is true that closes one's mouth at once Without a dowry! There are no means of resisting an argument like that

HARPAGON *(aside, looking towards the garden)* Bless my soul! I think I hear a dog barking Most likely it is some one with a design upon my money *(To Valere)* Do not stir, I am coming back directly

ELISE Are you jesting Valere to speak to him in that manner?

VALÈRE It is in order not to sour his temper and to gain my end the better To run counter to his opinions is the way to spoil everything and there are certain minds which cannot be dealt with in a straightforward manner temperaments averse to all resistance restive characters whom the truth causes to rear, who always set their faces against the straight road of reason and whom you cannot lead except by turning them with their back towards the goal Pretend to consent to what he wishes you will gain your end all the better and

ELISE But this marriage Valere!

VALÈRE We will find some pretext to break it off

ELISE But what to invent if it is to be consummated this evening?

VALERE You must ask for a delay and pretend to be ill

ELISE But the trick will be discovered if they call in the doctors

VALERE Are you joking? What do they know about it? Come come with them you may have whatever illness you please they will find you reasons to tell you whence it proceeds

Molière

Harpagon and Valère Talk at Cross Purposes

[Harpagon believes Valere has stolen a casket of valuables from him, and has summoned a Magistrate to indict him for the theft Valere has in fact eloped with Elise, Harpagon s daughter Valere appears as Harpagon and his coachman Master Jacques are conferring with the Magistrate]

HARPAGON Come near and confess to the blackest deed the most horrible crime that ever was committed

VALÈRE What do you wish Sir?

HARPAGON How wretch! you do not blush for your crime

VALÈRE Of what crime are you talking?

HARPAGON Of what crime am I talking infamous monster! as if you did not know what I mean! It is in vain that you attempt to disguise it, the thing has been discovered and I have just learned all How could you thus abuse my kindness, and introduce yourself into my house expressly to betray me to play me a trick of that sort?

VALÈRE Since everything has been revealed to you, Sir, I will not prevaricate and deny the matter to you

JACQUES (*aside*) Oh! Oh! could I unconsciously have guessed aright!

VALÈRE It was my intention to speak to you about it and I wished to wait for a favourable opportunity, but since matters are so I implore you not to be angry and to be willing to listen to my motives

HARPAGON And what pretty motives can you advance infamous thief?

VALÈRE Ah! Sir I have not deserved these names It is true that I have committed an offence against you but after all the fault is pardonable

HARPAGON How! pardonable? A trap a murder like that

VALÈRE For pity s sake do not get angry When you have heard me you will see that the harm is not so great as you make it.

HARPAGON The harm is not so great as I make it! What! my blood my very heart hang-dog!

VALÈRE Your blood Sir has not fallen into bad hands I am of a rank not to do it any injury, and there is nothing in all this but what I can easily repair

HARPAGON That is what I intend and that you should restore to me what you have robbed me of

VALÈRE. Your honour shall be amply satisfied, Sir

HARPAGON There is no question of honour in it But tell me who has driven you to such a deed?

VALÈRE Alas! need you ask me?

HARPAGON Yes indeed I do ask you

VALÈRE A god who carries his excuse for all he makes people do Love

HARPAGON Love?

VALERE Yes

HARPAGON A pretty love a pretty love upon my word! the love for my gold pieces!

VALÈRE No Sir, it is not your wealth that has tempted me it is not that which has dazzled me and I protest that I have not the slightest design upon your property provided you leave me that which I have got

HARPAGON No by all the devils I shall not leave it to you But see what insolence to wish to keep that of which he has robbed me!

VALERE Do you call that robbery?

HARPAGON Do I call it robbery? a treasure like that!

VALÈRE It is a treasure that is true and the most precious you have no doubt but it would not be losing it to leave it to me I ask you for it on my knees this treasure full of charms and to do right, you should grant it to me

HARPAGON I shall do nothing of the kind What does this all mean?

VALERE We have pledged our faith to each other and have sworn never to part

HARPAGON The oath is admirable and the promise rather funny

VALÈRE. Yes we have bound ourselves to be all in all to each other for ever

HARPAGON I shall hinder you from it I assure you

VALÈRE Nothing but death shall separate us

HARPAGON It is being devilishly enamoured of my money

VALÈRE I have told you already Sir that interest did not urge me to do what I have done My heart did not act from the motives which you imagine a nobler one inspired me with this resolution

HARPAGON You shall see that it is from Christian charity that he covets my property! But I shall look to that and the law will give me satisfaction for all this you bare faced rogue

VALÈRE You shall act as you like and I am ready to bear all the violence you please but I implore you to believe at least that if harm has been done I only am to be blamed and that in all this your daughter is in nowise culpable

HARPAGON Indeed I believe you! it would be very strange if my daughter had had a part in this crime But I will have my property back again and I will have you confess where you have carried it away to

VALERE I? I have not carried it away at all It is still in your house

HARPAGON (*aside*) O! my beloved cash box! (*Aloud*) Then it has not gone out of my house?

VALERE No sir

HARPAGON Just tell me that you have not made free with it?

VALERE I make free with it! Ah! you wrong us both and it is with a wholly pure and respectable ardour that I burn

HARPAGON (*aside*) Burn for my cash box!

VALERE I would sooner die than display a single offensive thought to one too prudent and honourable for that

HARPAGON (*aside*) My cash box too honourable!

VALERE All my wishes are confined to the joy of gazing, and nothing criminal has profaned the passion with which her beautiful eyes have inspired me

HARPAGON (*aside*) The beautiful eyes of my cash box! He speaks as a lover speaks of his mistress

VALERE Mistress Claude Sir knows the truth of this affair, and she can testify to it

HARPAGON What! my servant is an accomplice in the matter?

VALERE Yes Sir she was a witness to our engagement and it is after having known the honourable intent of my passion that she has assisted me in persuading your daughter to plight her troth and receive mine

HARPAGON (*aside*) Eh? Does the fear of justice make him rave? (*To Valere*) What means all this gibberish about my daughter?

VALERE I say Sir that I have had all the trouble in the world to bring her modesty to consent to what my love wished for

HARPAGON The modesty of whom?

VALERE Of your daughter and it is only yesterday that she could make up her mind to sign a mutual promise of marriage

HARPAGON My daughter has signed you a promise of marriage?

VALERE Yes Sir as I have signed her one

HARPAGON O Heaven! another disgrace!

JACQUES (*to the Magistrate*) Write Sir write

HARPAGON More harm! additional despair! (*To the Magistrate*) Come Sir do the duty of your office and draw up for him his indictment as a felon and a suborner

LOW-BURLESQUE PARODY OF PURITANISM



THE SATIRE *of Don Quixote twisted itself in Cervantes hands almost in his own despite and turned inside out fooling us by making the critique of chivalry more than half defense Cracked though the knight is like his pasteboard helmet his high impossible demands are seen at last as touch stones of truth even in Sancho s world of greedy gullet and snatching fear The burlesque ridicule of nobility and goodness only pretends to regard them as silly and insane*

Butler s Hudibras *parodies Cervantes in his machinery of knight and squire setting out to do deeds of errantry but reverses the direction of the satire by pretending to regard their hypocritical fanaticism as praiseworthy Hudibras the bluenose Presbyterian Knight and Ralpho his canting Independent Squire in all their meanness shabby mediocrity intolerance and intellectual dishonesty are everywhere in the poem treated with a transparent mock-dignity and their cheap doings handled as heroic Butler s scornful humor shows Hudibras falling out of his saddle and landing on a terrified bear putting a fiddler in stocks being mauled by the shrew Trulla magnifying these grotesque episodes into glorious victories and Homeric defeats*

Hudibras *is a product of the Civil War between King and Parliament James I s doctrine of divine right had borne its fruits his more determined son had tried to rule by prerogative the royal obstinacy united landed*

gentry small burghers merchants and Puritans against him and brought Laud and Strafford to the scaffold in the struggle that followed Charles s own head fell from his obstinate neck During the Roundhead interlude Butler was secretary to Sir Samuel Luke a Puritan country squire, and had to hold his Cavalier sympathies in abeyance But he stored up his contempt and added other aversions to it When the first two parts appeared, a few years after the Restoration they were not merely a glorified attack on Presbytery but as George Kitchin remarks on all the follies of the day—superstition pedantry corrupt sophistication love nonsense, religious bigotry The reaction under Charles II made the poem a riotous success

Its popularity was deserved Butler s strange reservoirs of learning his fantastic wit his annihilating sarcasm his mastery of the mock heroic his grotesque figures of speech his brilliant exploitation of limping and ridiculous rhyme all combine to make his doggerel a triumph of burlesque castigation Even those who have not read the poem know some of his comic similes

Like a lobster boiled the morn
From black to red began to turn

His wit can be lethal

For breaking of an oath and lying
Is but a kind of self-denying
A saint like virtue and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence

It can also be ludicrous

So Spanish heroes with their lances
At once wound bulls and ladies fancies
And he acquires the noblest spouse
That widows greatest herds of cows

But Butler had one more weapon the talent to turn words themselves into clowns pulling long noses and leaping in ridiculous acrobatics Who but Butler, or Ogden Nash would have thought to rhyme sisters and whiskers ? or difficile and 'whistle ' unriddle needle" "naval malleable ? Sometimes these grave and farfetched distortions carry a depth-charge of criticism by their very association as in conscience nonsense and philosopher gloss over And when he wants to he

can make even a correct rhyme comic Mameluke Samuel Luke Trojans astrologians liquors vicars doctrines orthodox apostolic blows and knocks His poem is a powder magazine of exploding wit Doubtless it left the Puritanism of an Oliver Cromwell or a Colonel John Hutchinson untouched But the Puritanism of Tribulation Wholesome and Zeal-of the Land Busy and the moral Pecksniff it blew into bits

HUDIBRAS

*** Part I of *Hudibras* appeared in 1663 Part II in 1664, Part III in 1678 The two selections given here are from the opening of Part I ***

Hudibras and the Presbyterians

When civil dudgeon first grew high
And men fell out they knew not why,
When hard words jealousies and fears
Set folks together by the ears
And made them fight like mad or drunk
For Dame Religion as for punk
Whose honesty they all durst swear for
Though not a man of them knew wherefore,
When gospel trumpeter surrounded
With long eared rout to battle sounded,
And pulpit drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling
And out he rode a colonelling
A wight he was whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood
That never bowed his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry
Nor put up blow but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder blade
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant
Great on the bench great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o er as swaddle
Mighty was he at both of these
And styled of war as well as peace
(So some rats of amphibious nature
Are either for the land or water)
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout
Some hold the one and some the other,

But howsoe'er they make a pother
The difference was so small his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with called a Fool
For t has been held by many that
As Montaigne playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass
Much more she would Sir HUDIBRAS
(For that s the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write)
But they re mistaken very much
'Tis plain enough he was not such
We grant although he had much wit
H was very shy of using it
As being loth to wear it out
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays or so
As men their best apparel do
Besides tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle,
Being rich in both he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word
For Hebrew roots although they re found
To flourish most in barren ground
He has such plenty as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised
And truly so he was perhaps
Not as a proselyte but for claps
He was in logic a great critic
Profoundly skilled in analytic
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south west side
On either which he would dispute
Confute change hands and still confute
He d undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man s no horse

He d prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl
A calf an alderman a goose a justice
And rooks committee men and trustees
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination
All this by syllogism true
In mood and figure, he would do

Beside he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over,
Whate er the crabbed st author hath
He understood b implicit faith
Whatever skeptic could enquire for
For every why he had a wherefore,
Knew more than forty of them do
As far as words and terms could go
All which he understood by rote
And as occasion served would quote
No matter whether right or wrong
They might be either said or sung
His notions fitted things so well
That which was which he could not tell
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th other as great clerks have done
He could reduce all things to acts
And knew their natures by abstracts
Where entity and quiddity
The ghosts of defunct bodies fly
Where truth in person does appear
Like words congealed in northern air
He knew what s what and that s as high
As metaphysic wit can fly
In school divinity as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable,**
A second Thomas or at once
To name them all another Dunce
Profound in all the nominal
And real ways beyond them all

* Alexander Hales, a medieval theologian was called Doctor Irrefragabilis the Invincible Doctor for the power of his arguments

For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonnist
And weave fine cobwebs fit for skull
That s empty when the moon is full,
Such as take lodgings in a head
That s to be let unfurnished
He could raise scruples dark and nice
And after solve em in a trice
As if divinity had catched
The itch on purpose to be scratched
Or like a mountebank did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of faith are cured again
Although by woeful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind
He knew the seat of paradise
Could tell in what degree it lies
And as he was disposed could prove it
Below the moon or else above it
What Adam dreamt of when his bride
Came from her closet in his side
Whither the devil tempted her
By a High Dutch interpreter,
If either of them had a navel
Who first made music malleable
Whether the serpent, at the fall
Had cloven feet or none at all
All this without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter
  For his religion it was fit
To match his learning and his wit
 Twas Presbyterian true blue
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints whom all men grant
To be the true church militant
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun
Decide all controversies by

Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks,
Call fire and sword and desolation
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on
And still be doing, never done,
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies
In falling out with that or this
And finding something still amiss
More peevish cross and splenetic
Than dog distract or monkey sick
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong than others the right way
Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to
Still so perverse and opposite
As if they worshipped God for spite
The self same thing they will abhor
One way and long another for
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another nothing else allow
All piety consists therein
In them in other men all sin

Hudibras' Weapons and Charger

His doublet was of sturdy buff
And though not sword–yet cudgel proof,
Whereby twas fitter for his use
Who feared no blows but such as bruise
His breeches were of rugged woollen
And had been at the siege of Boulogne
To old King Harry so well known
Some writers held they were his own
Through they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition, bread and cheese

And fat black puddings proper food
For warriors that delight in blood
For as we said he always chose
To carry victual in his hose
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t other magazine
They stoutly in defense on t stood
And from the wounded foe drew blood
And till th were stormed and beaten out,
Ne er left the fortified redoubt

His puissant sword unto his side
Near his undaunted heart was tied
With basket hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes and sometimes pullets
To whom he bore so fell a grutch
He ne er gave quarter t any such
The trenchant blade Toledo trusty
For want of fighting was grown rusty
And ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt
The rancour of its edge had felt
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured twas so manful
And so much scorned to lurk in case
As if it durst not show its face

Thus clad and fortified Sir Knight
From peaceful home set forth to fight.
But first with nimble active force
He got on the out side of his horse
But having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle on the further side
It was so short h had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe
But after many strains and heaves

He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
With so much vigor strength and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane
Which oft he used instead of rein
  But now we talk of mounting steed
Before we further do proceed
It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumkin
The beast was sturdy large and tall
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall
I would say eye for h had but one
As most agree, though some say none
He was well stayed and in his gait
Preserved a grave majestic state
At spur or switch no more he skipped
Or mended pace when Spaniard whipped
And yet so fiery he would bound
As if he grieved to touch the ground
That Caesar's horse who as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes
Was not by half so tender hoofed
Nor trod upon the ground so soft
And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up
So Hudibras his (tis well known)
Would often do to set him down.

LA FONTAINE: THE FABLE AS SOPHISTICATED SATIRE



AT FIRST *glance La Fontaine seems strangely out of place in the formal avenues of seventeenth-century French classicism Amid the thunderous harmonies of Bossuet the bitter lightning flashes of La Rochefoucauld the stately march of the tragic Alexandrine and the annihilating common sense of the town bred Molière La Fontaine is like some corduroy trousered peasant wandering among the green alleys and gleaming marbles of Versailles In an age whose literary vocabulary was narrowly and elegantly selective La Fontaine s language abounds in old fashioned words and racy colloquialisms steeped in country soil In an age when the caesura made its measured pause in the majestic periods of the hexameter line La Fontaine is endlessly varied in form and rhythm These tales so countrified and naive on the surface of Grippeminaud the cat and Messer Gaster the stomach with La Fontaine himself as Gros Jean seem less appropriate to the court of the Roi Soleil than to some Breton fireside where a clay stained farmer takes his grandchildren on his knee*

And indeed there is a sense in which La Fontaine is what he seems But if he is a peasant he has the peasant s trick of hiding his shrewdness be-

neath a mask of simplicity The face ingenuous almost vacuous he makes his little joke with a childlike innocence drops his little innuendo and beneath the curtain of drawn-down shaggy brows he watches you slyly the eyes gleaming and delighted with intelligence In reality La Fontaine is exquisitely sophisticated and his country manner simply a last refinement of urbanity as when a man of rustic origins who has known the world retires to his farm again resumes the unpretentious speech of his fathers and stretches his legs in front of the fire with a glass of wine at his elbow He looks on the world as the countryman looks on nature neither romantically nor with angry rebellion seeing the toil and the cruelty and with his deeper poet s insight feeling the richness and the beauty as well The mingling of the two his unsentimental classical good sense accepts with a smile and a shrug

But La Fontaine learned more than his philosophy from his age Different as he is superficially from his more dignified contemporaries he shares their literary merits The structure of his fables is like a tiny but perfect piece of carving There is never a word too much every phrase has its function The poems are crowded with brilliant little vignettes that bring vividly before you the very flash of the crane s neck as he gobbles a frog, the very whisk of the mouse s tail The country words remote as they are from the refinements of Racine are chiseled like his to express with the utmost concentration exactly what their author means The flexible and responsive line here lengthens itself to incorporate a colorful detail and there shortens itself to epigrammatic force the rhyme delicately underlines a stroke of comedy or a flicker of insinuation With their playful fancy and their sly irony these pictures of the world and human nature are miniature masterpieces

THE FABLES

*** The first collection of *The Fables* from which these selections are made appeared in 1668 The translations are by Elizur Wright Jr ***

The Fox Hoaxes the Raven Out of His Cheese

PERCHED on a lofty oak
Sir Raven held a lunch of cheese
Sir Fox who smelled it in the breeze
Thus to the holder spoke
Ha' how do you do Sir Raven?
Well your coat sir is a brave one'
So black and glossy on my word sir
With voice to match you were a bird sir,
Well fit to be the Phoenix of these days'
Sir Raven overset with praise
Must show how musical his croak
Down fell the luncheon from the oak
Which snatching up Sir Fox thus spoke
The flatterer good sir
Lives on his listener
Which lesson if you please
Is doubtless worth the cheese
A bit too late Sir Raven swore
The rogue should never cheat him more

Each Satisfied with Himself, the Animals Criticize Each Other to Jupiter

From heaven one day did Jupiter proclaim,
Let all that live before my throne appear
And there if anyone hath aught to blame
In matter form or texture of his frame
He may bring forth his grievance without fear
Redress shall instantly be given each
Come monkey now first let us have your speech

You see these quadrupeds your brothers
Comparing then yourself with others
Are you well satisfied? 'And wherefore not?'
Says Jock 'Haven t I four trotters with the rest?
Is not my visage comely as the best?
But this my brother Bruin is a blot
On thy creation fair,
And sooner than be painted I d be shot,
Were I great Sir a bear
The bear approaching doth he make complaint?
Not he he lauds himself without restraint
The elephant he needs must criticize
To crop his ears and stretch his tail were wise
A creature he of huge misshapen size
The elephant though famed as beast judicious,
Though on his own account he had no wishes,
Proclaimed dame whale too big to suit his taste
Of flesh and fat she was a perfect waste
The little ant again pronounced the gnat too wee,
To such a speck, a vast colossus she
Each censured by the rest himself content
Back to their homes all living things were sent.
Such folly liveth yet with human fools
For others lynxes for ourselves but moles
Great blemishes in other men we spy,
Which in ourselves we pass most kindly by
As in this world we re but wayfarers
Kind Heaven has made us wallet bearers
The pouch behind our own defects must store
The faults of others lodge in that before

The Wise Cock Fools the Fox

Upon a tree there mounted guard
A veteran cock, adroit and cunning
When to the roots a fox up running
Spoke thus in tones of kind regard
Our quarrel brother s at an end,
Henceforth I hope to live your friend
For peace now reigns
Throughout the animal domains

I bear the news come down I pray
And give me the embrace fraternal
And please my brother, don t delay
So much the tidings do concern all,
That I must spread them far today
Now you and yours can take your walks
Without a fear or thought of hawks
And should you clash with them or others
In us you ll find the best of brothers –
For which you may this joyful night
Your merry bonfires light
But first let s seal the bliss
With one fraternal kiss
'Good friend replied the cock 'upon my word
A better thing I never heard
And doubly I rejoice
To hear it from your voice
And really there must be something in it,
For yonder come two greyhounds which I flatter
Myself are couriers on this very matter
They come so fast they ll be here in a minute
I ll down and all of us will seal the blessing
With general kissing and caressing
'Adieu' said the fox, my errand s pressing,
I ll hurry on my way,
And we ll rejoice some other day
So off the fellow scampered quick and light
To gain the fox holes of a neighboring height,
Less happy in his stratagem than flight
The cock laughed sweetly in his sleeve
'Tis doubly sweet deceiver to deceive

Dissatisfied with a Log for King, the Frogs Get a Crane

A certain commonwealth aquatic
Grown tired of order democratic
By clamoring in the ears of Jove effected
Its being to a monarch s power subjected

Jove flung it down at first a king pacific,
Who nathless fell with such a splash terrific,
The marshy folks a foolish race and timid
Made breathless haste to get from him hid
They dived into the mud beneath the water,
Or found among the reeds and rushes quarter
And long it was they dared not see
The dreadful face of majesty,
Supposing that some monstrous frog
Had been sent down to rule the bog
The king was really a log,
Whose gravity inspired with awe
The first that from his hiding place
Forth venturing astonished saw
The royal blockhead s face
With trembling and with fear,
At last he drew quite near
Another followed, and another yet,
Till quite a crowd at last were met,
Who, growing fast and strangely bolder,
Perched soon upon the royal shoulder,
His gracious majesty kept still
And let his people work their will
Clack, clack! what din beset the ears of Jove?
'We want a king' the people said "to move!"
The god straight sent them down a crane
Who caught and slew them without measure,
And gulped *their carcasses* at pleasure
Whereat the frogs more woefully complain.
What! what! great Jupiter replied,
By your desires must I be tied?
Think you such government is bad?
You should have kept what first you had,
Which having blindly failed to do
It had been prudent still for you
To let that former king suffice
More meek and mild if not so wise
With this now make yourselves content,
Lest for your sins a worse be sent'

WYCHERLEY AND RESTORATION COMEDY



THE THEATER in Restoration England epitomizes the spirit of its age Charles II returned to the throne through a coalition between the court and the merchants and country squires The aristocracy would do the ruling but it was to rule in the interests of the mercantile and rural middle class Puritanism was under a cloud A wave of licentiousness swept over the world of rank and fashion On the stage the witty rake the Bible ranting fanatic and bigot the ludicrous ledger-clutching tradesman the lady of fashion and the cuckold grew into stock figures Returned Cavaliers who had felt the north wind in France jingled gold crowns in their pockets again and made them spin in tavern gambling house theater and ball The solid middle class disapproved but as long as it prospered in its counting houses it ignored the vices of the Merry Monarch and his court

And the rest of England in 1660 was tired of conscience and the nasal twang of psalms The reopening of the theaters was a part of the desire for fun music Maypoles luxury and laughter Closed by the Puritans in 1642 the theater now began to enjoy its revenge It gave birth to a brilliant new style in the comedy of manners a social satire that mingles sparkling

wit with the most daring indecency The reopening also marked the first appearance of women on the English stage Pepys s Diary *is breathless with the excitement of seeing an actress in men s clothes and the best legs I ever saw The themes and handling of Restoration comedy are strongly influenced by French classicism but there are characteristic English differences The sharp unity of a French comic plot becomes garnished with a subplot sometimes with a little flotilla of subplots, the iridescent scene effervesces with a froth of witty but superfluous characters an elaboration of hilarious invention distends five acts to bursting What might have done Moliere for an entire comedy Wycherley and Congreve will pour into a single act and then with spendthrift lavishness throw four times more into the rest of the play Such inordinate profusion makes Restoration comedy a shower of jewels but often leaves it confused and shapeless one glaring chaos and wild heap of wit*

Wycherley s Plain Dealer *has strong resemblances to Molière s* Misanthrope *and his* Country Wife *to both* The School for Husbands *and* The School for Wives *Manly is far wittier and more belligerent than Alceste in his railing but he does not impress us as deeply as Alceste Molière s character is too tragically sincere to try to be either rude or clever We do not doubt that Manly means what he says but we do not feel that it comes so sadly from a dark melancholy in the heart or that the world is for him the remorseless enemy it is for Alceste* The Country Wife *is bawdily and outrageously funny but Pinchwife is mean and nasty minded where Arnolphe is only mistaken Horner and his lewd stratagem the foppish crew of gallants sniffing after all the women the hot and sniggering pack of wives provide no contrast of decency and common sense as Ariste and Chrysalde do in Moliere Marjorie Pinchwife is ignorant not innocent when Ruth Gordon acted the role in 1935 she brought out its strange artificial and corrupt naiveté*

But vicious as is the world that Wycherley portrays we do not feel that Wycherley is himself vicious Manly Wycherley his contemporaries called him and the epithet recognizes something sane scornful and robust in the man like his own Plain Dealer He does not grow indignant with Juvenal and Swift and denounce If there is no decency in these Harcourts Dorilants Mrs Dainty Fidgets Horners and Pinchwifes there is in the clear uncolored contempt with which Wycherley reveals them Needless to speak a word of condemnation let them be themselves and show themselves to be

THE COUNTRY WIFE

*** *The Country Wife* was first performed in 1672 The scenes given here are from Act III Scenes 1 and 2 and from Act IV Scene 2 ***

Pinchwife Finds How Hard It Is to Hold Down Even a Country-Bred Wife

The scene is a room in Pinchwife's house
Enter his sister Alithea and Mrs Pinchwife

ALITHEA Sister, what ails you? you are grown melancholy

MRS PINCHWIFE Would it not make any one melancholy to see you go every day fluttering about abroad whilst I must stay at home like a poor lonely sullen bird in a cage?

ALITHEA. Ay sister but you came young and just from the nest to your cage so that I thought you liked it, and could be as cheerful in t as others that took their flight themselves early and are hopping abroad in the open air

MRS PINCHWIFE Nay I confess I was quiet enough till my husband told me what pure lives the London ladies live abroad with their dancing meetings and junketings and dressed every day in their best gowns and I warrant you play at nine pins every day of the week so they do

Enter Pinchwife

PINCHWIFE Come what s here to do? you are putting the town pleasures in her head and setting her a longing

ALITHEA Yes after nine pins You suffer none to give her those longings you mean but yourself

PINCHWIFE I tell her of the vanities of the town like a confessor

ALITHEA A confessor! just such a confessor as he that, by forbidding a silly ostler to grease the horse s teeth taught him to do t

PINCHWIFE Come, Mrs Flippant good precepts are lost when bad examples are still before us the liberty you take abroad makes her hanker after it, and out of humour at home Poor wretch! she desired not to come to London I would bring her

ALITHEA. Very well

PINCHWIFE She has been this week in town, and never desired till this afternoon to go abroad

ALITHEA Was she not at a play yesterday?

PINCHWIFE Yes but she ne er asked me I was myself the cause of her going

ALITHEA Then if she ask you again, you are the cause of her asking and not my example

PINCHWIFE Well to-morrow night I shall be rid of you and the next day before 'tis light she and I ll be rid of the town and my dreadful apprehensions—Come, be not melancholy, for thou sha t go into the country after to-morrow dearest

ALITHEA Great comfort!

MRS PINCHWIFE Pish! what d ye tell me of the country for?

PINCHWIFE How s this! what, pish at the country?

MRS PINCHWIFE Let me alone, I am not well

PINCHWIFE O if that be all—what ails my dearest?

MRS PINCHWIFE Truly I don't know but I have not been well since you told me there was a gallant at the play in love with me

PINCHWIFE Ha!—

ALITHEA That s by my example too!

PINCHWIFE Nay if you are not well but are so concerned because a lewd fellow chanced to lie and say he liked you you ll make me sick too

MRS PINCHWIFE Of what sickness?

PINCHWIFE O, of that which is worse than the plague jealousy

MRS PINCHWIFE Pish you jeer! I m sure there s no such disease in our receipt book at home

PINCHWIFE No thou never met st with it, poor innocent—Well, if thou cuckold me twill be my own fault—for cuckolds and bastards are generally makers of their own fortune *Aside*

MRS PINCHWIFE Well but pray bud let s go to a play to night

PINCHWIFE 'Tis just done she comes from it But why are you so eager to see a play?

MRS PINCHWIFE Faith, dear not that I care one pin for their talk there but I like to look upon the player men and would see if I could, the gallant you say loves me that s all dear bud

PINCHWIFE Is that all dear bud?

ALITHEA This proceeds from my example!

MRS PINCHWIFE But if the play be done let s go abroad however dear bud

PINCHWIFE. Come have a little patience and thou shalt go into the country on Friday

MRS PINCHWIFE Therefore I would see first some sights to tell my neighbours of Nay I will go abroad that s once

ALITHEA I m the cause of this desire too!

PINCHWIFE But now I think on t who who was the cause of Horner s coming to my lodgings to day? That was you

ALITHEA No you because you would not let him see your handsome wife out of your lodging

MRS PINCHWIFE Why, O Lord! did the gentleman come hither to see me indeed?

PINCHWIFE No no—You are not the cause of that damned question too Mistress Alithea?—(*Aside*) Well she s in the right of it He is in love with my wife—and comes after her—tis so—but I ll nip his love in the bud lest he should follow us into the country, and break his chariot-wheel near our house on purpose for an excuse to come to't But I think I know the town

MRS PINCHWIFE Come pray bud lets go abroad before tis late for I will go that s flat and plain

PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) So! the obstinacy already of the town wife, and I must, whilst she s here humour her like one—(*Aloud*) Sister how shall we do that she may not be seen or known?

ALITHEA Let her put on her mask

PINCHWIFE Pshaw! a mask makes people but the more inquisitive and is as ridiculous a disguise as a stage beard her shape stature habit will be known And if we should meet with Horner he would be sure to take acquaintance with us must wish her joy kiss her talk to her leer upon her and the devil and all No I ll not use her to a mask tis dangerous for masks have made more cuckolds than the best faces that ever were known

ALITHEA How will you do then?

MRS PINCHWIFE Nay shall we go? The Exchange will be shut and I have a mind to see that

PINCHWIFE So—I have it—I ll dress her up in the suit we are to carry down to her brother little Sir James nay I understand the town tricks Come let s go dress her A mask! no—a woman masked like a covered dish gives a man curiosity and appetite when, it may be uncovered twould turn his stomach no no

ALITHEA Indeed your comparison is something a greasy one but I had a gentle gallant used to say A beauty masked like the sun in eclipse gathers together more gazers than if it shined out *Exeunt*

Horner and Harcourt Torment a Jealous Husband

[*The scene is the New Exchange Pinchwife has been badgered into bringing his wife out to see the town but has disguised her as a young man Harcourt has been addressing Alithea and Pinchwife when Horner and Dorilant come up to them*]

HORNER How now Pinchwife!

PINCHWIFE Your servant

HORNER What! I see a little time in the country makes a man turn wild and unsociable and only fit to converse with his horses dogs and his herds

PINCHWIFE I have business sir and must mind it your business is pleasure therefore you and I must go different ways

HORNER Well you may go on but this pretty young gentleman—— *Takes hold of Mrs Pinchwife*

HARCOURT The lady——

DORILANT And the maid——

HORNER Shall stay with us for I suppose their business is the same with ours pleasure

PINCHWIFE 'Sdeath he knows her she carries it so sillily! yet if he does not, I should be more silly to discover it first *Aside*

ALITHEA Pray let us go sir

PINCHWIFE Come come——

HORNER (*To Mrs Pinchwife*) Had you not rather stay with us?—Prithee Pinchwife who is this pretty young gentleman?

PINCHWIFE One to whom I m a guardian —(*Aside*) I wish I could keep her out of your hands

HORNER Who is he? I never saw anything so pretty in all my life

PINCHWIFE Pshaw! do not look upon him so much he s a poor bashful youth, you ll put him out of countenance —Come away brother *Offers to take her away*

HORNER O your brother!

PINCHWIFE Yes my wife s brother —Come come, she ll stay supper for us

HORNER I thought so for he is very like her I saw you at the play with, whom I told you I was in love with

MRS PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) O jeminy! is that he that was in love with me? I am glad on t, I vow for he s a curious fine gentleman and I love him already too —(*To Pinchwife*) Is this he bud?

PINCHWIFE. Come away come away *To his Wife*

HORNER. Why, what haste are you in? why won t you let me talk with him?

PINCHWIFE Because you'll debauch him, he's yet young and innocent and I would not have him debauched for anything in the world. – (*Aside*) How she gazes on him! the devil!

HORNER. Harcourt, Dorilant, look you here, this is the likeness of that dowdy he told us of, his wife; did you ever see a lovelier creature? The rogue has reason to be jealous of his wife, since she is like him, for she would make all that see her in love with her.

HARCOURT And, as I remember now, she is as like him here as can be.

DORILANT She is indeed very pretty, if she be like him.

HORNER Very pretty? a very pretty commendation! – she is a glorious creature, beautiful beyond all things I ever beheld.

PINCHWIFE So, so.

HARCOURT More beautiful than a poet's first mistress of imagination.

HORNER Or another man's last mistress of flesh and blood.

MRS PINCHWIFE Nay, now you jeer, sir; pray don't jeer me.

PINCHWIFE Come, come. – (*Aside*) By Heavens, she'll discover herself!

HORNER I speak of your sister, sir.

PINCHWIFE Ay, but saying she was handsome, if like him, made him blush. – (*Aside*) I am upon a rack!

HORNER Methinks he is so handsome he should not be a man.

PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) O, there 'tis out! he has discovered her! I am not able to suffer any longer. – (*To his Wife*) Come, come away, I say.

HORNER Nay, by your leave, sir, he shall not go yet. – (*Aside to them*) Harcourt, Dorilant, let us torment this jealous rogue a little.

HARCOURT DORILANT How?

HORNER I'll show you.

PINCHWIFE Come, pray let him go, I cannot stay fooling any longer; I tell you his sister stays supper for us.

HORNER Does she? Come then, we'll all go to sup with her and thee.

PINCHWIFE No, now I think on't, having stayed so long for us, I warrant she's gone to bed. – (*Aside*) I wish she and I were well out of their hands. – (*To his Wife*) Come, I must rise early tomorrow, come.

HORNER Well then, if she be gone to bed, I wish her and you a good night. But pray, young gentleman, present my humble service to her.

MRS PINCHWIFE Thank you heartily, sir.

PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) 'Sdeath, she will discover herself yet in spite of me. – (*Aloud*) He is something more civil to you, for your kindness to his sister, than I am, it seems.

HORNER Tell her, dear sweet little gentleman, for all your brother there, that you have revived the love I had for her at first sight in the playhouse.

MRS PINCHWIFE But did you love her indeed, and indeed?

PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) So so—(*Aloud*) Away, I say

HORNER Nay, stay—Yes indeed and indeed pray do you tell her so and give her this kiss from me *Kisses her*

PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) O Heavens! what do I suffer? Now 'tis too plain he knows her, and yet——

HORNER And this and this—— *Kisses her again*

MRS PINCHWIFE What do you kiss me for? I am no woman

PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) So there 'tis out—(*Aloud*) Come I cannot nor will stay any longer

HORNER Nay they shall send your lady a kiss too Here Harcourt Dorilant, will you not? *They kiss her*

PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) How! do I suffer this? Was I not accusing another just now for this rascally patience in permitting his wife to be kissed before his face? Ten thousand ulcers gnaw away their lips—(*Aloud*) Come, come

HORNER Good night dear little gentleman madam, good night, farewell Pinchwife—(*Apart to Harcourt and Dorilant*) Did not I tell you I would raise his jealous gall? *Exeunt Horner, Harcourt, and Dorilant*

Mrs Pinchwife Learns How to Outwit Her Husband

The scene is Pinchwife's bedchamber
Pinchwife and Mrs Pinchwife are discovered

PINCHWIFE Come tell me I say

MRS PINCHWIFE Lord! han't I told it a hundred times over?

PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) I would try if in the repetition of the ungrateful tale I could find her altering it in the least circumstance for if her story be false she is so too—(*Aloud*) Come how was't baggage?

MRS PINCHWIFE Lord what pleasure you take to hear it sure!

PINCHWIFE No you take more in telling it I find but speak how was't?

MRS PINCHWIFE He carried me up into the house next to the Exchange

PINCHWIFE So and you two were only in the room!

MRS PINCHWIFE Yes for he sent away a youth that was there, for some dried fruit, and China oranges

PINCHWIFE Did he so? Damn him for it—and for——

MRS PINCHWIFE But presently came up the gentlewoman of the house

PINCHWIFE Oh, 'twas well she did but what did he do whilst the fruit came?

MRS PINCHWIFE He kissed me a hundred times and told me he fancied he kissed my fine sister meaning me you know whom he said he loved

with all his soul and bid me to be sure to tell her so and to desire her to be at her window by eleven of the clock this morning and he would walk under it at that time

PINCHWIFE And he was as good as his word very punctual a pox reward him for t *Aside*

MRS PINCHWIFE Well and he said if you were not within he would come up to her meaning me you know bud still

PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) So—he knew her certainly, but for this confession, I am obliged to her simplicity —(*Aloud*) But what, you stood very still when he kissed you?

MRS PINCHWIFE Yes I warrant you would you have had me discovered myself?

PINCHWIFE But you told me he did some beastliness to you as you call it what was t?

MRS PINCHWIFE Why he put——

PINCHWIFE. What?

MRS PINCHWIFE Why he put the tip of his tongue between my lips and so mousled me—and I said I d bite it

PINCHWIFE An eternal canker seize it, for a dog!

MRS PINCHWIFE Nay you need not be so angry with him neither for to say truth he has the sweetest breath I ever knew

PINCHWIFE The devil! you were satisfied with it then and would do it again?

MRS PINCHWIFE. Not unless he should force me

PINCHWIFE Force you changeling! I tell you no woman can be forced

MRS PINCHWIFE Yes but she may sure by such a one as he for he s a proper goodly strong man tis hard let me tell you to resist him

PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) So tis plain she loves him yet she has not love enough to make her conceal it from me but the sight of him will increase her aversion for me and love for him and that love instruct her how to deceive me and satisfy him all idiot as she is Love! twas he gave women first their craft, their art of deluding Out of Nature s hands they came plain, open silly and fit for slaves as she and Heaven intended em but damned Love—well—I must strangle that little monster whilst I can deal with him —(*Aloud*) Go fetch pen, ink and paper out of the next room

MRS PINCHWIFE Yes bud *Exit*

PINCHWIFE Why should women have more invention in love than men? It can only be because they have more desires more soliciting passions more lust and more of the devil

Re enter Mrs Pinchwife

Come minx sit down and write

MRS PINCHWIFE Ay, dear bud, but I can't do't very well

PINCHWIFE I wish you could not at all

MRS PINCHWIFE But what should I write for?

PINCHWIFE I'll have you write a letter to your lover

MRS PINCHWIFE O Lord to the fine gentleman a letter!

PINCHWIFE Yes to the fine gentleman

MRS PINCHWIFE Lord you do but jeer sure you jest

PINCHWIFE I am not so merry come write as I bid you

MRS PINCHWIFE What do you think I am a fool?

PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) She's afraid I would not dictate any love to him therefore she's unwilling —(*Aloud*) But you had best begin

MRS PINCHWIFE Indeed and indeed but I won't so I won't

PINCHWIFE Why?

MRS PINCHWIFE Because he's in town you may send for him if you will

PINCHWIFE Very well you would have him brought to you is it come to this? I say take the pen and write or you'll provoke me

MRS PINCHWIFE Lord what d'ye make a fool of me for? Don't I know that letters are never writ but from the country to London and from London into the country? Now he's in town and I am in town too therefore I can't write to him you know

PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) So I am glad it is no worse she is innocent enough yet —(*Aloud*) Yes you may, when your husband bids you write letters to people that are in town.

MRS PINCHWIFE O may I so? then I'm satisfied

PINCHWIFE Come begin — Sir — *Dictates*

MRS PINCHWIFE Shan't I say, Dear Sir? —You know one says always something more than bare Sir

PINCHWIFE Write as I bid you or I will write whore with this penknife in your face

MRS PINCHWIFE Nay good bud— Sir — *Writes*

PINCHWIFE. Though I suffered last night your nauseous loathed kisses and embraces —Write!

MRS PINCHWIFE. Nay why should I say so? You know I told you he had a sweet breath

PINCHWIFE Write!

MRS PINCHWIFE Let me but put out loathed'

PINCHWIFE Write I say!

MRS PINCHWIFE Well then *Writes*

PINCHWIFE Let's see what have you writ?—(*Takes the paper and reads*) Though I suffered last night your kisses and embraces —Thou impudent creature! where is nauseous and loathed?

MRS PINCHWIFE I can t abide to write such filthy words

PINCHWIFE Once more write as I d have you and question it not, or I will spoil thy writing with this I will stab out those eyes that cause my mischief *Holds up the penknife*

MRS PINCHWIFE O Lord! I will

PINCHWIFE So—so—let s see now —(*Reads*) Though I suffered last night your nauseous, loathed kisses and embraces —go on— yet I would not have you presume that you shall ever repeat them —so— *She writes*

MRS PINCHWIFE I have writ it.

PINCHWIFE On, then— I then concealed myself from your knowledge to avoid your insolencies — *She writes*

MRS PINCHWIFE So—

PINCHWIFE The same reason now I am out of your hands — *She writes*

MRS PINCHWIFF So—

PINCHWIFE Makes me own to you my unfortunate though innocent frolic of being in man s clothes — *She writes*

MRS PINCHWIFE So—

PINCHWIFE That you may for evermore cease to pursue her who hates and detests you — *She writes on*

MRS PINCHWIFE So—heigh! *Sighs*

PINCHWIFE What do you sigh?— detests you—as much as she loves her husband and her honour

MRS PINCHWIFE I vow husband he ll ne er believe I should write such a letter

PINCHWIFE What, he d expect a kinder from you? Come now your name only

MRS PINCHWIFE What shan t I say Your most faithful humble servant till death?

PINCHWIFE No tormenting fiend!—(*Aside*) Her style I find would be very soft —(*Aloud*) Come wrap it up now whilst I go fetch wax and a candle and write on the backside For Mr Horner *Exit*

MRS PINCHWIFE For Mr Horner —So I am glad he has told me his name Dear Mr Horner! but why should I send thee such a letter that will vex thee and make thee angry with me?—Well I will not send it —Ay, but then my husband will kill me—for I see plainly he won t let me love Mr Horner—but what care I for my husband?—I won t, so I won t send poor Mr Horner such a letter—But then my husband—but oh what if I writ at bottom my husband made me write it?—Ay but then my husband would see t—Can one have no shift? ah a London woman would have had a hundred presently Stay—what if I should write a letter and wrap it up

like this and write upon t too? Ay but then my husband would see t—I don t know what to do—But yet evads I ll try, so I will—for I will not send this letter to poor Mr Horner, come what will on't

Dear sweet Mr Horner"—(*Writes and repeats what she writes*)—so—"my husband would have me send you a base rude, unmannerly letter but I won t —so—' and would have me forbid you loving me; but I won t —so— and would have me say to you I hate you, poor Mr Horner, but I won t tell a lie for him —there— for I m sure if you and I were in the country at cards together —so— I could not help treading on your toe under the table —so— or rubbing knees with you and staring in your face till you saw me —very well— and then looking down and blushing for an hour together —so— but I must make haste before my husband comes and now he has taught me to write letters, you shall have longer ones from me who am, dear dear poor dear Mr Horner your most humble friend and servant to command till death,—Margery Pinchwife

Stay I must give him a hint at bottom—so—now wrap it up just like t other—so—now write For Mr Horner '—But oh now, what shall I do with it? for here comes my husband

Re enter Pinchwife

PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) I have been detained by a sparkish coxcomb who pretended a visit to me but I fear twas to my wife—(*Aloud*) What, have you done?

MRS PINCHWIFE Ay ay bud just now

PINCHWIFE Let s see t what d ye tremble for? what you would not have it go?

MRS PINCHWIFE Here—(*Aside*) No I must not give him that so I had been served if I had given him this *He opens and reads the first letter*

PINCHWIFE Come where s the wax and seal?

MRS PINCHWIFE (*Aside*) Lord what shall I do now? Nay, then I have it —(*Aloud*) Pray let me see t Lord you will think me so arrant a fool I cannot seal a letter I will do t so I will

Snatches the letter from him, changes it for the other, seals it, and delivers it to him

PINCHWIFE, Nay I believe you will learn that, and other things too which I would not have you

MRS PINCHWIFE So hant I done it curiously?—(*Aside*) I think I have there s my letter going to Mr Horner since he ll needs have me send letters to folks

PINCHWIFE 'Tis very well but I warrant you would not have it go now?

MRS PINCHWIFE, Yes indeed but I would bud now

PINCHWIFE, Well you are a good girl then

DRYDEN: POLITICAL SATIRE AND MOCK-EPIC AT THEIR PEAKS



IN THE violent literary-political battles that flared throughout the last years of Charles II Absalom and Achitophel *and* Mac Flecknoe *constitute two of the most powerful broadsides The King had no legitimate children His legal heir was his brother James the forbidding and bigoted Duke of York who was as much hated for his gloomy arrogance as he was feared for his inflexible devotion to the Church of Rome There was a plot engineered by the Earl of Shaftesbury to imprison Charles and place his bastard son the Protestant Duke of Monmouth on the throne it was discovered and Monmouth lost his head Dryden though not till later a convert to the Catholic faith defended the legitimate succession*

Absalom and Achitophel *is essentially political satire in which Dryden used the Old Testament story of Absalom s rebellion against King David his father as a device for damnifying the conspirators The Biblical dis*

guise transparent enough to be seen through at once nevertheless helps at the same time to endow the legitimate cause with something of the dignity of representing the very will of God But the great glory of the poem is in its magnificent character portraits Shaftesbury as Achitophel Buckingham as Zimri Bethel as Shimei, and the horrible and bloody perjuror Titus Oates as Corah

Erect thyself thou monumental brass
High as the Serpent of thy metal made

Dryden breathes into these great images an energy that even today fills them with a titanic and vibrant power He is rollickingly jovial with Buckingham but with a sting in the very good humor, lethally bitter with Bethel with Shaftesbury as icily just—such is the impression he produces—as the Angel of Death itself

Above all in his dealing with Achitophel does Dryden become tremendous There is a close knit intensity of thought conveyed by those paralleled or antithetical epithets whose very consonants are hard with accusation close designs and crooked counsels unfixed in principle and place, resolved to ruin or to rule the state There is the terrible impression of a contorted and poisonous crouching in darkness conveyed by the picture of Achitophel begetting his son while his soul did huddled notions try there is the noble indignation of the outburst How safe is treason and how sacred ill! And last there is the cold magnanimity with which he concludes by praising his victim s incorruptible probity as a judge This splendid tribute lends the whole denunciation that has gone before a color of absolute truth

The peak of Dryden s satiric achievement however is not Absalom and Achitophel *but* Mac Flecknoe *Thomas Shadwell the hero celebrated in this mock-epic was a third rate pamphleteer and worse than third rate poet and dramatist who had made himself a spokesman for Shaftesbury s party Never before Dryden had the mock heroic been done with such brilliance and originality It is easy to travesty Virgil or Homer just by letting Dido s grief mount to a bathos of musical-comedy howls and blubberings or by having Achilles wallop Hector resoundingly on the backside as they marathon round and round the walls of Troy Hundreds of schoolboys and writers of lampoons have used these very tricks Dryden has no such slavish dependence on his epic models and no such cheap humor Instead of imitating particular scenes he invents a mock-coronation in the realms of*

Nonsense The dignity and elevation of the epic style from which he never descends become further instruments of comic deflation

Dryden makes masterly use of that device by which a speaker employs as commendation statements that his audience will invariably understand in a contrary sense The retiring monarch lards his long panegyric of Shadwell with praise but his professional bias ensures that his every glowing tribute will prove a brickbat Thy inoffensive satires never bite he says beaming and the mild adjective is like a seat insidiously removed from behind as one descends Or with the innocent conviction that he is bestowing an accolade he remarks that Shadwell never deviates *into sense Even the cautionary device of seventeenth-century satire representing his victim s name only by its initial letters and a long dash Dryden can smear with insinuation*

But loads of Sh almost choked the way

he writes the rhythm requires Shadwell but our imagination supplies a more common noun

There is no venom however even in the vulgarities of the poem only a sort of grave and solemn high spirits trembling upon the verge of laughter That good humor in fact explains part of Dryden s success in imposing his judgment so thoroughly on later generations that only an occasional scholar dips into Shadwell to see if it is true The general truth and the brilliance of invention do the rest Shadwell is lifted to majestic eminence as an eternal type of dullness There he stands gleaming forever in the lacquer of Dryden s wit

Most of the allusions of the poem are self explanatory Sir George Etherege was the witty author of Love in a Tub *and* The Man of Mode *Dorimant Sir Fopling Flutter and some of the others are characters from his plays* Psyche Love s Kingdom *and* The Virtuoso *were plays by Shad well and Bruce and Longvil who spring the booby trap at the end are characters from the last of these*

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

*** The poem was first published in 1681 ***

Dryden Raises Shaftesbury to a Terrible Eminence of Treachery

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious bold, and turbulent of wit
Restless unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace,
A fiery soul which, working out its way
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay
And o er informed the tenement of clay
A daring pilot in extremity
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit
Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin partitions do their bounds divide
Else why should he with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered two legged thing a son,
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try
And born a shapeless lump like anarchy
In friendship false implacable in hate
Resolved to ruin, or to rule the state
To compass this the triple bond he broke
The pillars of the public safety shook
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke
Then seized with fear yet still affecting fame
Usurped a patriot s all atoning name

Absalom and Achitophel

So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes
How safe is treason and how sacred ill
Where none can sin against the people s will
Where crowds can wink and no offence be known,
Since in another s guilt they find their own?
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge
The statesman we abhor but praise the judge
In Israel s courts ne er sat an Abbethdin
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean
Unbribed unsought the wretched to redress
Swift of despatch and easy of access
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtue only proper to the gown
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed
David for him his tuneful harp had strung
And heaven had wanted one immortal song
But wild ambition loves to slide not stand
And fortune s ice prefers to virtue s land
Achitophel grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree

He Blasts Bethel as Penny-Pinching and Hypocritical Puritan

Shimei whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God and hatred of his King
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain
And never broke the Sabbath but for gain
Nor was he ever known an oath to vent,
Or curse unless against the Government
The City to reward his pious hate
Against his master chose him magistrate
His hand a vare of justice did uphold
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold

During his office treason was no crime
The sons of Belial had a glorious time
For Shimei though not prodigal of pelf
Yet loved his wicked neighbor like himself

When two or three were gathered to declaim
Against the Monarch of Jerusalem
Shimei was always in the midst of them
And if they cursed the King while he was by
Would rather curse than break good company

MAC FLECKNOE

OR, A SATIRE UPON THE TRUE-BLUE-PROTESTANT POET T S

*** This poem, here given almost complete was first published in 1682 ***

He Crowns Shadwell as Supreme of Dullards

ALL human things are subject to decay
And when fate summons monarchs must obey
This Flecknoe found who like Augustus young
Was called to empire and had governed long
In prose and verse was owned without dispute,
Thro all the realms of *Nonsense*, absolute
This aged prince now flourishing in peace
And blest with issue of a large increase
Worn out with business did at length debate
To settle the succession of the State
And, pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign and wage immortal war with wit
Cried 'Tis resolved for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule who most resembles me
Sh—— alone my perfect image bears
Mature in dulness from his tender years
Sh—— alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity
The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
But Sh—— never deviates into sense
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike thro and make a lucid interval
But Sh——s genuine night admits no ray
His rising fogs prevail upon the day
Besides his goodly fabric fills the eye
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And spread in solemn state supinely reign
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee

Thou last great prophet of tautology
Even I a dunce of more renown than they
Was sent before but to prepare thy way,
And coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name
My warbling lute the lute I whilom strung
When to King John of Portugal I sung
Was but the prelude to that glorious day
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well timed oars before the royal barge,
Swelled with the pride of thy celestial charge,
And big with hymn, commander of a host,
The like was ne er in Epsom blankets tossed
Methinks I see the new Arion sail
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail
At thy well sharpened thumb from shore to shore
The treble squeaks for fear, the basses roar,
Echoes from Pissing Alley Sh— call
And Sh— they resound from Aston Hall
About thy boat the little fishes throng
As at the morning toast that floats along
Sometimes as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield st thy papers in thy threshing hand
St Andre s feet ne'er kept more equal time
Not ev n the feet of thy own *Psyche s* rhyme,
Tho they in number as in sense excel
So just so like tautology they fell
That, pale with envy Singleton forswore
The lute and sword which he in triumph bore
And vowed he ne'er would act Villerius more '
Here stopped the good old sire and wept for joy
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy
All arguments but most his plays, persuade
That for anointed dulness he was made
　Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind
(The fair Augusta much to fears inclined)
An ancient fabric raised t inform the sight,
There stood of yore and Barbican it hight
A watchtower once but now so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains
From its old ruins brothel houses rise
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,

Where their vast courts the mother strumpets keep
And undisturbed by watch in silence sleep
Near these a Nursery erects its head
Where queens are formed and future heroes bred
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry
Where infant punks their tender voices try
And little Maximins the gods defy
Here Flecknoe as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously designed his Sh— s throne
For ancient Dekker prophesied long since
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit and flail of sense
  Now Empress Fame had published the renown
Of Sh— s coronation thro the town
Roused by report of Fame the nations meet,
From near Bunhill and distant Watling Street.
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way
But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay
From dusty shops neglected authors come
Martyrs of pies and relics of the bum
Much Heywood Shirley Ogleby there lay
But loads of Sh— almost choked the way
The hoary prince in majesty appeared
High on a throne of his own labours reared
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate
Rome s other hope and pillar of the State
His brows thick fogs instead of glories grace,
And lambent dulness played around his face
As Hannibal did to the altars come
Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome
So Sh— swore nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain
And in his father's right and realm s defense
Ne er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made
As king by office and as priest by trade
In his sinister hand instead of ball
He placed a mighty mug of potent ale
Love s Kingdom to his right he did convey
At once his scepter and his rule of sway
Whose righteous lore the prince had practiced young
And from whose loins recorded *Psyche* sprung

His temples last, with poppies were o erspread
That nodding seemed to consecrate his head
Just at that point of time, if fame not lie
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly
So Romulus, 'tis sung by Tiber s brook
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took
Th admiring throng loud acclamations make
And omens of his future empire take
The sire then shook the honors of his head
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god
At length burst out in this prophetic mood
'Heavens bless my son from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbados on the western main,
Of his dominion may no end be known
And greater than his father s be his throne
Beyond *Love s Kingdom* let him stretch his pen!'
He paused and all the people cried 'Amen
Then thus continued he My son advance
Still in new impudence new ignorance
Success let others teach learn thou from me
Pangs without birth and fruitless industry
Let *Virtuosos* in five years be writ,
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage
Make Dorimant betray and Loveit rage
Let Cully Cockwood Fopling charm the pit
And in their folly shew the writer s wit
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defense
And justify their author s want of sense
Let em be all by thy own model made
Of dulnes and desire no foreign aid
That they to future ages may be known
Not copies drawn but issue of thy own
Nay let thy men of wit too be the same
All full of thee and differing but in name
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst cull,
Trust nature do not labour to be dull
But write thy best, and top and in each line,
Sir Formal s oratory will be thine

Sir Formal tho' unsought attends thy quill
And does thy northern dedications fill
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame
By arrogating Jonson s hostile name
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise
Thou art my blood where Jonson has no part
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where sold he bargains whip stitch kiss my arse'
Promis d a play and dwindled to a farce?
When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes purloin
As thou whole Eth rege dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfused as oil on water s flow
His always floats above thine sinks below
This is thy province this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play
This is that boasted bias of thy mind
By which one way, to dulness tis inclined
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And in all changes that way bends thy will
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretense
Of likeness thine s a tympany of sense
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ
But sure thou rt but a kilderkin of wit
Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep
Thy tragic Muse gives smiles thy comic sleep
With whate er gall thou sett st thyself to write
Thy inoffensive satires never bite
In thy felonious heart tho venom lies
It does but touch thy Irish pen and dies
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen iambics but mild anagram
Leave writing plays and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in acrostic land
There thou may st wings display and altars raise
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways
Or if thou wouldst thy diff rent talents suit,
Set thy own songs and sing them to thy lute
He said but his last words were scarcely heard

For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepared
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father s art.

CONGREVE TRANSFORMS THE BEAU MONDE TO FAIRYLAND

THE WORLD that Wycherley had painted with all his coarse animal vitality is transfigured by the airy brilliance of Congreve into quite another realm It is an iridescent blending of reality and fairyland if Oberon and Puck were to don white satin breeches lace ruffles and silver coat and flash a court sword if Titania were to powder her hair and half reveal her pearly bosom above a bodice like a calyx and a bouffant shimmer of silk it would be something like the gleaming and roseate beau monde Congreve has created

The rankness of vice the ugliness of cruelty have all been refined away what is left is not what the fashionable world was but the ideal essence that in part it aspired to be and sometimes imagined itself to be Here all are wits even the fops and fools the very insipidities of the poetasters have grace and charm gallantry ceases to be a disguise for fornication and be

comes a dancing game deceived husbands are metamorphosed into some thing fabulous like a unicorn only two horned carrying their whimsical affliction into some upper region of cloud-cuckoldom

Congreve marries artificiality to grace with a workmanship so exquisite that elaboration itself becomes natural ease Human speech was never so sparkling as this epigrams showering from the lips like the flowers and jewels in the fairy tale and yet they fall on the air with the very ripple and rhythm of oral utterance The wit is an unceasing flicker of harmless light ning Reproached for making ladies blush Petulant replies, Let em either show their innocence by not understanding what they hear or else show their discretion by not hearing what they would not be thought to under stand Witwoud illumines an entire code of manners in a single shining phrase by enquiring Fainall how does your lady? and adding Gad I beg pardon that I should ask a man of pleasure a question at once so foreign and domestic And yet these fools for all their felicity and wit of speech are still unmistakably fools when Mirabell remarks that if Sir Wilful is only Witwoud s half brother he may be but half a fool Witwoud totally missing the direction of the insult responds, Good good hang him don t let s talk of him

This is indeed the supreme ingenuity of Congreve that his satire is like a Chinese sphere of carved ivory satire within satire each sphere intricately wrought and perfect The would be wits and men of fashion are satirists of the world they live in they are satirized by the beaux and belles like Mirabell and Millamant and Congreve lightly gracefully almost admir ingly, satirizes his hero Mirabell and his heroine Millamant Of all these rainbow characters to be sure Mirabell comes nearest to having a true sense of values He sees clearly all the affectations and pretty-petulant follies of Millamant and still finds her half because of them irresistible still perceives the exquisite human creature beneath the coquette As we do words are hardly bright enough to do justice to Millamant delicious alluring vain tyrannical and absurd Unless we borrow those of Mirabell

Here she comes i' faith full sail with her fan spread and her streamers out and a shoal of fools for tenders

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

««« The Way of the World was first produced in 1700 The scenes given here are from Act I Scene 2 Act II Scene 2 and Act IV Scene 1 »»»

Witwoud Depreciates His Half-Brother and Praises His Friend Petulant

The scene is a Chocolate House Fainall and Mirabell are talking together with Betty, a waitress, in the background Enter Witwoud

WITWOUD Afford me your compassion my dears! pity me, Fainall! Mirabell pity me!

MIRABELL. I do from my soul

FAINALL Why what s the matter?

WITWOUD No letters for me Betty?

BETTY Did not a messenger bring you one but now sir?

WITWOUD Ay but no other?

BETTY No sir

WITWOUD That s hard that s very hard —A messenger! a mule a beast of burden! he has brought me a letter from the fool my brother as heavy as a panegyric in a funeral sermon or a copy of commendatory verses from one poet to another and what s worse 'tis as sure a forerunner of the author as an epistle dedicatory

MIRABELL A fool and your brother Witwoud!

WITWOUD Ay ay my half brother My half brother he is no nearer upon honour

MIRABELL. Then tis possible he may be but half a fool

WITWOUD Good good Mirabell *le drole!* good good hang him don t let s talk of him —Fainall how does your lady? Gad I say anything in the world to get this fellow out of my head I beg pardon that I should ask a man of pleasure and the town a question at once so foreign and domestic But I talk like an old maid at a marriage I don t know what I say but she s the best woman in the world

FAINALL Tis well you don t know what you say or else your commendation would go near to make me either vain or jealous

WITWOUD No man in town lives well with a wife but Fainall —Your judgment, Mirabell

MIRABELL. You had better step and ask his wife, if you would be credibly informed

WITWOUD Mirabell?

MIRABELL. Ay

WITWOUD My dear I ask ten thousand pardons —gad I have forgot what I was going to say to you!

MIRABELL I thank you heartily heartily

WITWOUD No but prithee excuse me —my memory is such a memory

MIRABELL Have a care of such apologies Witwoud for I never knew a fool but he affected to complain either of the spleen or his memory

FAINALL What have you done with Petulant?

WITWOUD He s reckoning his money—my money it was —I have no luck to day

FAINALL You may allow him to win of you at play for you are sure to be too hard for him at repartee since you monopolise the wit that is be tween you the fortune must be his of course

MIRABELL I don t find that Petulant confesses the superiority of wit to be your talent, Witwoud

WITWOUD Come come you are malicious now and would breed debates — Petulant s my friend and a very honest fellow, and a very pretty fellow and has a smattering—faith and troth a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit nay I ll do him justice I m his friend I won't wrong him neither —And if he had any judgment in the world he would not be altogether contemptible Come come don t detract from the merits of my friend

FAINALL You don t take your friend to be over nicely bred?

WITWOUD No no hang him the rogue has no manners at all that I must own —no more breeding than a bum bailiff that I grant you — tis pity faith the fellow has fire and life

MIRABELL. What courage?

WITWOUD Hum faith I don t know as to that I can t say as to that— Yes faith in a controversy he ll contradict anybody

MIRABELL. Though 'twere a man whom he feared or a woman whom he loved

WITWOUD Well well he does not always think before he speaks —we have all our failings you are too hard upon him you are faith Let me excuse him—I can defend most of his faults except one or two one he has that s the truth on t if he were my brother I could not acquit him —that in deed I could wish were otherwise

MIRABELL. Ay marry what s that Witwoud?

WITWOUD O pardon me!—expose the infirmities of my friend!—No my dear excuse me there

FAINALL What I warrant he s unsincere or tis some such trifle

WITWOUD No no what if he be? tis no matter for that his wit will excuse that a wit should no more be sincere than a woman constant, one argues a decay of parts as t other of beauty

MIRABELL. Maybe you think him too positive?

WITWOUD No no his being positive is an incentive to argument and keeps up conversation

FAINALL Too illiterate?

WITWOUD That! that s his happiness —his want of learning gives him the more opportunities to show his natural parts

MIRABELL. He wants words?

WITWOUD Ay but I like him for that now for his want of words gives me the pleasure very often to explain his meaning

FAINALL He s impudent?

WITWOUD No that s not it.

MIRABELL Vain?

WITWOUD No

MIRABELL What! he speaks unseasonable truths sometimes because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion

WITWOUD Truths! ha! ha! ha! no no since you will have it —I mean he never speaks truth at all —that s all He will lie like a chambermaid or a woman of quality s porter Now that is a fault

Millamant Sails In, Triumphant and Enqueened

The scene is St James s Park Mirabell and Mrs Fainall talking enter Mrs Millamant, Witwoud, and Mincing

MIRABELL Here she comes i faith full sail with her fan spread and her streamers out and a shoal of fools for tenders ha no I cry her mercy!

MRS FAINALL I see but one poor empty sculler and he tows her woman after him

MIRABELL (*To Mrs Millamant*) You seem to be unattended madam—you used to have the *beau monde* throng after you and a flock of gay fine perukes hovering round you

WITWOUD Like moths about a candle —I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath

MIRABELL. You had better step and ask his wife, if you would be credibly informed

WITWOUD Mirabell?

MIRABELL. Ay

WITWOUD My dear I ask ten thousand pardons,—gad, I have forgot what I was going to say to you!

MIRABELL I thank you heartily, heartily

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MIRABELL. Ay marry what s that Witwoud?

MIRABELL. Names!

MRS MILLAMANT Ay as wife spouse my dear joy jewel love sweetheart and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar—I shall never bear that—good Mirabell don t let us be familiar or fond nor kiss before folks like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis nor go to Hyde park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers and then never to be seen there together again as if we were proud of one another the first week and ashamed of one another ever after Let us never visit together nor go to a play together but let us be very strange and well bred let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while and as well bred as if we were not married at all

MIRABELL Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable

MRS MILLAMANT Trifles!—As liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please, to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part to wear what I please and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don t like because they are your acquaintance or to be intimate with fools because they may be your relations Come to dinner when I please dine in my dressing room when I m out of humour without giving a reason To have my closet inviolate to be sole empress of my tea table which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave And lastly, wherever I am you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed if I continue to endure you a little longer I may by degrees dwindle into a wife

MIRABELL Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account—Well have I liberty to offer conditions—that when you are dwindled into a wife I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

MRS MILLAMANT You have free leave propose your utmost, speak and spare not

MIRABELL I thank you —*Imprimis* then I covenant that your acquaintance be general that you admit no sworn confidant or intimate of your own sex no she friend to screen her affairs under your countenance and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy No decoy duck to wheedle you a fop scrambling to the play in a mask—then bring you home in a pretended fright when you think you shall be found out—and rail at me for missing the play and disappointing the frolic which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy

MRS MILLAMANT Detestable *imprimis*! I go to the play in a mask!

MIRABELL *Item*, I article, that you continue to like your own face as long as I shall and while it passes current with me that you endeavour not to new coin it To which end together with all vizards for the day I prohibit all masks for the night made of oiled skins and I know not what—hogs bones hares gall pigwater and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short I forbid all commerce with the gentlewoman in what d ye call it court *Item*, I shut my doors against all bawds with baskets, and penny worths of muslin, china fans atlasses etc —*Item*, when you shall be breeding—

MRS MILLAMANT Ah! name it not

MIRABELL Which may be presumed with a blessing on our endeavours

MRS MILLAMANT Odious endeavours!

MIRABELL I denounce against all strait lacing squeezing for a shape till you mould my boy s head like a sugar loaf and instead of a man child make me father to a crooked billet Lastly to the dominion of the tea table I submit—but with proviso that you exceed not in your province but re train yourself to native and simple tea table drinks as tea chocolate and coffee as likewise to genuine and authorised tea table talk—such as mending fashions spoiling reputations railing at absent friends and so forth—but that on no account you encroach upon the men s prerogative, and presume to drink healths or toast fellows for prevention of which I banish all foreign forces all auxiliaries to the tea table as orange brandy all aniseed cinnamon citron and Barbados waters together with ratafia, and the most noble spirit of clary—but for cowslip wine poppy water and all dormitives those I allow —These proviso admitted in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband

MRS MILLAMANT O horrid provisos! filthy strong-waters! I toast fellows! odious men! I hate your odious provisos

MIRABELL Then we are agreed! shall I kiss your hand upon the contr ct And here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed

Enter Mrs Fainall

MRS MILLAMANT Fainall what shall I do? shall I have him? I think I must have him

MRS FAINALL Ay, ay take him take him what should you do?

MRS MILLAMANT Well then—I ll take my death I m in a horrid fright—Fainall, I shall never say it—well—I think—I ll endure you

MRS FAINALL Fy! fy! have him have him and tell him so in plain terms for I am sure you have a mind to him

MRS MILLAMANT Are you? I think I have—and the horrid man looks as if he thought so too—well you ridiculous thing you, I ll have you—I won t be kissed nor I won t be thanked—here kiss my hand though —So hold your tongue now, don t say a word.

ADDISON: ARBITER ELEGANTIARUM OF THE MIDDLE CLASS



WITH THE *growing power and ease of the commercial middle class a new reading public was coming into being Pluming itself on its prudential virtues disapproving the laxity of aristocratic morals and resenting the Olympian superiority of the born gentleman it nevertheless envied the polished grace and cultural assurance of the upper class Like some of our nineteenth century American millionaires transforming themselves from steel puddlers and junk peddlers into bibliophiles and art connoisseurs eighteenth century merchants were determined to learn manners and acquire taste and elegance of judgment*

Joseph Addison made himself the guide of this rising class A gentleman himself he bowed to middle-class virtue by deploring licentiousness and giving prudence and industry a pat on the back nothing he said would ever disturb the most deep seated convictions of commercial respectability But he allowed himself to twit his readers out of their more superficial prejudices in somewhat the same way that The New Yorker *twits the provincialism that its audience has only recently—or only half—deserted for the heady languors of sophistication*

The very substance of Addison's Tatler *and* Spectator *essays was then gracefully and charmingly disguised instruction in taste and breeding* Suaviter in modo *smooth in manner, he entertained while he taught, gently ticking off a breach of manners in one paper illustrating a principle of literary criticism by a witty story in another, here and there letting fall a Latin tag and supplying its translation so unobtrusively that the reader hardly notices he has been told With the most delicate adroitness Addison refrained from the airs of the pedagogue he was all witty man of the world smiling over the humors of existence with his equals His very manner was a lesson in manners*

Addison's technique is that of the urbane Horatian satire translated to prose With the lightest of touches he dissects a beau's head, and finds there not a real brain but only something like it filled with mirrors for contemplating itself love letters snuff falsehoods wind and froth or a coquette's heart and finds it slippery hollow and cold as ice He insinuates the absurdity of a pedantic insistence on the unity of place in a drama by bringing on his own little stage a Sir Timothy Tittle puffing and out of breath with the effort of following a dramatist's changes of scene He lets the poetaster Ned Softly repeat his insipid singsong verses and remain amusingly blind to the tenor of Mr Bickerstaff's polite comments meanwhile the reader insensibly learns that poetry embraces more than smoothness classical allusions and conceits

There is more than one difference between the raillery of Horace and that of Addison, but a cogent distinction is that Horace laughs at himself even oftener than he laughs at the world But Addison is too self assuredly above the world for that The jokes he shares with his readers are always assumed to be at the expense of others Addison knows *that he himself is unstained by any of the solecisms and breaches of form he smiles his superior smile about he* tells *his readers that they too being men of taste are of course smiling with him, and they* are *smiling with him and feeling complacently above the very blunder he has just taught them to avoid The self-complacence is genuine the tone to his audience a courteous artifice Doubtless this sort of snobbery is inevitable to what Addison was trying to do But it explains why we love Horace more than we do this high-periwigged impeccable* arbiter elegantiarum

NED SOFTLY, THE POET

««« *The Tatler* No 163 1709-1711 »»»

Idem inficeto est inficetior rure,
Simul poemata attigit neque idem unquam
Æque est beatus, ac poema quum scribit
Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur, neque est quisquam
Quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum
Possis—
Catul de Suffeno, xx, 14.

(Suffenus has no more wit than a mere clown when he attempts to write verses and yet he is never happier than when he is scribbling so much does he admire himself and his compositions And indeed this is the foible of every one of us for there is no man living who is not a Suffenus in one thing or other)

Will s Coffee house April 24

I YESTERDAY came hither about two hours before the company generally make their appearance with a design to read over all the newspapers but upon my sitting down I was accosted by Ned Softly who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room where I found he had been writing something Mr Bickerstaff says he I observe by a late paper of yours that you and I are just of a humour for you must know of all impertinences there is nothing which I so much hate as news I never read a gazette in my life and never trouble my head about our armies whether they win or lose or in what part of the world they lie encamped Without giving me time to reply he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me That he had something which would entertain me more agreeably and that he would desire my judgment upon every line for that we had time enough before us until the company came in

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet and a great admirer of easy lines Waller is his favourite and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great English poets Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book which he repeats upon occasion to show his reading and garnish his conversation Ned is indeed a true English reader incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits turns

points, and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow 'You must understand' says Ned 'that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady who showed me some verses of her own making and is perhaps the best poet of our age But you shall hear it'

Upon which he began to read as follows

TO MIRA, ON HER INCOMPARABLE POEMS

1

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine,
  And tune your soft melodious notes
You seem a sister of the Nine,
  Or Phœbus self in petticoats

2

I fancy when your song you sing
  Your song you sing with so much art,
Your pen was plucked from Cupid s wing
  For ah! it wounds me like his dart

'Why, says I 'this is a little nosegay of conceits a very lump of salt every verse hath something in it that piques, and then the dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram (for so I think you critics call it) as ever entered into the thought of a poet' 'Dear Mr Bickerstaff says he shaking me by the hand 'everybody knows you to be a judge of these things and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon s translation of Horace s Art of Poetry three several times before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shown you But you shall hear it again and pray observe every line of it for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine

'This is says he when you have your garland on when you are writing verses To which I replied I know your meaning a metaphor! The same said he and went on

And tune your soft melodious notes

Pray observe the gliding of that verse there is scarce a consonant in it I took care to make it run upon liquids Give me your opinion of it

Truly, said I I think it as good as the former I am very glad to hear you say so says he, but mind the next

You seem a sister of the Nine

That is says he, you seem a sister of the Muses for if you look into ancient authors you will find it was their opinion that there were nine of them 'I remember it very well' said I, but pray proceed

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats

Phœbus says he was the god of Poetry These little instances Mr Bickerstaff show a gentleman s reading Then to take off from the air of learning which Phœbus and the Muses have given to this first stanza, you may observe how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar— in petticoats!

Or Phœbus self in petticoats

Let us now' says I enter upon the second stanza, I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor

I fancy when your song you sing

It is very right says he, but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines I was a whole hour in adjusting of them and have still a doubt upon me whether in the second line it should be— Your song you sing or You sing your song? You shall hear them both —

I fancy when your song you sing
(Your song you sing with so much art),

or,

I fancy when your song you sing
(You sing your song with so much art)

Truly said I the turn is so natural either way that you have made me almost giddy with it Dear sir said he grasping me by the hand you have a great deal of patience but pray what do you think of the next verse?

Your pen was pluck d from Cupid s wing

Think! says I I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose That was my meaning says he I think the ridicule is well enough hit off But we come now to the last, which sums up the whole matter

For ah! it wounds me like his dart.

Pray how do you like that *Ah!* doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!*—it looks as if I felt the dart and cried out at being pricked with it.

For, ah! it wounds me like his dart

"My friend Dick Easy," continued he "assured me he would rather have written that *Ah!* than to have been the author of the Æneid He indeed objected that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other But as to that——" "Oh! as to that says I ' it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing He was going to embrace me for the hint but half a dozen critics coming into the room whose faces he did not like he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket and whispered me in the ear, he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair

ALEXANDER POPE: THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN POISONOUS MINIATURE



ONLY POPE *himself could have compressed into a series of glittering couplets the antitheses of his own career See him amid beauty, gallantry and the great surrounded by bright eyes and melting bosoms and curled locks by teep slabs of noble faces null beneath enormous wigs—this spidery dwarf who had to be laced into a canvas corset to hold himself erect and wore three pairs of stockings to pad out his spindle shanks always ill and always pulsing with vitality carrying his misshapen tininess among these towering aristocrats and stately salons a grotesque and pathetic little creature humanized only by the glowing animation of its eyes A Roman Catholic and the son of a linen draper he conquered a society that still de pised trade and stood rigid in defense of Church and State With no more than a sketchy education in the classics he made a fortune of £9000 from his translations of Homer alone and gave the*

world an Iliad that turned Hector and Achilles into great gentlemen with the most grandiose of eighteenth-century manners More violent and more venomous in his quarrels than almost any other English poet, he drew around him a circle of loving friends who included some of the most eminent men of the day Bolingbroke Arbuthnot, Gay, Swift Afflicted by infirmities throughout that long disease, his life, and distilling the sweet poison of his satire into verses as highly wrought as some intricate Borgian ring he nevertheless proclaimed All partial evil universal good and insisted One truth is clear whatever is is right'

Yet in all these respects Pope is characteristic of his age Perhaps no other society than that of Pope s England could have endured Pope In France the cudgels of lackeys taught Voltaire not to be clever at the expense of the great But always impervious to intellect massive and monumental in its self-complacence the British ruling class allowed itself to be bewitched almost made its libeler its laureate In a way, Pope s freedom was but one demonstration more of how stable was the social order, how firmly based the cosmos on its foundations Anything might be said in those neatly balanced lines whose very symmetry seemed to prove the logic of the universe they reduced to rule A polished reason reigned over all Even tenderness and brutality moved beneath a glaze of good form The classics reflected back to the eighteenth-century mind, like an aggregation of heroic mirrors the image of its own Chesterfieldian dignity The flaws the poet bathed in vitriol were but blemishes needful darknesses rather, to highlight the excellence of the whole Without folly there is no wisdom, without poverty no wealth without inequity no privilege It is possible (for those having the good sense to be well born and well off) to have one s cake and eat it The fools deserve to be foolish and to be derided for their folly and the vulgar to be low Whatever is, is right' So Pope voices the sentiments of the very aristocracy he lampoons

It was a close knit society Moving between St James s Kensington and Hampton Court between fashionable London squares and great country houses everybody knew everybody else noble peers duchesses statesmen reigning belles beaux and gallants It was full of gaiety, extravagance glitter scandal balls card games visits flirtations Gentlemen drank, gambled and talked politics at the clubs and coffeehouses ladies powdered, painted gossiped and did not always confine themselves to tea at their tea tables Their nucleus was urban sophisticated and self-centered The rest of England was meaningful only as it ministered to them The real world was that corporation of noble and wealthy and important persons

who dined and gambled and governed together married and made love within its own ranks and gave its stamp before anything could be regarded as gold It was The World

All Pope s poetry was written for it And in The Rape of the Lock, with the sunniest and most brilliant malice he paints it But Pope is not Congreve instead of having the prismatic sparkle of The Way of the World with its strange ethereality the bright colors of Pope s satire are as clear cut and deep-hued as if they were enameled We are looking into a solid three-dimensional world though one reduced in scale like the sharply defined and curiously intensified image of the universe that is reflected in a gazing globe or the lacquered brightness of an eighteenth-century miniature on ivory Indeed this queer impression of beholding a luminous little world rather than any element of unreality in its depiction is what gives The Rape of the Lock its fabulous fantastic and exquisitely mock heroic quality The elfin fancifulness of the sylphs only emphasizes an effect not exclusively created by them but by the teasing exaltation of mere elegant petitesse and pettiness into importance

For these purposes Pope s exploitation of the mock heroic machinery was exactly fitting People have disparagingly remarked that Pope does not have the invention displayed by Dryden in Mac Flecknoe but depends on effects of parody He does Belinda dressing for the day s achievements in coquetry and practicing her facial expressions before the glass deliberately imitates Achilles arming for battle But it was the essence of Pope s scheme that we should perceive at the same time the absurdity of dignifying the one by comparing it with the other In the same way as W H Auden points out when Pope says

While China s earth receives the smoking tide

it is nonsense to think he was afraid to write

While boiling water on the tea was poured

he intentionally added to the microscopic image of tea making the incongruously magnified image of a flood The sylphs and gnomes act at the toilet and the tea table what more powerful and terrific phantoms perform on the stormy ocean or the field of battle Dr Johnson observes and goes on to vindicate Pope s powers of invention by adding that he has created a race of aerial people never heard of before and endowed with powers and passions proportionate to their operations

But the entire high-pinnacled structure only serves to underline the in

escapable triviality of all it pictures Pope apes the tone of admiration with such exaggerated intonations that he makes us see through the pretense We see that Belinda s beauty comes out of boxes that her airs and graces are rehearsed that she is a vain coquette and that under strain her manners crack and she begins screaming like a termagant We see that her friend Thalestris under cover of offering sympathy, rubs salt in Belinda s wounds and inflames the quarrel We see that Sir Plume unlike Congreve s fools is merely inarticulate and feeble minded And we see that this whole pretty world is hollow in its very essence

In Pope s later satires the playfulness which frolics through The Rape of the Lock *gives way to more violent drives He was hardly more than acquainted with Miss Arabella Fermor and Lord Petre whose tiff had inspired the poem in it he really had been impersonal and only teasingly serious But the* Imitations of Horace *and the* Moral Essays *are more earnest and their models were men and women whom he wanted to chastise Sometimes they had merely pricked his touchy vanity, sometimes they were people with whom he had had bitter feuds sometimes there is no known reason for animosity to them Whatever the causes an acid acumen sharpened Pope s insight and made his character portraits masterpieces of annihilation*

Chloe was George II s mistress the Countess of Suffolk Atticus of course was Addison and Sporus Lord John Hervey All three portraits illustrate the way in which Pope was able to make the balanced structure of the heroic couplet give a clarity and control to his utterance that reinforce his accusations The reader will notice how in the Atticus ' as in Dryden s Achitophel the generous tribute adds crushing weight to the censure and how the sorrowful query of the close—

> *Who but must laugh if such a man there be?*
> *Who would not weep if Atticus were he?*

—gives depth to the whole Behind the Sporus if the reader search for it he will feel a more frothing and furious personal malice than in either of the others but how skillfully Pope carries it off! Almost indolently he seems brushing away—and if he crush in the process what matter?—some insignificant but nasty insect some thing of slime hardly worthy of contempt By the magic of art Sporus has been caught and preserved in poisoned amber

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

*** The earliest version of the poem in two cantos was published in 1712 Pope enlarged it to five cantos adding the machinery of the sylphs, in 1717 The selections given here represent the greater part of each of the five successive cantos ***

Awaking, Belinda Prepares for the Day's Conquests

WHAT dire offence from am rous causes springs
What mighty contests rise from trivial things
I sing —This verse to Caryll Muse! is due
This ev n Belinda may vouchsafe to view
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise
If she inspire and he approve my lays
Say what strange motive goddess! could compel
A well bred lord t assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause yet unexplored
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
Sol through white curtains shot a tim rous ray,
And op d those eyes that must eclipse the day
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake
And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake
Thrice rung the bell the slipper knock d the ground,
And the pressed watch returned a silver sound
Belinda still her downy pillow pressed
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest
'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning dream that hovered o er her head,
A youth more glitt ring than a birth night beau
(That ev n in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
Seemed to her ear h s winning lips to lay
And thus in whispers said or seemed to say
Fairest of mortals thou distinguished care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!

If e er one vision touched thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught,
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen
The silver token and the circled green
Or virgins visited by angel pow rs
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav nly flow rs
Hear and believe! thy own importance know
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below
Know then unnumbered spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky
These though unseen are ever on the wing,
Hang o er the box and hover round the ring
Think what an equipage thou hast in air
And view with scorn two pages and a chair
'Of these am I who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name
Late as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend
But heaven reveals not what or how, or where
Warned by the sylph oh pious maid beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can
Beware of all but most beware of man!'
He said when Shock, who thought she slept too long
Leaped up and waked his mistress with his tongue
'Twas then Belinda if report say true
Thy eyes first opened on a billet doux
Wounds charms and ardours were no sooner read
But all the vision vanished from thy head
And now unveiled the toilet stands displayed
Each silver vase in mystic order laid
First, rob d in white the nymph intent adores
With head uncover d the cosmetic pow rs
A heav nly image in the glass appears
To that she bends to that her eyes she rears
Th inferior priestess at her altar s side
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride
Unnumbered treasures ope at once and here
The various off'rings of the world appear
From each she nicely culls with curious toil

And decks the goddess with the glitt ring spoil
This casket India s glowing gems unlocks
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box
The tortoise here and elephant unite
Transformed to combs the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows
Puffs powders patches Bibles billets-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms
The *fair each moment rises in her charms,*
Repairs her smiles awakens ev ry grace
And calls forth all the wonders of her face,
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes

The Baron Prays for Victory and Ariel Plans His Defense

This nymph to the destruction of mankind
Nourished two locks which graceful hung behind
In equal curls and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains
With hairy springes we the birds betray
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man s imperial race insnare
And beauty draws us with a single hair
Th adv ent rous baron the bright locks admired
He saw he wished and to the prize aspired
Resolv d to win, he meditates the way
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray
For when success a lover s toil attends
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends
For this ere Phœbus rose he had implored
Propitious heav'n, and ev ry pow r adored
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.
There lay three garters half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves

With tender billets doux he lights the pyre
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire
Then prostrate falls and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispersed in empty air
 But now secure the painted vessel glides
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides
While melting music steals upon the sky
And softened sounds along the waters die
Smooth flow the waves the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled and all the world was gay
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head was Ariel placed
His purple pinions opening to the sun
He raised his azure wand and thus begun
 'Ye sylphs and sylphids to your chief give ear!
Fays fairies genii elves and demons hear!
This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care,
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight,
But what or where, the fates have wrapped in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw
Or stain her honour or her new brocade
Forget her pray'rs or miss a masquerade
Or lose her heart *or necklace at* a ball,
Or whether heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall
Haste then ye spirits! to your charge repair
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care
The drops to thee Brillante we consign
And Momentilla let the watch be thine,
Do thou Crispissa tend her fav'rite lock
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock
 To fifty chosen Sylphs of special note
We trust th' important charge the petticoat
Oft have we known that seven fold fence to fail
Though stiff with hoops and armed with ribs of whale,
Form a strong line about the silver bound
And guard the wide circumference around

Whatever spirit careless of his charge
His post neglects or leaves the fair at large
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials or transfixed with pins
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin s eye
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain,
Or alum styptics with contracting pow r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivelled flower
Or as Ixion fixed the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"

Clarissa's Scissors Do the Fatal Deed

There stands a structure of majestic frame
Which from the neighb ring Hampton takes its name
Here Britain s statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home
Here thou great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a court
In various talk th instructive hours they passed
Who gave the ball or paid the visit last
One speaks the glory of the British Queen
And one describes a charming Indian screen
A third interprets motions looks and eyes
At every word a reputation *dies*
Snuff or the fan supply each pause of chat,
With singing laughing ogling and all that
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instrument of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two edged weapon from her shining case
So ladies in romance assist their knight
Present the spear and arm him for the fight.

He takes the gift with rev rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends,
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread
As o er the fragrant steams she bends her head
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair
A thousand wings by turns, blow back the hair,
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear,
Thrice she looked back and thrice the foe drew near
Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched th ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed in spite of all her art
An earthly lover lurking at her heart
Amazed confused he found his pow'r expired
Resigned to fate and with a sigh retired
  The peer now spreads the glitt ring forfex wide
T' inclose the lock now joins it to divide
Ev n then before the fatal engine closed
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed,
Fate urged the shears and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head for ever and for ever!
  Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes
And screams of horror rend th affrighted skies
Not louder shriek s to pitying heav n are cast
When husbands or when lap dogs breathe their last
Or when rich China vessels fall n from high
In glitt ring dust, and painted fragments lie!

Thalestris Fans the Flames of Belinda's Grief

Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire
  O wretched maid! she spread her hands and cried
(While Hampton s echoes Wretched maid! replied)

"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin comb and essence to prepare
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with tort ring irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strained your tender head
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair
While the fops envy and the ladies stare!
Sooner let earth air sea to chaos fall
Men monkeys lap dogs parrots perish all!"
She said, then raging to Sir Plume repairs
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs
(Sir Plume of amber snuff box justly vain
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes and round unthinking face
He first the snuff box opened then the case
And thus broke out— My Lord why what the devil!
Zounds! damn the lock! fore Gad you must be civil
Plague on t! tis past a jest—nay prithee pox!
Give her the hair —he spoke and rapped his box
It grieves me much replied the peer again
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain,
But by this lock this sacred lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair
Which never more its honours shall renew
Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air
This hand which won it shall for ever wear
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears
Her eyes half languishing half drowned in tears
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head
Which with a sigh she raised and thus she said
For ever cursed be this detested day
Which snatched my best my fav rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to num rous ills betrayed
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev n thy rapine spares
These in two sable ringlets taught to break

Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck,
The sister lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow s fate foresees its own
Uncurled it hangs the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious hands
Oh hadst thou cruel' been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these'"

The Lock Ascends to Heaven

"Restore the lock' she cries, and all around
"Restore the lock' the vaulted roofs rebound
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost'
The lock obtained with guilt and kept with pain,
In ev ry place is sought, but sought in vain
With such a prize no mortal must be blest
So heav n decrees with heav n who can contest?
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise
Tho marl d by none but quick, poetic eyes
(So Rome s great founder to the heav ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confessed in view)
A sudden star it shot through liquid air
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair
Not Berenice s locks first rose so bright
The heav ns bespangling with disheveled light
Then cease bright nymph' to mourn thy ravished hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere'
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
Shall draw such envy as the Locl you lost
For after all the murders of your eye
When after millions slain yourself shall die
When those fair suns shall set as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame
And midst the stars inscribe Belinda s name

THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN

*** This is Epistle II of the *Moral Essays* It was composed in 1733 and published in 1735 ***

Chloe, the Impeccable Heartless

YET Chloe sure was formed without a spot? —
Nature in her then erred not but forgot
With every pleasing every prudent part,
Say what can Chloe want? —She wants a heart
She speaks behaves and acts just as she ought
But never never, reached one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour
Content to dwell in decencies forever
So very reasonable so unmoved
As never yet to love or to be loved
She while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest
And when she sees her friend in deep despair
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair
Forbid it Heaven a favour or a debt
She e er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe s ear
But none of Chloe s shall you ever hear
Of all her dears she never slandered one
But cares not if a thousand are undone
Would Chloe know if you re alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies

EPISTLE TO DR ARBUTHNOT

*** This poem from which our last two portraits of "Atticus" and "Sporus" are taken was published in 1735 ***

Atticus, Literary Dictator Terrified of Rivalry

PEACE to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires
Blest with each talent, and each art to please
And born to write converse and live with ease
Should such a man too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise
Damn with faint praise assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer,
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged,
Like Cato give his little senate laws
And sit attentive to his own applause
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

Sporus, Glittering Eunuch

POPE Let *Sporus tremble—*
ARBUTHNOT What? that thing of silk
Sporus that mere white curd of Ass s milk?
Satire or sense alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
POPE Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings,
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet Wit ne er tastes and Beauty ne er enjoys
So well bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way,
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And *as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks*
Or at the ear of Eve familiar toad
Half froth half venom spits himself abroad,
In puns or politics or tales or lies
Or spite or smut, or rhymes or blasphemies,
His wit all see saw between *that* and *this*,
Now high now low now master up now miss,
And he himself one vile Antithesis
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board
Now trips a lady and now struts a lord
Eve s tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A cherub s face a reptile all the rest
Beauty that shocks you Parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep and Pride that licks the dust

GULLIVER: THE MAKING OF A MIDDLE-CLASS TIMON



POPE'S SATIRE *poses human nature in silk brocades among all the gilt and artifice of the eighteenth-century drawing room. Swift's satire is timeless. There is none of the décor of his age even in his style, only its clarity. We do not need to know the history or manners of the times to understand him, for he is speaking of all the nations of men, not about individuals or the foibles of any one time or place. No matter if we fail to realize that Flimnap, the Lilliputian Treasurer, is in part a caricature of Sir Robert Walpole, or the Big Endians and Little Endians a parody of Roman and Protestant Church struggles. Flimnap is a universal type of all timeserving politicians, and Swift's allegory of doctrinal rancors can be filled in with a thousand illustrations from centuries of religious bitterness. Even the projectors and academies of Lagado are matched by the swarming brood of crank theories and the heartless ingenuity of the scientific imagination. All the follies and horrors of humanity Swift subjects to a flaming satiric Last Judgment hardly less awful than that of Michelangelo.*

Gulliver builds upon and often surpasses some of the greatest of Swift's

predecessors The imaginary voyage which Lucian had used in light hearted burlesque of travelers tales Swift forges into a weapon of universal destruction The gigantic invention of Rabelais Swift elaborates and systematizes He transforms the Renaissance writer s good natured giants into Brobdingnagians and makes their large bulk an index to the generosity and magnanimity of their natures he balances them with the Lilliputians whose pigmy size reflects the pettiness of theirs (Swift is unparalleled in the skill with which he can squeeze the last drop of symbolic meaning out of an image or a metaphor) Swift is also endowed with much of Rabelais enormous playfulness That playfulness paints the Lilliputians for all their more serious purpose in his satire, as a bright-colored little toy people and flowers in the gay fancies of Lilliputian children playing hide-and seek in Gulliver s hair and tiny Flemish feasts in which toiling cooks and vintners supply him with whole herds of cows and innumerable hogsheads of ale for a single meal The same playfulness expands to bursting with the Brobdingnagian monkey going through Brobdingnagian monkeyshines and court ladies sportively riding the small Gulliver upon their nipples indeed throughout the entire book Swift is ready to follow Rabelais into gross and hilarious farce But he falls short of Rabelais cheerful irresponsibility he is as Coleridge said the soul of Rabelais in a dry place his proud and angry dust never quite forgetting even at its liveliest the barren and burning sands of his despair

For beneath his grotesquerie Swift is the saddest and bitterest of all satirists His theme like that of Don Quixote *is the infinite distance between the world as it is and as it ought to be He is less tender certainly and perhaps less philosophically profound than Cervantes But Swift makes his masterpiece as the other does not attempt to do a reasoned catalogue of all the stupidities vices and cruelties of mankind With Shakespeare he has been appalled at the Caliban within men s hearts his voice is sometimes wild with the hatred of Timon and the cosmic pain of Lear The* saeva indignatio *he shares with Juvenal is even deeper for Juvenal's indignation is civic whereas Swift s is human rooted in a moral ideal for all humanity Again and again he reiterates it justice truth and love are the foundation stones of every virtue It is the great affirmative core of his satire compulsive no matter in how many cruel and insane ways men betray it And no pessimist Swift insisted as he wrote to Pope that man was* animal rationis capax *he could live by these great principles of reason and goodness if he would only strive Godlike in reach petty and*

vile in grasp, no wonder the whole pitiful race of man left Swift in horror and despair

Gulliver is the funeral pyre of Swift's hopes And it is a tremendous achievement The seemingly loose and episodic structure of the four voyages with their clever aping of Dampier and Defoe's Crusoe is in reality a most tightly knit unity of character and plot They are almost like the relentless sequence of a Greek trilogy with the farcical interlude of the voyage to Laputa a misplaced satyr play coming before instead of after the awful close The first voyage carefully holds to trivia handled in a tone of laughter The colored silk threads that symbolize Lilliputian ambitions the creeping and crawling the adroit tricks of balancing are comical both in their absurd imagery and in their scale just as the same ferocity that would be terrifying in a great Dane is merely funny in a little yapping spaniel And only now and then does Swift allow a mere hint of the darker currents of court jealousy and treachery

But in the second voyage the button is off Swift's foil In the climactic interview with the King of Brobdingnag Gulliver has extorted from him, despite all his painful and writhing endeavors to withhold or place a better face upon at least a part of the truth a full confession not merely of the meanness but the hypocrisy cruelty hatred envy and malice of mankind The whole panorama of man's life and institutions passes before us business law education religion the classes of society government international relations and all are seen to be deeply corroded with the evil man has chosen Even Gulliver when he is desirous of doing the King a favor can think of nothing better than supplying him with the secret of gunpowder and enabling him to blow his subjects to bits I cannot but conclude says his questioner with measured justice the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth

The voyage to Laputa is lighter in key with its mad inventors trying to extract sunshine from cucumbers and its glancing attack on the inanities of polite conversation but it suggests how little the welfare of humanity is apt to be advanced by intellect without goodness or wisdom It is like some fantastic third movement of a symphony before the composer sweeps into the drama and majesty of his finale And with the Struldbrugs even it has its darker and more melancholy notes to remind us that immortality itself could do the race of men no benefit unless we imagined them contrary to all probability to be endowed with an eternity of youth and

intellectual vigor It leads directly into the last voyage in which the Houyhnhnms show the rational example humanity has not chosen to follow and the Yahoos abysmal and nasty in brutality as they are nevertheless are still not so degraded as men who have corrupted the gift of reason and defiled the temple that is within them

Gulliver himself is the unifying figure who makes this sequence into a progression How skillfully Swift sketches him in the few pages of the opening the simple kindly prosaic minded sailor with his bald notations of his parentage and education and the brief account of his preliminary voyages so unimaginative that we unconsciously conclude him to be incapable of deception because incapable of the inventive effort of mendacity He is simply the average man with all the average man s load of prejudices and delusions He begins by believing in all the pretensions of humanity He has the European s belief that Europe represents civilization John Bull s belief that he himself is the culmination of that civilization He believes his own age the most enlightened and advanced since the beginnings of history He looks up to his betters reveres those supposed to be learned imagines that judges dispense justice and regards all his country s wars as righteous and glorious

But gradually and imperceptibly throughout the whole book, though without any of the display and paraphernalia of psychology that a modern writer would be apt to bring to the same theme Swift is changing Gulliver's character so that the simple minded narrator of the first voyage is a very different figure from the middle-class Timon of the end preferring horses to humanity (Norman Douglas uses the same device in South Wind but Bishop Heard is never much more than a figurehead whereas Gulliver is a human being) As late as the end of the voyage to Brobdingnag Gulliver is still struggling to preserve the honor of humanity trying to conceal if he cannot palliate its pollution But Swift s pressure is relentless pushing him and converting him into—what Swift himself was

And what was Swift? What is the mystery of this dark despairing personality? Aldous Huxley oversimplifies when he traces all of Swift s misanthropy to his hatred of the bowels the poor harmless necessary tripes and to hatred of groins and genitals and odorous armpits and sweat and excrements He hated them certainly and he bathed in the squelchy imagination of them stained clouts smeared chemises grimy towels defiled and fascinated at the same time Haunted by the fear of imbecility and a hideous and helpless old age he tortured himself by painting them both,

again and again, with loving hatred The victim of Swift s satire in fact, is Swift himself The ambitious man balked in his ambitions must deride the littleness by which he has been misled The lover of Stella, who would never allow their love to achieve physical fulfillment, must discipline himself to an iron restraint and confine even his grief for her death to the pitiful words Only a woman s hair labeling a lock clipped from her head He must remind himself that her body, his body the bodies of all mankind are decaying masses of ordure as their hearts are dark with pride and corruption The faithful and tenderhearted friend the patriot, the benefactor of the poor the humane defender of Ireland against the greed of English commerce and Irish landlordism, is also the hater of all nations professions and communities and of the whole race of that animal called man

This inward division is the source of Swift s self laceration and of his satire Intellectually what Swift tried to do is clear Man in the mass is vile, he sought to tell himself only individuals are lovable or good" But emotionally he could not prevent the two propositions from merging He himself was a man John Peter Thomas' whom he loved were men one cannot be a man without sharing some of the vileness of man Narrowing down to the individual in fact analyzing his own will and heart he finds the same stains the same evasions He must needs then hate himself too hate everyone hate whom he loved Seeing truth honor and love forever crucified by stupidity and evil Swift places the blame squarely on men themselves It is not the way they were made it is the way they have made themselves And contemplating them in the mass he sees small prospect that they will ever be different He can only conclude with the Psalmist that the heart of man is desperately wicked

The end of Gulliver *is a scream of pain but it is the pain of a noble and sensitive nature tortured beyond all endurance by the spectacle of evil In the gaunt high roomed exile of his Dublin house, Swift ate out his heart performed his austerities made his grim charities saw visitors raged jested heard the noises within his head felt the approaching vertigo and the gray mists of insanity But it was not madness that created that hideous vision of the world Perhaps it is only the normal madness of men that prevents them from constantly seeing it so But no tender self-complacence or kindly hallucination obscured the bitter clarity of Swift s vision Finally in his seventies madness did come and he sank down into darkness howling*

TRAVELS INTO SEVERAL
REMOTE NATIONS OF THE WORLD
BY LEMUEL GULLIVER

*** *Gulliver* was first published in 1726 and for some time thereafter Swift kept up the hoax of it being by its supposed author ***

The Politicians of Lilliput Demonstrate Their Statesmanship

MY GENTLENESS and good behaviour had gained so far on the Emperor and his court and indeed upon the army and people in general that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me I would sometimes lie down and let five or six of them dance on my hand And at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language The Emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows wherein they exceed all nations I have known both for dexterity and magnificence I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope dancers performed upon a slender white thread extended about two foot and twelve inches from the ground Upon which I shall desire liberty with the reader s patience to enlarge a little

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth and are not always of noble birth or liberal education When a great office is vacant either by death or disgrace (which often happens) five or six of those candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majesty and the court with a dance on the rope and whoever jumps the highest without falling succeeds in the office Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill and to convince the Emperor that they have not lost their faculty Flimnap the Treasurer is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher fixed on the rope which is no thicker than a common

packthread in England My friend Reldresal principal Secretary for private Affairs is in my opinion if I am not partial the second after the Treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents whereof great numbers are on record I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity, for by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall and some of them two or three I was assured that a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would have infallibly broke his neck if one of the King s cushions that accidentally lay on the ground had not weakened the force of his fall

There is likewise another diversion which is only shown before the Emperor and Empress and first minister, upon particular occasions The Emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long One is blue the other red and the third green These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the Emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour The ceremony is performed in his Majesty s great chamber of state where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or the new world The Emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing one by one sometimes leap over the stick sometimes creep under it backwards and forwards several times according as the stick is advanced or depressed Sometimes the Emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself Whoever performs his part with most agility and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk the red is given to the next and the green to the third which they all wear girt twice round about the middle, and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles

The King of Brobdingnag Gets a View of European Civilization

The King who as I before observed was a prince of excellent understanding would frequently order that I should be brought in my box and set upon the table in his closet He would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet which brought me almost to a level with his face In

thus manner I had several conversations with him I one day took the freedom to tell his Majesty that the contempt he discovered towards Europe and the rest of the world did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of the mind he was master of That reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body on the contrary we observed in our country that the tallest persons were usually least provided with it. That among other animals bees and ants had the reputation of more industry art and sagacity than many of the larger kinds And that as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his Majesty some signal service The King heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could because as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses) he should be glad to hear of any thing that might deserve imitation

Imagine with thyself courteous reader how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country in a style equal to its merits and felicity

I began my discourse by informing his Majesty that our dominions consisted of two islands which composed three mighty kingdoms under one sovereign, beside our plantations in America I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil and the temperature of our climate I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English Parliament partly made up of an illustrious body called the House of Peers persons of the noblest blood and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms to qualify them for being counsellors born to the King and Kingdom to have a share in the legislature to be members of the highest Court of Judicature from whence there could be no appeal and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country by their valour conduct and fidelity That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors whose honour had been the reward of their virtue from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate To these were joined several holy persons as part of that assembly under the title of Bishops whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion and of those who instruct the people therein These were searched and sought out through the whole nation by the prince and his wisest counsellors among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives and the depth of their erudition who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people

That the other part of the Parliament consisted of an assembly called the House of Commons who were all principal gentlemen freely picked and culled out by the people themselves for their great abilities and love of their country to represent the wisdom of the whole nation And these two bodies make up the most august assembly in Europe to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed

I then descended to the Courts of Justice over which the Judges those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men as well as for the punishment of vice, and protection of innocence I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury the valour and achievements of our forces by sea and land I computed the number of our people by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect or political party among us I did not omit even our sports and pastimes or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about an hundred years past

This conversation was not ended under five audiences each of several hours and the King heard the whole with great attention frequently taking notes of what I spoke as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me

When I had put an end to these long discourses his Majesty in a sixth audience consulting his notes proposed many doubts queries and objections upon every article He asked what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives What course was taken to supply that assembly when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady, or a prime minister or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country and how they came by it so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow subjects in the last resort Whether they were always so free from avarice partialities or want that a bribe or some other sinister view could have no place among them Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters and the sanctity of their lives had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow after they were admitted into that assembly

He then desired to know what arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners whether a stranger with a strong purse might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood How it came to pass that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit that his Majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere and he desired to know whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince in conjunction with a corrupted ministry He multiplied his questions and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head proposing numberless enquiries and objections which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat

Upon what I said in relation to our Courts of Justice his Majesty desired to be satisfied in several points and this I was better able to do having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery which was decreed for me with costs He asked what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong and what degree of expense Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious or oppressive Whether party in religion or politics were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity or only in provincial national and other local customs Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure Whether they had ever at different times pleaded for and against the same cause and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions And particularly whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate

He fell next upon the management of our treasury and said he thought my memory had failed me because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year and when I came to mention the issues he found they sometimes amounted to more than double for the notes he had taken were very particular on this point, because he hoped as he told me that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him and he could not be deceived in his calculations But, if what I told him were true he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate like a private person He asked me who were our creditors and where we should find money to pay them He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars,

that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people or live among very neighbours and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings asked what business we had out of our own islands unless upon the sco trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet Above all he amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army in the midst of p and among a free people He said if we were governed by our own co in the persons of our representatives he could not imagine of whom we afraid, or against whom we were to fight, and would hear my opi whether a private man s house might not better be defended by himsel children and family than by half a dozen rascals picked up at a ventu the streets for small wages who might get an hundred times more by ting their throats

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic (as he was pleased to call i reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from several sects among us in religion and politics He said he knew no rea why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public, should obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them And as it tyranny in any government to require the first so it was weakness no enforce the second for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in closet, but not to vend them about for cordials

He observed that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry I mentioned gaming He desired to know at what age this entertainment usually taken up and when it was laid down how much of their time it ployed whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes whe mean vicious people by their dexterity in that art might not arrive at g riches and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence as well as hab ate them to vile companions wholly take them from the improvement their minds and force them by the losses they have received to learn practise that infamous dexterity upon others

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of affairs during the last century, protesting it was only an heap of conspirac rebellions, murders massacres revolutions banishments the very worst fects that avarice faction hypocrisy perfidiousness cruelty rage madn hatred envy lust malice or ambition could produce

His Majesty in another audience was at the pains to recapitulate the s of all I had spoken compared the questions he made with the answer had given then taking me into his hands and stroking me gently delive himself in these words which I shall never forget nor the manner he spo them in My little friend Grildrig you have made a most admirable pan gyric upon your country you have clearly proved that ignorance idlene and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator that laws a

best explained interpreted and applied by those whose interest and abilities lies in perverting confounding and eluding them I observe among you some lines of an institution which in its original might have been tolerable but these half erased and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions It doth not appear from all you have said how any one virtue is required towards the procurement of any one station among you much less that men are ennobled on account of their virtue that priests are advanced for their piety or learning soldiers for their conduct or valour judges for their integrity senators for the love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom As for yourself continued the King who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country But by what I have gathered from your own relation and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth

Nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story It was in vain to discover my resentments which were always turned into ridicule and I was forced to rest with patience while my noble and most beloved country was so injuriously treated I am heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be that such an occasion was given but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication that I artfully eluded many of his questions and gave to every point a more favourable turn by many degrees than the strictness of truth would allow For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country which Dionysius Halicarnassensis with so much justice recommends to an historian I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light This was my sincere endeavour in those many discourses I had with that mighty monarch although it unfortunately failed of success

The Houyhnhnms Learn About War, Gulliver's Homecoming

The reader may please to observe, that the following extract of many conversations I had with my master, contains a summary of the most material points which were discoursed at several times for above two years, his Honour often desiring fuller satisfaction as I farther improved in the *Houyhnhnm* tongue I laid before him, as well as I could the whole state of Europe, I discoursed of trade and manufactures of arts and sciences, and the answers I gave to all the questions he made, as they arose upon several subjects, were a fund of conversation not to be exhausted But I shall here only set down the substance of what passed between us concerning my own country reducing it into order as well as I can, without any regard to time or other circumstances while I strictly adhere to truth

He asked me what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another I answered they were innumerable, but I should only mention a few of the chief Sometimes the ambition of princes who never think they have land or people enough to govern sometimes the corruption of ministers who engage their master in a war in order to stifle or divert the clamour of the subjects against their evil administration Difference in opinions hath cost many millions of lives for instance whether flesh be bread or bread be flesh whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine whether whistling be a vice or a virtue, whether it be better to kiss a post, or throw it into the fire what is the best colour for a coat whether black white red or gray and whether it should be long or short narrow or wide dirty or clean with many more Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long continuance as those occasioned by difference in opinion especially if it be in things indifferent

What you have told me' said my master, upon the subject of war does indeed discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger and that nature hath left you utterly uncapable of doing much mischief

For your mouths lying flat with your faces you can hardly bite each other to any purpose unless by consent Then as to the claws upon your feet before and behind they are so short and tender that one of our *Yahoos* would drive a dozen of yours before him And therefore in recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle I cannot but think that you have *said the thing which is not*'

I could not forbear shaking my head and smiling a little at his ignorance And being no stranger to the art of war I gave him a description of cannons culverins muskets carabines, pistols bullets powder, swords bayonets battles sieges retreats attacks undermines countermines bombardments sea fights ships sunk with a thousand men twenty thousand killed on each side dying groans, limbs flying in the air smoke noise confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet flight, pursuit victory fields strewed with carcases left for food to dogs and wolves and birds of prey plundering stripping ravishing burning and destroying And to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege and as many in a ship and beheld the dead bodies come down in pieces from the clouds to the great diversion of the spectators

I was going on to more particulars when my master commanded me silence He said whoever understood the nature of *Yahoos* might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named if their strength and cunning equalled their malice But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind to which he was wholly a stranger before He thought his ears being used to such abominable words might by degrees admit them with less detestation That although he hated the *Yahoos* of this country yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities than he did a *gnnayh* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof But when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself He seemed therefore confident that instead of reason, we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill-shapen body not only larger but more distorted

[*The Houyhnhnms having decided that Gulliver may not be allowed to remain with them, he is put to sea on a canoe, picked up by a Portuguese vessel, and conveyed back to England*]

My wife and family received me with great surprise and joy because they concluded me certainly dead but I must freely confess the sight of them filled me only with hatred disgust and contempt and the more by reflecting on the near alliance I had to them For although since my unfortunate exile from the *Houyhnhnm* country I had compelled myself to tolerate the sight of *Yahoos* and to converse with Don Pedro de Mendez yet my memory and imagination were perpetually filled with the virtues

and ideas of those exalted *Houyhnhnms* And when I began to consider th
by copulating with one of the *Yahoo* species I had become a parent of mo
it struck me with the utmost shame confusion and horror

As soon as I entered the house my wife took me in her arms, and kiss
me, at which having not been used to the touch of that odious animal f
so many years, I fell in a swoon for almost an hour At the time I am writi
it is five years since my last return to England during the first year, I cou
not endure my wife or children in my presence, the very smell of th
was intolerable, much less could I suffer them to eat in the same room.
this hour they dare not presume to touch my bread or drink out of t
same cup neither was I ever able to let one of them take me by the hand

I began last week to permit my wife to sit at dinner with me, at t
farthest end of a long table and to answer (but with the utmost brevit
the few questions I asked her Yet the smell of a *Yahoo* continuing v
offensive, I always keep my nose well stopped with rue, lavender, or
bacco leaves And although it be hard for a man late in life to remove
habits I am not altogether out of hopes in some time to suffer a neighb
Yahoo in my company without the apprehensions I am yet under of
teeth or his claws

My reconcilement to the *Yahoo* kind in general might not be so diffic
if they would be content with those vices and follies only which nat
hath entitled them to I am not in the least provoked at the sight of a la
yer a pick pocket a colonel a fool a lord, a gamester, a politician, a who
master a physician an evidence, a suborner an attorney, a traitor, or
like, this is all according to the due course of things but when I behol
lump of deformity and diseases both in body and mind, smitten with *pr*
it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience neither shall I be e
able to comprehend how such an animal and such a vice could tally togeth

JOHN GAY DEVISES A NOVEL FORM OF PASTORAL

THE BEGGAR S OPERA was inspired by a facetious remark of Swift s about what a pretty oddity a Newgate Pastoral might be Originally the pastoral lyric had simple folk like shepherds expressing deep feeling in learned and elevated language It combined the desire to write in the most beautiful way with the sentiment that the country dweller is somehow close to nature profoundly in touch with the sources of existence Thereby it fused the virtues of nature and art the poet mirrored in himself both the complexity and artifice of his own world and the dignity of a life rooted in fundamental things By reminding us furthermore that the shepherd is a guardian of his flock the poet could suggest analogies with rulers and their people pastors and their congregations and make his rural scene a symbol of all society and the whole world

When the pastoral is used for satire the shepherd becomes a variant on the ironic device of the pure fool Standing outside of sophisticated society and naively voicing his wonder or bewilderment at its ways he seems at first to be exposing only his own ignorance and simplicity but gradually his words drip doubts into our minds about whether the conventions we have taken for granted are really natural and good Or, conversely, when he voices our sentiments but does so in a background

of sheepfolds and crooks, the incongruity reveals how merely specious are these ideas that seemed well enough in more familiar surroundings He is an ambiguous figure who both criticizes and exemplifies a world that he lights up from queerly shifting angles

Strephon and Corydon appear seldom in modern poetry and even less often in our satire (though Gilbert uses a Strephon in Iolanthe) But giving up the obvious pastoral only made it necessary for satirists to invent new figures to serve the same function The Oriental visitor of Montesquieu and Goldsmith various interplanetary travelers from Voltaire's Micromégas to the present time travelers like H G Wells's Sleeper who wakes up in the twenty first century Noble Savages and Natural Men Peacock's Sir Oran Haut Ton the Independent Farmer contrasted with the city slickers in Mrs Mowat's Fashion clowns simpletons and saints like those in Penguin Island children looking on the adult world, like Carroll's Alice and Mark Twain's Huck Finn or childlike persons, such as Lorelei in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—all these are merely different versions of the simple outsider as satiric touchstone

Miss Loos's heroine also falls into another category of the pastoral convention the human being alienated from and preying upon society, whose values cut across it because he is at odds with the world This is the version of pastoral that The Beggar's Opera so brilliantly represents All the characters are upon the shady edges of society Macheath a highwayman Filch, a pickpocket Peachum a receiver of stolen goods Lockit a turnkey in cahoots with Peachum most of the women prostitutes Their behavior and their principles are equally revealing whether these agree with those of everyday convention or are on the bias to them Poor lad! exclaims Mrs Peachum How little does he know as yet of the Old Bailey! just as a respectable matron might say of life How this suddenly lights up our minds with the vision of a way of existing to which life and jail are almost synonymous And when Mr and Mrs Peachum are in a great passion to learn whether Polly has been so ill-advised as to marry Peachum shouts in the manner of a father fearing his daughter has been seduced Tell me, Hussy are you ruined or no?

But if the judgments of this criminal world are different from ours they are also paradoxically the same The greatest heroes Peachum tells Macheath after his doxies have betrayed him to the constables have been ruined by women Throughout the whole piece says the Beggar who presents the play you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable

vices) the fine Gentlemen imitate the Gentlemen of the Road or the Gentlemen of the Road the fine Gentlemen The hussies who swarm around Macheath and surreptitiously remove his pistols while they stop his mouth with kisses perform their treachery with an elegant languor of good breeding The sharpness of the analogy bites still deeper when Mrs Peachum criticizes Macheath What business hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? he should leave them to prey upon one another

The entire play in fact from one angle is nothing but an unmasking of the governing classes as a gang of marauders putting a pistol to the public s head with government simply the method of conducting the holdup Macheath was recognized to be a burlesque on the Prime Minister Sir Robert Walpole who was also mentioned in the dialogue under the name of Bob Booty And it will be noted that although Macheath has the most spectacular and dangerous role he is really nothing more than a tool of Peachum the receiver of stolen goods who takes most of the profits and none of the risks and protects himself by turning his puppets over to the law whenever they grow useless or threatening The statesmen, Gay is adroitly saying are only the instruments of commercial corruption and vested interests represented by the Peachums who get rid of their minions when they have outlived their usefulness

All these things Gay puts good humoredly enough though with unmistakable clarity He has no strong animus against Macheath indeed handles him rather sympathetically giving something almost like glamour to his foible for good manners and behaving like a gentleman If the piece has a villain, or any character Gay himself dislikes it is Peachum a symbol for the commercial industrial middle class whom Art Young would have enjoyed inventing But even Peachum is allowed to defend himself in the genial language of materialistic morality he has to take his profits and cut his losses and if he didn t do it somebody else would Throughout the whole action of this Newgate Pastoral' Gay exploits the full possibilities of his pastoral convention with a liveliness of wit that positively dances playing every variation on attack and ironic defense Now Macheath and Peachum are speaking for the aristocracy and upper middle class now their very words of justification let the bottom drop out of the case they seem to put and give away the show instead and now still another transformation turns them back into criminals again with a novel but quite logical code of their own that throws into an entirely new light the codes of respectable society It is a comic ballet of perspectives by incongruity

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

The Beggar's Opera was first performed in 1728 The scenes given here are from Act I Scenes 4 through 8

Peachum and His Wife Learn the Worst About Their Daughter

The scene is in Peachum's house
Peachum at his account book, talking with Mrs Peachum

PEACHUM Was Captain Macheath here this Morning for the Bank notes he left with you last Week?

MRS PEACHUM Yes my Dear and though the Bank hath stopt Payment, he was so cheerful and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer Gentleman upon the Road than the Captain! If he comes from Bagshot at any reasonable Hour he hath promis'd to make one this Evening with Polly and me and Bob Booty, at a Party of Quadrille Pray, my Dear is the Captain rich?

PEACHUM The Captain keeps too good Company ever to grow rich Marybone and the Chocolate houses are his undoing The Man that proposes to get Money by Play should have the Education of a fine Gentleman, and be train'd up to it from his Youth

MRS PEACHUM Really I am sorry upon Polly's Account the Captain hath not more Discretion What business hath he to keep Company with Lords and Gentlemen he should leave them to prey upon one another

PEACHUM Upon Polly's Account! What a Plague does the Woman mean? —Upon Polly's Account!

MRS PEACHUM Captain Macheath is very fond of the Girl

PEACHUM And what then?

MRS PEACHUM If I have any Skill in the Ways of Women I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty Man

PEACHUM And what then? You would not be so mad to have the Wench marry him! Gamesters and Highwaymen are generally very good to their Whores but they are very Devils to their Wives

MRS PEACHUM But if Polly should be in love how should we help her or how can she help herself? Poor Girl I am in the utmost Concern about her

AIR IV Why is your faithful Slave disdain'd? &c.

If Love the Virgin's Heart invade
How, like a Moth, the simple Maid
Still plays about the Flame!
If soon she be not made a Wife,
Her Honour's sing'd, and then for Life,
She's—what I dare not name.

PEACHUM Look ye, Wife. A handsome Wench in our way of Business is as profitable as at the Bar of a Temple Coffee-House, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every Liberty but one. You see I would indulge the Girl as far as prudently we can. In any thing, but Marriage! After that, my Dear, how shall we be safe? Are we not then in her Husband's Power? For a Husband hath the absolute Power over all a Wife's Secrets but her own. If the Girl had the Discretion of a Court Lady, who can have a dozen young Fellows at her Ear without complying with one, I should not matter it; but Polly is Tinder, and a Spark will at once set her on a Flame. Married! If the Wench does not know her own Profit, sure she knows her own Pleasure better than to make herself a Property! My Daughter to me should be, like a Court Lady to a Minister of State, a Key to the whole Gang. Married! If the Affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the Example of our Neighbours.

MRS PEACHUM May-hap, my Dear, you may injure the Girl. She loves to imitate the fine Ladies, and she may only allow the Captain Liberties in the View of Interest.

PEACHUM But 'tis your Duty, my Dear, to warn the Girl against her Ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her Beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and sift her. In the meantime, Wife, rip out the Coronets and Marks of these dozen of Cambric Handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this Afternoon to a Chap in the City. *Exit Peachum*

MRS PEACHUM Never was a man more out of the way in an Argument than my Husband! Why must our Polly, forsooth, differ from her Sex, and love only her Husband? And why must Polly's Marriage, contrary to all Observation, make her the less followed by other Men? All Men are Thieves in Love, and like a Woman the better for being another's Property.

AIR V OF ALL THE SIMPLE THINGS WE DO &C

A Maid is like the golden Oar
Which hath Guineas intrinsical in t,
Whose Worth is never known before
It is try d and imprest in the Mint

A Wife s like a Guinea in Gold
Stampt with the Name of her Spouse,
Now here now there is bought or is sold,
And is current in every House

Enter Filch

MRS PEACHUM Come hither, Filch I am as fond of this Child as though my Mind misgave me he were my own He hath as fine a Hand at picking a Pocket as a Woman and is as nimble finger d as a Juggler If an unlucky Session does not cut the Rope of thy Life I pronounce Boy thou wilt be a great Man in History Where was your Post last Night my Boy

FILCH I ply d at the Opera Madam and considering twas neither dark nor rainy so that there was no great Hurry in getting Chairs and Coaches, made a tolerable hand on t These seven Handkerchiefs Madam

MRS PEACHUM Colour d ones I see They are of sure Sale from our Warehouse at Redress among the Seamen

FILCH And this Snuff box

MRS PEACHUM Set in Gold! A pretty Encouragement this to a young Beginner

FILCH I had a fair tug at a charming Gold Watch Pox take the Taylors for making the Fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the way and I was forc d to make my Escape under a Coach Really Madam I fear I shall be cut off in the Flower of my Youth so that every now and then (since I was pumpt) I have thoughts of taking up and going to Sea

MRS PEACHUM You should go to Hockley *in the Hole* and to Marybone Child to learn Valour These are the Schools that have bred so many brave Men I thought Boy by this time *thou hadst lost Fear* as well as Shame Poor Lad! how little does he know as yet of the Old Bailey! For the first Fact I ll insure thee from being hang d and going to Sea, Filch will come time enough upon a Sentence of Transportation But now since you have nothing better to do ev n go to your Book and learn your Catechism for really a Man makes but an ill Figure in the Ordinary s Paper who cannot give a satisfactory Answer to his Questions But

hark you my lad Don t tell me a Lye for you know I hate a Lyar Do you know of any thing that hath past between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

FILCH I beg you Madam don t ask me, for I must either tell a Lye to you or to Miss Polly, for I promis d her I would not tell

MRS PEACHUM But when the Honour of our Family is concern d—

FILCH I shall lead a sad Life with Miss Polly if ever she come to know that I told you Besides I would not willingly forfeit my own Honour by betraying any body

MRS PEACHUM Yonder comes my Husband and Polly Come Filch you shall go with me into my own Room and tell me the whole Story I ll give thee a most delicious Glass of a Cordial that I keep for my own drinking *Exeunt Mrs Peachum and Filch, enter Peachum and Polly*

POLLY I know as well as any of the fine Ladies how to make the most of my self and of my Man too A Woman knows how to be mercenary though she hath never been in a Court or at an Assembly We have it in our Natures Papa If I allow Captain Macheath some trifling Liberties I have this Watch and other visible Marks of his Favour to show for it A Girl who cannot grant some Things and refuse what is most material will make but a poor hand of her Beauty, and soon be thrown upon the Common

AIR VI WHAT SHALL I DO TO SHOW HOW MUCH I LOVE HER &C

Virgins are like the fair Flower in its Lustre
Which in the Garden enamels the Ground
Near it the Bees in Play flutter and cluster
And gaudy Butterflies frolick around
But when once pluck d tis no longer alluring
To Covent Garden tis sent (as yet sweet,)
There fades and shrinks and grows past all enduring
Rots stinks and dies and is trod under feet

PEACHUM You know Polly I am not against your toying and trifling with a Customer in the way of Business or to get out a Secret or so But if I find out that you have play d the fool and are married you Jade you I ll cut your Throat Hussy Now you know my Mind

AIR VII OH LONDON IS A FINE TOWN

Enter Mrs Peachum, in a very great Passion

Our Polly is a sad Slut! nor heeds what we taught her
I wonder any Man alive will ever rear a Daughter!
For she must have both Hoods and Gowns and Hoops to swell her Pride
With Scarfs and Stays, and Gloves and Lace, and she will have Men beside,
And when she s drest with Care and Cost, all-tempting, fine and gay,
As Men should serve a Cowcumber she flings herself away
Our Polly is a sad Slut &c

MRS PEACHUM You Baggage! you Hussy! you inconsiderate Jade! had you been hang d it would not have vex d me, for that might have been your Misfortune, but to do such a mad thing by Choice! The Wench is married Husband

PEACHUM Married! The Captain is a bold man, and will risque any thing for Money to be sure he believes her a Fortune Do you think your Mother and I should have liv d comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married? Baggage!

MRS PEACHUM I knew she was always a proud Slut, and now the Wench hath play d the Fool and married because forsooth she should do like the Gentry Can you support the expense of a Husband, Hussy in gaming drinking and whoring? have you Money enough to carry on the daily Quarrels of Man and Wife about who shall squander most? There are not many Husbands and Wives who can bear the Charges of plaguing one another in a handsome way If you must be married could you introduce nobody into our Family but a Highwayman? Why thou foolish Jade thou wilt be as ill us d and as much neglected as if thou hadst married a Lord!

PEACHUM Let not your Anger my Dear, break through the Rules of Decency for the Captain looks upon himself in the Military Capacity as a Gentleman by his Profession Besides what he hath already I know he is in a fair way of getting or of dying and both these ways let me tell you are most excellent Chances for a Wife Tell me Hussy are you ruin d or no?

MRS PEACHUM With Polly s Fortune she might very well have gone off to a Person of Distinction Yes that you might you pouting Slut!

PEACHUM What is the Wench dumb? Speak, or I ll make you plead by squeezing out an Answer from you Are you really bound Wife to him, or are you only upon liking? *Pinches her*

POLLY Oh! *Screaming*

MRS PEACHUM How the Mother is to be pitied who hath handsome Daughters! Locks Bolts, Bars and Lectures of Morality are nothing to them They break through them all They have as much Pleasure in cheating a Father and Mother as in cheating at Cards

PEACHUM Why Polly, I shall soon know if you are married by Macheath s keeping from our House

AIR VIII GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS, &C.

POLLY

Can Love be controul d by Advice?
  Will Cupid our Mothers obey?
Though my Heart were as frozen as Ice
  At his Flame twould have melted away

When he kist me so closely he prest,
  'Twas so sweet that I must have comply d
So I thought it both safest and best
  To marry for fear you should chide

MRS PEACHUM Then all the Hopes of our Family are gone for ever and ever!

PEACHUM And Macheath may hang his Father and Mother in Law in hope to get into their Daughter s Fortune

POLLY I did not marry him (as 'tis the Fashion) coolly and deliberately for Honour or Money But, I love him

MRS PEACHUM Love him! worse and worse! I thought the Girl had been better bred Oh Husband Husband! her Folly makes me mad! my Head swims! I m distracted! I can t support myself—Oh! *Faints*

PEACHUM See Wench to what a Condition you have reduc d your poor Mother! a Glass of Cordial this instant How the poor Woman takes it to Heart! *Polly goes out, and returns with it*

Ah Hussy now this is the only Comfort your Mother has left!

POLLY Give her another Glass Sir my Mama drinks double the Quantity whenever she is out of Order This you see fetches her

MRS PEACHUM The Girl shows such a Readiness and so much Concern that I could almost find in my Heart to forgive her

AIR IX O JENNY O JENNY WHERE HAST THOU BEEN

POLLY
O Polly you might have toy d and kist
By keeping Men off you keep them on
But he so teaz d me
And he so pleas d me
What I did you must have done

MRS PEACHUM Not with a Highwayman —You sorry Slut!

PEACHUM A Word with you Wife 'Tis no new thing for a Wench to take Man without consent of Parents You know 'tis the Frailty of Woman, my Dear

MRS PEACHUM Yes indeed the Sex is frail But the first time a Woman is frail she should be somewhat nice methinks for then or never is the time to make her Fortune After that she hath nothing to do but to guard her self from being found out, and she may do what she pleases

PEACHUM Make your self a little easy, I have a Thought shall soon set all Matters again to rights Why so melancholy, Polly? since what is done cannot be undone, we must all endeavour to make the best of it

MRS PEACHUM Well Polly as far as one Woman can forgive another I forgive thee —Your Father is too fond of you Hussy

POLLY Then all my Sorrows are at an end

MRS PEACHUM A mighty likely Speech in troth for a Wench who is just married!

THE MELANCHOLY WIT OF SAMUEL JOHNSON



MACAULAY S violently colored essay has given currency to the para dox that Johnson is deservedly forgotten for the writings he imagined would preserve his memory and remembered only for the conversation he thought would die with him In reality much of Johnson s work merits praise His essays for all their elaborateness of diction are full of robust independence and knowledge of the world The Lives of the Poets are vigorous and clear cut in style full of lively anecdote brilliant character portrayal and penetrating literary judgments Johnson s Shakespearean criticism is wise just and revealing beyond that of more than a very few other commentators

Had Macaulay been writing of Johnson as a satirist however his words would have been more nearly true In the heat of controversy Johnson s contentiousness was stimulated his strength and mental agility came into play All the weapons of the satirist reached themselves joyfully into his grasp derision irony sarcasm hyperbole analogy knockdown abuse I can provide you with an argument Sir he told an opponent who had sa d he couldn t understand Johnson s point but I cannot provide you

with an understanding To a gentleman who had been annoying him with sentimental Rousseauistic effusions about roaming the wilderness with a gun and an Indian woman for his bride "What more could be desired for human happiness?" —Johnson burst out, This is sad stuff, it is brutish. If a bull could speak he might as well exclaim, 'Here am I with this cow and this grass what being could enjoy greater felicity?' *

But alone by himself Johnson's thoughts became gloomy, and when he reflected on human life and fate he fell into the melancholy didacticism that makes Rasselas Prince of Abyssinia *so different from the satiric horse play of* Voltaire's Candide *though the two resemble each other so closely in thought Rasselas escaping from the Happy Valley is like Candide leaving El Dorado and the miseries he finds in the outer world, though more abstractly portrayed are no less overwhelming than those Candide experiences in person But Johnson's sad expository force merely demonstrates what Voltaire makes into a hilarious dance of destruction*

Fired by personal indignation Johnson could sharpen the barbed sentences of his letter to Chesterfield More abstract evils though leave him only heavyhearted his Vanity of Human Wishes *professedly an imitation of Juvenal's Tenth Satire echoes the weariness of Ecclesiastes rather than the fury of Juvenal And the reader may mark for himself the differences between Johnson's* London *and Juvenal's* Third Satire *whose form and sequence of ideas it follows*

Johnson is wittier than Juvenal His 'fool in half his pension dressed' is a cleverer turn of phrase than anything Juvenal engineers and his illustration of the eager servility of the French Monsieur, *Bid him go to hell to hell he goes more ludicrous in its leap from metaphorical command to literal obedience than anything Juvenal says to prove the sycophancy of the Greeks In his opening description of the horrors of urban life—*

> *Here falling houses thunder on your head*
> *And here a female atheist talks you dead—*

the very juxtaposition is comic

Throughout all his poem Johnson is ingenious in finding analogies to his Latin original Greece and Syria become Paris and Rome, the supple Frenchman bowing and scraping the equivalent of the wily Greek But the whole tone of Johnson's denunciation is much milder He does not feel in fact that French ways have gained any such disastrous hold in England as Juvenal felt Greece had done in Rome The extremes of luxury and want

he observes and condemns but without Juvenal's horror and violence The truth is that Juvenal's hatred of urban life was real but Johnson's only a literary convention When a man is tired of London, he once said, 'he is tired of life for there is in London all that life can afford Johnson could write with conviction of the miseries that afflicted all existence he did not really feel that they were worse but rather that they were less onerously felt in London than elsewhere That is why the Third Satire is an overflow of volcanic passion and London *a clever and polished work of wit*

LONDON

A POEM IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL

««« This poem was published in 1738 »»»

Thales Finds Fault with Life in England's Capital

—Quis iniquae
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?
—Juv 1 30, 1
(Who so patient of the unjust town, so unfeeling
as to restrain himself?)

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel
When injured Thales bids the town farewell
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend
(I praise the hermit but regret the friend)
Who now resolves from vice and London far
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
For who would leave unbrib d, Hibernia s land
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away
But all whom hunger spares with age decay
Here malice rapine accident, conspire
And now a rabble rages now a fire
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey
Here falling houses thunder on your head
And here a female atheist talks you dead
While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains
On Thames s banks in silent thought we stood
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza birth
We kneel and kiss the consecrated earth
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia s glories back to view,

Behold her cross triumphant on the main
The guard of Commerce and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd excise oppress'd
Or English honour grew a standing jest
A transient calm the happy scenes bestow
And for a moment lull the sense of woe
At length awaking with contemptuous frown
Indignant Thales eyes the neighb'ring town
'Since worth" he cries in these degen'rate days,
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise
In those curs'd walls devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little less
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins
Grant me kind Heaven to find some happier place
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play
Some peaceful vale with Nature's paintings gay
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes
Some secret cell ye Pow'rs indulgent give
Let —— live here for —— has learn'd to live
Here let those reign whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black a courtier white
Explain their country's dear bought rights away
And plead for pirates in the face of day
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth
And lend a lie the confidence of truth
Let such raise palaces and manors buy
Collect a tax or farm a lottery
With warbling eunuchs fill our licens'd stage
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age
Heroes proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold?
What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious Virtue quite o'erthrown
Behold our fame our wealth our lives your own
"To such the plunder of a land is giv'n
When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heav'n
But what my friend what hope remains for me

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In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew
And call Britannia s glories back to view,

Hiss'd from the stage or hooted from the court,
Their air their dress their politics import
Obsequious artful voluble and gay
On Britain's fond credulity they prey
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape
They sing they dance clean shoes their fiddles scrape
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows
And bid him go to hell to hell he goes
  Ah! what avails it that, from slav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in English air
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery prevails when arms are vain?
  Studious to please and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite
Still to his int'rest true where'er he goes
Wit, brav'ry worth his lavish tongue bestows,
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine
These arts in vain our rugged natives try
Strain out with falt'ring diffidence a lie
And gain a kick for awkward flattery
  'Besides with justice this discerning age
Admires their wondrous talents for the stage
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn till night a borrow'd part,
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace
Repeat his maxims and reflect his face
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye,
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog days in December sweat
  How when competitors like these contend,
Can surly Virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile
And lie without a blush without a smile
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air!

"For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast,
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart,
Then soon your ill placed confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke,
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
'Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear Oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where, won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favors of his lord.
But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies;
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little all to flames a prey;
Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving Merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,

While all neglect, and most insult your woes
    Should Heav'n's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound
And spread his flaming palace on the ground
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies
And public mournings pacify the skies
The laureat tribe in venal verse relate
How Virtue wars with persecuting fate,
With well feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land
See! while he builds the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome,
The price of boroughs and of souls restore
And raise his treasures higher than before
Now blessed with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble and the shining plate
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire
    Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat
Some hireling senator's deserted seat
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand
There prune thy walks support thy drooping flow'rs
Direct thy rivulets and twine thy bow'rs
And while thy grounds a cheap repast afford
Despise the dainties of a venal lord
There ev'ry bush with Nature's music rings
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings
On all thy hours security shall smile
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil
    Prepare for death if here at night you roam
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man
Some frolic drunkard reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil and stabs you for a jest
Yet ev'n these heroes mischievously gay
Lords of the street and terrors of the way
Flush'd as they are with folly youth and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine

Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach
And shun the shining train and golden coach
"In vain these dangers past your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose,
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar,
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest
And plants unseen a dagger in your breast
'Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply
Propose your schemes ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking land
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring
To rig another convoy for the king
'A single gaol in Alfred's golden reign
Could half the nation's criminals contain,
Fair Justice, then without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale but *sheath'd the sword*,
No spies were paid no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah how diff'rent from our own!
Much could I add but see the boat at hand
The tide retiring calls me from the land
Farewell!—When youth and health and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times,
Then shall thy friend nor thou refuse his aid
Still foe to vice forsake his Cambrian shade,
In Virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page'

THE HAMMER OF IRONY



FIELDING'S *Jonathan Wild* is the most sustained and powerful piece of irony in all satire. Without the range of his great comic novels it beats on the mind like the ring of an iron bell. Its astringency is a strange distillation from the genial sanity that created the comic epic and blew like a high wind over all the England of Fielding's day, but it grows out of the same stronghearted realism that produced his other works. Added to them, it proves that Fielding could sound every note from Swiftian irony to a wild and rollicking buffoonery. His *Tragedy of Tragedies*, or *The Life and Death of Tom Thumb*, is an almost unbelievably funny burlesque of the pseudo-classical drama phrased in language of outrageous bombast. The King announces in nobly swelling iambics his intention to spend an evening of carousal:

> Tonight it is Our purpose to get drunk,
> And this Our Queen shall be as drunk as We.

The death of the heroine is pathetically lamented in the words "O! Hunkamunka, Hunkamunka, O!" At the scene in which Lord Grizzle kills Tom Thumb's ghost even so exigent a reader as Jonathan Swift laughed out loud.

More serious in purpose, hardly less hilarious in manner, *Joseph Andrews* began as a parody of *Pamela*, Richardson's heroine sedulously

guarding her chastity against the repeated assaults of her unscrupul employer Mr B was able finally like a cunning haggler to disp of it at the highest market price marriage with the would be seduc Fielding invents a brother named Joseph who is no less chaste than sister and who is a footman to Lady Booby But Joseph s reward wh he virtuously refuses to be seduced by his mistress is to find hims kicked downstairs and out of the house—a rather more probable fate th Pamela s Tom Jones *poses a full fledged counterdemonstration to t tradesmanlike morality in which virtue is represented as a matter of lowing prudential maxims and reaping material rewards Scapegrace T Jones drinks roisters and is far from sedulously chaste but he is wa hearted and straightforward he doesn t like the smooth Blifil malicio releasing Sophia s bird because the poor creature languished for liber give a fine reason for doing a mean thing Morality Fielding insists is calculating and practical it cheapens goodness to defend it by arguing it pays Always in both books Fielding s stand is consistently the sa the true goodness of Parson Adams may need to be better directed intelligence but it is goodness which springs from the heart in s taneous sweetness generosity, and love and goodness is* not *mere manners obedience to convention or enlightened self interest*

Rambling through the green fields and along the high road eighteenth-century England ranging the gamut of society from Sir Th Booby's town house and Squire Western s country estate to Black Geo cottage now toasting their toes at the roaring fires of rural taverns surrounded by the bustle of some fashionable watering place or the r of London, always full of sunlight and fresh air Tom Jones *and* Jo Andrews *have much more in them than demonstrating a doctrin satirizing a fellow novelist they are as large and lusty as life But sanity and health of vision are the sustaining values that give strength wisdom to Fielding s satire as well*

Fielding knew that Pamela was no more than a coarse grained op tunist with an eye to the main chance and his own Blifil only a villain Nevertheless their qualities selfishness and lack of moral deli are the small beginnings of the vices which grown to full stature, fill globe with self seeking aggression, and cruelty Pamela does no pos evil She merely fails to feel that a man who has tried bribery abduc assault and rape hardly becomes a desirable husband and human b when in pure exhaustion he offers wedlock to gratify his desires Al

sees is that for a servant girl to marry her employer is a great step upward in the world Multiply her lack of nicety by a good round number and you get Blifil—ready to be connive ingratiate and deceive Multiply Blifil in brain boldness greed or brutality and you get a Caligula or an Alex arder You get in brief one of those figures of history which when they operate on a sufficiently grandiose scale of evil are called great men

With a few insignificant and miserable exceptions like saints philoso phers scientists artists and poets many of whom were either ignored or maltreated in their lifetimes those whom the world has called great Fielding points out have usually been those who excelled in satisfying their own desires by inflicting injuries on others Mingling any ideas of good ness with the idea of greatness is mere confusion of mind Greatness is in reality nothing but a relentless remorseless undeviating will to power It is the force that has animated all the captains and conquerors the politi cal manipulators and the financial exploiters and run in thick streaks through the millionaires and malefactors of the ages The degree to which they have possessed it ensured whether they should be small time scoun drels or—Great Men Such is the ironic reasoning by which Fielding brings us to Jonathan Wild bully highwayman cheat gangster organizer and monopolist of crime as a great man For in Jonathan the will to power appears in its purest form undiminished by any faltering of the ego and unadulterated by any weakening virtue If we revere a Rockefeller for his millions or a Napoleon for his conquests in logic we should admire Wild

On the premises built up by this argument Fielding constructs as I have said the most sustained and consistent work of ironic narrative in all satire No other satirist approaches his achievement except Thorstein Veblen and even Veblen s Theory of the Leisure Class sometimes drops the mask for a moment Jonathan Wild never From beginning to end Fielding not only presents Wild as a great man he pretends to admire his greatness and he not only does this he consistently pretends to sneer at every quality that might be an obstacle to greatness as despicably weak and contemptible He never deviates from the tone of heroic narrative and never fails to commend Wild s lowest villainies as the loftiest triumphs These facts not only make Jonathan Wild an extraordinary tour de force they endow it with a kind of cruel power and brutal wit unexampled even in satire The tremendous depth of unspoken condemnation is like the cold menace of an iceberg moving with nine tenths of its destructive strength hidden beneath the sea

his last moments, accordingly all efforts for a reprieve were vain and the name of Wild stood at the head of those who were ordered for execution

From the time he gave over all hopes of life his conduct was truly grea and admirable Instead of showing any marks of dejection or contritior he rather infused more confidence and assurance into his looks. He spen most of his hours in drinking with his friends and with the good man abov commemorated In one of these compotations, being asked whether he wa afraid to die, he answered Damn me it is only a dance without music Another time when one expressed some sorrow for his misfortune, as h termed it he said with great fierceness "A man can die but once Agai when one of his intimate acquaintance hinted his hopes that he would d like a man he cocked his hat in defiance and cries out greatly— Zound who s afraid?

Happy would it have been for posterity could we have retrieved a entire conversation which passed at this season especially between our he and his learned comforter, but we have searched many pasteboard reco in vain

On the eve of his apotheosis Wild s lady desired to see him to which consented This meeting was at first very tender on both sides, but it co not continue so for unluckily some hints of former miscarriages int vening as particularly when she asked him how he could have used her barbarously once as calling her bitch and whether such language beca a man much less a gentleman Wild flew into a violent passion, and sw she was the vilest of bitches to upbraid him at such a season with an guarded word spoke long ago She replied with many tears she was w enough served for her folly in visiting such a brute but she had one co fort however that it would be the last time he could ever treat her so, t indeed she had some obligation to him for that his cruelty to her wo reconcile her to the fate he was to morrow to suffer and indeed, noth but such brutality could have made the consideration of his shameful de (so this weak woman called hanging) which was now inevitable, to borne even without madness She then proceeded to a recapitulation of faults in an exacter order, and with more perfect memory than one wo have imagined her capable of, and it is probable would have rehearse complete catalogue had not our hero s patience failed him so that with utmost fury and violence he caught her by the hair and kicked her heartily as his chains would suffer him out of the room

At length the morning came which Fortune at his birth had resolu ordained for the consummation of our hero s GREATNESS he had him indeed modestly declined the public honours she intended him and taken a quantity of laudanum, in order to retire quietly off the stage

we have already observed in the course of our wonderful history that to struggle against this lady's decrees is vain and impotent and whether she hath determined you shall be hanged or be a prime minister it is in either case lost labour to resist Laudanum therefore being unable to stop the breath of our hero, which the fruit of hemp seed, and not the spirit of poppy seed was to overcome he was at the usual hour attended by the proper gentleman appointed for that purpose and acquainted that the cart was ready On this occasion he exerted that greatness of courage which hath been so much celebrated in other heroes and knowing it was impossible to resist he gravely declared he would attend them He then descended to that room where the fetters of great men are knocked off in a most solemn and ceremonious manner Then shaking hands with his friends (to wit those who were conducting him to the tree) and drinking their healths in a bumper of brandy he ascended the cart, where he was no sooner seated than he received the acclamations of the multitude who were highly ravished with his GREATNESS

The cart now moved slowly on being preceded by a troop of horse guards bearing javelins in their hands through streets lined with crowds all *admiring the great behaviour of our hero* who rode on sometimes sighing sometimes swearing sometimes singing or whistling as his humour varied When he came to the tree of glory he was welcomed with an universal shout of the people who were there assembled in prodigious numbers to behold a sight much more rare in populous cities than one would reasonably imagine it should be viz the proper catastrophe of a great man

But though envy was through fear obliged to join the general voice in applause *on this occasion there were not wanting some who maligned this* completion of glory, which was now about to be fulfilled to our hero and endeavoured to prevent it by knocking him on the head as he stood under the tree while the ordinary was performing his last office They therefore began to batter the cart with stones brickbats dirt and all manner of mischievous weapons some of which erroneously playing on the robes of the ecclesiastic made him so expeditious in his repetition that with wonderful alacrity he had ended almost in an instant and conveyed himself into a place of safety in a hackney coach where he waited the conclusion with a temper of mind described in these verses

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis
E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem

We must not however omit one circumstance as it serves to show the most admirable conservation of character in our hero to the last moment; which was that whilst the ordinary was busy in his ejaculations Wild, in the midst of the shower of stones &c which played upon him, applied

his hands to the parson s pocl et and emptied it of his bottle-screw, which he carried out of the world in his hand

The ordinary being now descended from the cart, Wild had just opportunity to cast his eyes around the crowd and to give them a hearty curse when immediately the horses moved on, and with universal applause our hero swung out of this world

Thus fell Jonathan Wild the GREAT, by a death as glorious as his life had been and which was so truly agreeable to it that the latter must have been deplorably maimed and imperfect without the former a death which hath been alone wanting to complete the characters of several ancient and modern heroes whose histories would then have been read with much greater pleasure by the wisest in all ages Indeed we could almost wish that whenever Fortune seems wantonly to deviate from her purpose, and leaves her work imperfect in this particular the historian would indulge himself in the licence of poetry and romance and even do a violence to truth to oblige his reader with a page which must be the most delightful in all the history, and which could never fail of producing an instructive moral

Narrow minds may possibly have some reason to be ashamed of going this way out of the world if their consciences can fly in their faces and assure them they have not merited such an honour but he must be a fool who is ashamed of being hanged who is not weal enough to be ashamed of having deserved it

The Character of Wild, and Conclusion

We will now endeavour to draw the character of this great man, and, by bringing together those several features as it were of his mind which lie scattered up and down in this history to present our readers with a perfect picture of greatness

Jonathan Wild had every qualification necessary to form a great man. As his most powerful and predominant passion was ambition so nature had with consummate propriety adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this passion directed him He was extremely ingenious in inventing designs artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes and resolute in executing them for as the most exquisite cunning and most undaunted boldness qualified him for any undertaking so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls and which are comprehended in one general term of honesty which is a corruption of HONOSTY a word derived from what the Greeks call an ass He was entirely free from those low

vices of modesty and good nature which as he said implied a total negation of human greatness and were the only qualities which absolutely rendered a man incapable of making a considerable figure in the world His lust was inferior only to his ambition but, as for what simple people call love he knew not what it was His avarice was immense but it was of the rapacious not of the tenacious kind his rapaciousness was indeed so violent that nothing ever contented him but the whole for however considerable the share was which his coadjutors allowed him of a booty he was restless in inventing means to make himself master of the smallest pittance reserved by them He said laws were made for the use of *prigs* only and to secure their property they were never therefore more perverted than when their edge was turned against these but that this generally happened through their want of sufficient dexterity The character which he most valued himself upon and which he principally honoured in others was that of hypocrisy His opinion was that no one could carry *priggism* very far without it, for which reason, he said there was little greatness to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices but always much to be hoped from him who professed great virtues wherefore though he would always shun the person whom he discovered guilty of a good action yet he was never deterred by a good character which was more commonly the effect of profession than of action, for which reason he himself was always very liberal of honest professions and had as much virtue and goodness in his mouth as a saint never in the least scrupling to swear by his honour even to those who knew him the best nay though he held good nature and modesty in the highest contempt he constantly practiced the affectation of both and recommended this to others whose welfare on his own account, he wished well to He laid down several maxims as the certain methods of attaining greatness to which in his own pursuit of it he constantly adhered As

1 Never to do more mischief to another than was necessary to the effecting his purpose for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away

2 To know no distinction of men from affection but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest

3 Never to communicate more of an affair than was necessary to the person who was to execute it

4 Not to trust him who hath deceived you nor who knows he hath been deceived by you

5 To forgive no enemy but to be cautious and often dilatory in revenge

6 To shun poverty and distress and to ally himself as close as possible to power and riches

7 To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour and to affect wisdom on all occasions

8 To foment eternal jealousies in his gang one of another

9 Never to reward any one equal to his merit but always to insinuate that the reward was above it

10 That all men were knaves or fools and much the greater number a composition of both

11 That a good name, like money must be parted with or at least greatly risked in order to bring the owner any advantage

12 That virtues like precious stones, were easily counterfeited that the counterfeits in both cases adorned the wearer equally and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real

13 That many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery as in gaming any man may be a loser who doth not play the whole game

14 That men proclaim their own virtues as shopkeepers expose their goods in order to profit by them

15 That the heart was the proper seat of hatred and the countenance of affection and friendship

He had many more of the same kind all equally good with these and which were after his decease found in his study, as the twelve excellent and celebrated rules were in that of King Charles the First for he never promulgated them in his lifetime not having them constantly in his mouth as some grave persons have the rules of virtue and morality without paying the least regard to them in their actions whereas our hero by a constant and steady adherence to his rules in conforming everything he did to them, acquired at length a settled habit of walking by them till at last he was in no danger of inadvertently going out of the way, and by these means he arrived at that degree of greatness which few have equalled none we may say, have exceeded for though it must be allowed that there have been some few heroes who have done greater mischiefs to mankind such as those who have betrayed the liberty of their country to others or have undermined and overpowered it themselves or conquerors who have impoverished pillaged, sacked burnt and destroyed the countries and cities of their fellow-creatures from no other provocation than that of glory *i e* as the tragic poet calls it,

> a privilege to kill
> A strong temptation to do bravely ill

yet if we consider it in the light wherein actions are placed in this line

> *Lætius est, quoties magno tibi constat honestum,*

when we see our hero without the least assistance or pretence setting him-

self at the head of a gang which he had not any shadow of right to govern if we view him maintaining absolute power and exercising tyranny over a lawless crew, contrary to all law but that of his own will if we consider him setting up an open trade publicly in defiance not only of the laws of his country but of the common sense of his countrymen if we see him first contriving the robbery of others and again the defrauding the very robbers of that booty which they had ventured their necks to acquire and which without any hazard they might have retained here sure he must appear admirable and we may challenge not only the truth of history but almost the latitude of fiction to equal his glory

Nor had he any of those flaws in his character which though they have been commended by weak writers have (as I hinted in the beginning of this history) by the judicious reader been censured and despised Such was the clemency of Alexander and Cæsar which nature had so grossly erred in giving them as a painter would who should dress a peasant in robes of state or give the nose or any other feature of a Venus to a satyr What had the destroyers of mankind that glorious pair one of whom came into the world to usurp the dominion and abolish the constitution of his own country the other to conquer enslave and rule over the whole world at least as much as was well known to him and the shortness of his life would give him leave to visit what had I say such as these to do with clemency? Who cannot see the absurdity and contradiction of mixing such an ingredient with those noble and great qualities I have before mentioned? Now in *Wild everything was truly great almost without alloy as his imperfections* (for surely some small ones he had) were only such as served to denominate him a human creature of which kind none ever arrived at consummate excellence But surely his whole behaviour to his friend Heartfree is a convincing proof that the true iron or steel greatness of his heart was not debased by any softer metal Indeed while greatness consists in power pride insolence and doing mischief to mankind—to speak out—while a great man and a great rogue are synonymous terms so long shall Wild stand unrivalled on the pinnacle of GREATNESS Nor must we omit here as the finishing of his character what indeed ought to be remembered on his tomb or his statue the conformity above mentioned of his death to his life and that Jonathan Wild the Great after all his mighty exploits was what so few GREAT men can accomplish—hanged by the neck till he was dead

VOLTAIRE: DYNAMO OF COMMON SENSE



IT IS impossible to do justice to the satiric energy of Voltaire For years he deluged all Europe with an almost incredible number and variety of witty and insidious attacks on well nigh every conceivable delusion and absurdity Epigrams letters pamphlets essays mystery stories dialogues fantasies philosophical treatises tales of adventure scientific articles, they took every imaginable form and turned up everywhere signed by a ridiculous series of fantastic pseudonyms all thrown out at fever heat by that burning fountain at Ferney

But even these were only a small fraction of Voltaire s total activity His early fame had been won as poet and dramatist And he continued throughout his entire lifetime to pour forth an unending stream of classical tragedies—Zaire Mérope and many more—which were regarded in his own day as among the first literary achievements of the age He had written an epic Henriade celebrating the career of Henry of Navarre his mock-epic La Pucelle made daringly blasphemous mockery of Joan of Arc and had a subsidiary heroine Agnes Sorel mistress of the Dauphin who in canto after canto is hilariously raped with a frequency that would have

filled the heroines of Boccaccio with wistful envy At a time when the thought of his own country was dominated by Descartes Voltaire introduced to France the philosophy of Isaac Newton his English Letters praised the British Constitution in the face of French absolutism His brilliant Essay on Manners and his Age of Louis XIV make him the first modern historian to treat history not as a record of kings and conquests but as a panorama of society and civilization

His personal activities were no less vigorous than his intellectual productivity On his large estate at Ferney from which he could conveniently flee into Geneva if necessary he directed extensive agricultural operations and had established a successful colony of watchmakers He maintained an enormous correspondence with every important personage in Europe from savants and men of letters to Frederick the Great and the Empress Catherine of Russia He entertained a constant succession of visitors and in the evening often regaled them with theatricals acting in his own tragedies upon the stage of his own private theater Constantly he complained of a fatal complication of illnesses he sat in bed writing letters announcing his own imminent demise and the next day he would be up overseeing some new horticultural experiment in his orchards or grinning over the jibes in some new attack on the Church which would presently appear in Amsterdam as the theological work of a learned Jesuit

Voltaire was at once profoundly religious and among the most profoundly irreligious of men Capable in his personal behavior of the meanest dissimulations and the pettiest dishonesties he was nevertheless filled with a passion for human welfare a burning hatred of intolerance a veritable frenzy in the face of cruelty and suffering No considerations of caution or safety could then restrain him laughing with the terrible mockery of a demon or an angel he moved forward to the attack returned to it again and again pouring forth floods of witticisms that exploded like fireworks and invective that burned like molten iron He became a fury in the grip of some deep and inexplicable ethical compulsion

But he was so far from realizing the roots of his own moral passion that he had neither sympathy nor understanding for any sort of mystical emotion Feelings of communion with the divine sentiments of perceiving intuitively the goodness and beneficence of the universe Voltaire dismissed with grinning irreverence All claimants to revelation or insight he found lunatics fools or impostors For the ecclesiastical institutions they had made he had nothing but scorn for the persecuting temper nothing but implaca

ble hatred Écrasez l infame! *was his grim battle cry against the burnings bloodshed, breaking on wheels and disembowelings by which the Christian sects had signalized their belief in love and the brotherhood of man* "What? *he exploded bitterly to someone who asked what substitute he would propose for religion* I help you destroy a noxious monster and you ask me what I would put in its place!

The tyrannies of secular authority Voltaire found only a degree less detestable As for the philosophers with their crack-brained systems and their metaphysical dogmas about things nobody could possibly know, their grandiose generalizations about the remotest crannies of the cosmos they were merely ludicrous Voltaire never tired of girding at their pretensions In conversations and in letters he maintained a running fire of ridicule in essays and in fiction he raked them with criticism Candide *is the greatest of these philosophic attacks on the philosophers In it, Voltaire makes savage mockery of Leibnitz s best of all possible worlds or rather of that complacent eighteenth century optimism which interpreted Leibnitz as meaning best of all conceivable worlds*

Pope s Essay on Man *perhaps better than Leibnitz voices the effervescent faith Voltaire set out to destroy The universal frame sang the poet was a heavenly harmony within which even earthquake and pestilence were benign*

> *All Nature is but Art unknown to thee*
> *All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see*

Voltaire shows the ingenuous Candide being taught by his preceptor Pangloss that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds and that everything is justified by the principle of sufficient reason Observe, the philosopher exquisitely says that the nose has been formed to wear spectacles—thus we wear spectacles Follows a panorama of every misfortune Candide hurried everywhere over the globe everywhere both witness and victim of the most frightful suffering where catastrophe is there is Candide Best of all possible worlds? Voltaire seems to be echoing in our ears and through war, pillage rape murder storm drowning earthquake torture burning at the stake mutilation slavery and pestilence he never once relaxes his ferocious grin

No human beings not even a crew of round the world fliers were ever so rapidly and unceasingly moved from place to place so that the evils of humanity and the upheavals of nature might combine to plague them.

But there is little to the frequent criticism that this is a defect of Voltaire s plan, nor to the angry outcry that he exaggerates Constantly separated constantly thrown together again always worse off than they were before Candide Pangloss and Cunegonde are but devices for dramatizing what the dweller in his own mental suburb fails to feel vividly the suffering that he does not see Our newspapers provide us every day with a catalogue of horrors longer than Voltaire reviewed in Candide but there is something very anesthetic about newsprint and very pallid about suffering too remote and on too great a scale A single child murder in the next county awakens more horror than children starving by wholesale in India or China It comes with an ill grace, however that our insensitiveness should accuse Voltaire of exaggeration

Partly the accusation arises to be sure out of a misunderstanding of his intention Voltaire was refuting the vulgar optimism that saw no flaws in nature or human nature He was not insisting that all was for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds By and large he even seems to suggest it is not much worse a world than men deserve Their natures rebel against even felicity when Candide was in El Dorado he speedily grew bored and chafed until he made his escape back into misery Here if you will Voltaire exaggerates—minimizes rather—ignoring and having much fun in ignoring the amount of happiness in human life until the movement of his plot becomes a wild and uproarious ballet of misfortune But Voltaire did not expect us to take him seriously in every detail It is enough for him to have covered with ridicule Pangloss s perfect concatenation of events in which everything makes for the best That is all very well says Candide to himself at the end but let us cultivate our garden

Such is the wonderful common sense wisdom of Voltaire s conclusion He is unique among both satirists and philosophers in offering one of the few pieces of practical advice that have ever been given for the conduct of life For by cultivating our garden Voltaire means more of course than merely minding our own business and not bothering ourselves with what should not concern us although he means that too He means as well doing whatever useful things we find in ourselves a capacity for doing cultivating our talents developing our powers of fruitful activity to the fullest of their bent This genius at destructive mockery emerges as a master of constructive criticism too Let us cultivate our gardens It is the essence of Voltaire and the essence of sanity Often the two seem one and the same

CANDIDE

««« *Candide* was originally published in 1759 »»»

How Candide Was Expelled from the Castle of the Baron Thunder-ten-Tronckh

In a castle of Westphalia belonging to the Baron of Thunder ten Tronckh lived a youth whom nature had endowed with the most gentle manners His countenance was a true picture of his soul He combined a true judgment with simplicity of spirit which was the reason, I apprehend of his being called Candide The old servants of the family suspected him to have been the son of the Baron s sister by a good honest gentleman of the neighborhood whom that young lady would never marry because he had been able to prove only seventy one quarterings, the rest of his genealogical tree having been lost through the injuries of time

The Baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia for his castle had not only a gate, but windows His great hall even, was hung with tapestry All the dogs of his farmyards formed a pack of hounds at need his grooms were his huntsmen and the curate of the village was his grand almoner They called him My Lord and laughed at all his stori s

The Baron s lady weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds and was therefore a person of great consideration and she did the honours of the house with a dignity that commanded still greater respect Her daughter Cunegonde was seventeen years of age fresh coloured comely plump and desirable The Baron s son seemed to be in every respect worthy of his father The Preceptor Pangloss was the oracle of the family and little Candide heard his lessons with all the good faith of his age and character

Pangloss was professor of metaphysico theologico-cosmolo nigology He proved admirably that there is no effect without a cau e and that in this best of all possible worlds the Baron s ca tle was the most magnificent of castles and his lady the best of all possible Baronesses

It is demonstrable said he that things cannot be otherwise than as they are for all being created for an end all is neces arily for the best end Observe that the nose has been formed to bear spectacles—thus we have spectacles Legs are visibly designed for stockings—and we have stockings Stones were made to be hewn and to construct castles—therefore my lord has a magnificent castle for the greatest baron in the province ought to be the best lodged Pigs were made to be eaten—therefore we eat pork all the

year round Consequently they who assert that all is well have said a foolish thing they should have said all is for the best

Candide listened attentively and believed innocently for he thought Miss Cunegonde extremely beautiful though he never had the courage to tell her so He concluded that after the happiness of being born Baron of Thunder ten Tronckh the second degree of happiness was to be Miss Cunegonde the third that of seeing her every day and the fourth that of hearing Master Pangloss the greatest philosopher of the whole province and consequently of the whole world

One day Cunegonde while walking near the castle in a little wood which they called a park saw between the bushes Dr Pangloss giving a lesson in experimental natural philosophy to her mother s chamber maid a little brown wench very pretty and very docile As Miss Cunegonde had a great disposition for the sciences she breathlessly observed the repeated experiments of which she was a witness she clearly perceived the force of the Doctor s reasons the effects and the causes she turned back greatly flurried quite pensive and filled with the desire to be learned dreaming that she might well be a *sufficient reason* for young Candide and he for her

She met Candide on reaching the castle and blushed Candide blushed also she wished him good morrow in a faltering tone and Candide spoke to her without knowing what he said The next day after dinner as they went from table Cunegonde and Candide found themselves behind a screen Cunegonde let fall her handkerchief Candide picked it up she took him innocently by the hand the youth as innocently kissed the young lady s hand with particular vivacity sensibility and grace their lips met, their eyes sparkled their knees trembled their hands strayed Baron Thunder ten Tronckh passed near the screen and beholding this cause and effect chased Candide from the castle with great kicks on the back side Cunegonde fainted away she was boxed on the ears by the Baroness as soon as she came to herself and all was consternation in this most magnificent and most agreeable of all possible castles

How Candide Found Pangloss Again, and They Experienced Shipwreck and Earthquake

The next day as he took a walk he met a beggar all covered with scabs his eyes diseased, the end of his nose eaten away his mouth distorted his teeth black choking in his throat tormented with a violent cough and spitting out a tooth at each effort

Candide yet more moved with compassion than with horror, gave to this

shocking beggar the two florins which he had received from the honest Anabaptist James The spectre looked at him very earnestly, dropped a few tears and fell upon his neck Candide recoiled in disgust

'Alas!' said one wretch to the other 'do you no longer know your dear Pangloss?'

What do I hear? You my dear master! you in this terrible plight! What misfortune has happened to you? Why are you no longer in the most magnificent of castles? What has become of Miss Cunegonde the pearl of girls, and nature s masterpiece?

'I am so weak that I cannot stand said Pangloss

Upon which Candide carried him to the Anabaptist s stable and gave him a crust of bread As soon as Pangloss had refreshed himself a little

Well' said Candide Cunegonde?

'She is dead replied the other

Candide fainted at this word, his friend recalled his senses with a little bad vinegar which he found by chance in the stable Candide reopened his eyes

'Cunegonde is dead! Ah best of worlds where art thou? But of what illness did she die? Was it not for grief upon seeing her father kick me out of his magnificent castle?

No said Pangloss 'she was ripped open by the Bulgarian soldiers after having been violated by many they broke the Baron s head for attempting to defend her, my lady her mother was cut in pieces, my poor pupil was served just in the same manner as his sister, and as for the castle they have not left one stone upon another not a barn, nor a sheep, nor a duck nor a tree but we have had our revenge for the Abares have done the very same thing to a neighbouring barony which belonged to a Bulgarian lord'

At this discourse Candide fainted again but coming to himself and having said all that it became him to say, inquired into the cause and effect, as well as into the *sufficient reason* that had reduced Pangloss to so miserable a plight

Alas! said the other, it was love, love the comfort of the human species the preserver of the universe the soul of all sensible beings love tender love

Alas! said Candide I know this love that sovereign of hearts that soul of our souls yet it never cost me more than a kiss and twenty kicks on the backside How could this beautiful cause produce in you an effect so abominable?

Pangloss made answer in these terms Oh my dear Candide you remember Paquette that pretty wench who waited on our noble Baroness in her arms I tasted the delights of paradise which produced in me those hell tor

ments with which you see me devoured she was infected with them she is perhaps dead of them This present Paquette received of a learned Grey Friar who had traced it to its source he had had it of an old countess who had received it from a cavalry captain who owed it to a marchioness who took it from a page who had received it from a Jesuit who when a novice had it in a direct line from one of the companions of Christopher Columbus For my part I shall give it to nobody I am dying'

Oh Pangloss' cried Candide what a strange genealogy' Is not the Devil the original stock of it?

Not at all replied this great man, it was a thing unavoidable a necessary ingredient in the best of worlds for if Columbus had not in an island of America caught this disease which contaminates the source of life frequently even hinders generation and which is evidently opposed to the great end of nature we should have neither chocolate nor cochineal We are also to observe that upon our continent this distemper is like religious controversy confined to a particular spot The Turks the Indians the Persians the Chinese the Siamese the Japanese know nothing of it but there is a sufficient reason for believing that they will know it in their turn in a few centuries In the meantime it has made marvellous progress among us especially in those great armies composed of honest well disciplined hirelings who decide the destiny of states for we may safely affirm that when an army of thirty thousand men fights another of an equal number there are about twenty thousand of them p–x–d on each side

Well this is wonderful' said Candide but you must get cured

'Alas' how can I? said Pangloss I have not a farthing my friend and all over the globe there is no letting of blood or taking a glister without paying or somebody paying for you'

These last words determined Candide he went and flung himself at the feet of the charitable Anabaptist James and gave him so touching a picture of the state to which his friend was reduced that the good man did not scruple to take Dr Pangloss into his house and had him cured at his expense In the cure Pangloss lost only an eye and an ear He wrote well and knew arithmetic perfectly The Anabaptist James made him his bookkeeper At the end of two months being obliged to go to Lisbon about some mercantile affairs he took the two philosophers with him in his ship Pangloss explained to him how everything was so constituted that it could not be better James was not of this opinion

It is more likely said he mankind have a little corrupted nature for they were not born wolves and they have become wolves God has given them neither cannon of four and twenty pounders nor bayonets and yet they have made cannon and bayonets to destroy one another Into this

account I might throw not only bankrupts but Justice which seizes on the effects of bankrupts to cheat the creditors'

'All this was indispensable' replied the one eyed doctor, 'for private misfortunes make the general good so that the more private misfortunes there are the greater is the general good'

While he reasoned the sky darkened the winds blew from the four quarters and the ship was assailed by a most terrible tempest within sight of the port of Lisbon

Half dead of that inconceivable anguish which the rolling of a ship produces one half of the passengers were not even sensible of the danger The other half shrieked and prayed The sheets were rent, the masts broken the vessel gaped Work who would, no one heard no one commanded The Anabaptist being upon deck bore a hand when a brutish sailor struck him roughly and laid him sprawling but with the violence of the blow he himself tumbled head foremost overboard and stuck upon a piece of the broken mast Honest James ran to his assistance hauled him up and from the effort he made was precipitated into the sea in sight of the sailor, who left him to perish without deigning to look at him Candide drew near and saw his benefactor who rose above the water one moment and was then swallowed up for ever He was just going to jump after him but was prevented by the philosopher Pangloss, who demonstrated to him that the Bay of Lisbon had been made on purpose for the Anabaptist to be drowned While he was proving this *a priori*, the ship foundered all perished except Pangloss Candide and that brutal sailor who had drowned the good Anabaptist The villain swam safely to the shore while Pangloss and Candide were borne thither upon a plank

As soon as they recovered themselves a little they walked toward Lisbon. They had some money left with which they hoped to save themselves from starving after they had escaped drowning Scarcely had they reached the city, lamenting the death of their benefactor, when they felt the earth tremble under their feet The sea swelled and foamed in the harbour, and beat to pieces the vessels riding at anchor Whirlwinds of fire and ashes covered the streets and public places, houses fell roofs were flung upon the pavements and the pavements were scattered Thirty thousand inhabitants of all ages and sexes were crushed under the ruins The sailor, whistling and swearing said there was booty to be gained here

"What can be the *sufficient reason* of this phenomenon?' said Pangloss

'This is the Last Day!' cried Candide

The sailor ran among the ruins facing death to find money finding it, he took it, got drunk, and having slept himself sober purchased the favours of the first good natured wench whom he met on the ruins of the destroyed

houses and in the midst of the dying and the dead Pangloss pulled him by the sleeve

My friend ' said he this is not right You sin against the *universal reason*, you choose your time badly

S blood and fury ' answered the other I am a sailor and born at Batavia Four times have I trampled upon the crucifix in four voyages to Japan a fig for thy universal reason

Some falling stones had wounded Candide He lay stretched in the street covered with rubbish

How Candide Found Cunegonde Again

While Candide the Baron Pangloss Martin and Cacambo were relating their several adventures were reasoning on the contingent or non contingent events of the universe disputing on effects and causes on moral and physical evil on liberty and necessity and on the consolations a slave may feel even on a Turkish galley they arrived at the house of the Transylvanian prince on the banks of the Propontis The first objects which met their sight were Cunegonde and the old woman hanging towels out to dry

The Baron paled at this sight The tender loving Candide seeing his beautiful Cunegonde embrowned with blood shot eyes withered neck wrinkled cheeks and rough red arms recoiled three paces seized with horror and then advanced out of good manners She embraced Candide and her brother they embraced the old woman and Candide ransomed them both

There was a small farm in the neighbourhood which the old woman proposed to Candide to make a shift with till the company could be provided for in a better manner Cunegonde did not know she had grown ugly for nobody had told her of it and she reminded Candide of his promise in so positive a tone that the good man durst not refuse her

It is natural to imagine that after so many disasters Candide married and living with the philosopher Pangloss the philosopher Martin the prudent Cacambo and the old woman having besides brought so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas must have led a very happy life But he was so much imposed upon by the Jews that he had nothing left except his small farm his wife became uglier every day more peevish and unsupportable the old woman was infirm and even more fretful than Cunegonde Cacambo who worked in the garden and took vegetables for sale to Constantinople was fatigued with hard work and cursed his destiny Pangloss was in despair at not shining in some German university For Martin he was

firmly persuaded that he would be as badly off elsewhere and therefore bore things patiently Candide Martin and Pangloss sometimes disputed about morals and metaphysics

In the neighbourhood there lived a very famous Dervish who was esteemed the best philosopher in all Turkey, and they went to consult him. Pangloss was the speaker

'Master," said he ' we come to beg you to tell why so strange an animal as man was made "

With what meddlest thou?' said the Dervish, ' is it thy business?

But, reverend father said Candide ' there is horrible evil in this world

'What signifies it said the Dervish ' whether there be evil or good? When his highness sends a ship to Egypt does he trouble his head whether the mice on board are at their ease or not?'

What, then must we do?' said Pangloss

Hold your tongue,' answered the Dervish

' I was in hopes ' said Pangloss that I should reason with you a little about causes and effects about the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil the nature of the soul and the pre established harmony '

At these words the Dervish shut the door in their faces

Let us work said Martin, without disputing, it is the only way to render life tolerable

The whole little society entered into this laudable design, according to their different abilities Their little plot of land produced plentiful crops Cunegonde was indeed very ugly but she became an excellent pastry cook Paquette worked at embroidery the old woman looked after the linen.

Pangloss sometimes said to Candide

"There is a concatenation of events in this best of all possible worlds for if you had not been kicked out of a magnificent castle for love of Miss Cunegonde if you had not been put into the Inquisition if you had not walked over America if you had not stabbed the Baron if you had not lost all your sheep from the fine country of El Dorado you would not be here eating preserved citrons and pistachio nuts

All that is very well," answered Candide, ' but let us cultivate our garden."

LAURENCE STERNE: THE PUCK OF THE MODERN NOVEL



AMONG ITS *protean other attainments Sterne's fantastic masterpiece is a novel satirizing the construction of novels Even its title* The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy Gent *is a joke for the nominal hero who is not even born until Book Three figures but seldom in the action and among all the opinions that cram every chapter the average reader would be baffled to remember one as Tristram's There are half a dozen vivid characters Captain Walter Shandy Uncle Toby Corporal Trim Yorick the Widow Wadman Dr Slop but no central character The action is constantly interrupted and isn't going anywhere anyhow The preface and the dedication appear in the middle of the book chapters turn up in the wrong place everything is at sixes and sevens Whatever you think a novel ought to be that* Tristram Shandy *impishly is not with Sterne turning cartwheels in and out of its pages wringing out handkerchiefs soaked with*

tears smirking at you between his fingers while he still heaves with sobs and then kicking up his heels arguing and cajoling or thumbing his nose at you in a delirium of bad manners and high spirit

There is in fact something Puckish about Sterne, something mischievous and out of this world It would not be really odd, writes E M Forster if the furniture in Mr Shandy s bedroom where he retired in despair after hearing the omitted details of his son s birth should come alive like Belinda s toilette in The Rape of the Lock or that Uncle Toby s drawbridge should lead into Lilliput There is a charmed stagnation about the whole epic—the more the characters do the less gets done the less they have to say the more they talk the harder they think the softer they get facts have an unholy tendency to unwind and trip up the past instead of begetting the future, as in well conducted books and the obstinacy of inanimate objects, like Dr Slop s bag is most suspicious Obviously a god is hidden in Tristram Shandy his name is Muddle and some readers cannot accept him

One could imagine Henry James for example forcing himself to read Sterne his dramatic conscience so horrified that his hair stood on end at such flagrant violations of all the laws of prose fiction A fig for unity of tone Sterne seems to say Tristram Shandy has more tones than a harlequin and even less pretense to design As for Flaubertian objectivity Sterne more than reminds you of his own existence he nudges you sidetracks the story for other concerns considers the action and the characters with you discusses and derides the conventions of novelistic structure When Obadiah is sent for Dr Slop Sterne remarks after several pages that enough reading time has now passed for him to have gone and returned on the errand Then pretending he has a resistant reader on his hands Sterne goes through all the motions of persuasion reminding him that Dr Slop lives only eight miles away running over all the subjects that have been covered since Obadiah left wrestling with this purely hypothetical objector to make him concede the point And when we have gone through it all the whole discussion turns out to be a hoax for Obadiah has met Dr Slop outside in the stable yard and took not a second longer than it has taken us to read about it! But how sharply this foolery pricks our awareness of the difference between real time and fictional time, and of what produces a sense of duration in reading

Sterne s tricks with the technique of telling a story are countless and his tricks with the people of his novel no less numerous When he pecks

inside their heads the results are always rich in deflation of human character Death and mourning among the Shandys mean to Susannah s mind only the images of the green satin nightgown and red damask robe that will be hers by reversion to the fat scullion only a stolid satisfaction that she herself is alive to Trim the occasion for sententious moralizing—each giving way to some unconscious reflection of pure ego Their most insignificant gestures under Sterne s observant gaze prove ludicrously or disastrously revealing Trim strikes his stick perpendicularly on the floor he drops his hat on the ground Susannah lays her arm affectionately on Trim s shoulder while he asks looking at her What is the finest face that ever man looked at! and takes it off when he disappointingly ends —but corruption? and in these trivial movements Sterne discovers as much as when he delves into their minds

The truth is of course that Sterne s rebellion from the path of straight storytelling was neither unsophisticated simplicity nor mere enfant terriblism If he took a bad boy s delight in upsetting applecarts he usually pounced on a multitude of strange things hidden under the apples that we should never have suspected were there Sterne anticipated by one hundred and fifty years Marcel Proust s subtle explorations into the parallel and alternative motives that may lie behind our behavior and Joyce s use of the stream-of-consciousness as a means of conveying at the same time the essence of personality and the vivid texture of inward awareness A score of other devices that Joyce painstakingly elaborated in Ulysses Sterne friskily tossed into the whip syllabub of Tristram Shandy His mad whimsical sentimental witty fantastic daring and destructive genius smashed the novel to smithereens When he put it together again it was something very different in construction and psychology than it had been before

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT

*** Books I II were published in 1759 Books III VI in 1761-62 Books VII VIII in 1765 the last part, which Sterne numbered X, in 1767 The selections given here are from Chapters 6-10 of Book II and Chapters 7 10 of Book V ***

Obadiah Goes for Dr Slop While Uncle Toby Exhibits His Ignorance of Women

WHAT CAN they be doing brother?' said my father — I think' replied my uncle Toby —taking as I told you his pipe from his mouth and striking the ashes out of it as he began his sentence — I think,' replied he — it would not be amiss brother if we rung the bell"

'Pray, what s all that racket over our heads Obadiah?' quoth my father my brother and I can scarce hear ourselves speak'

Sir answered Obadiah making a bow towards his left shoulder, 'my Mistress is taken very badly' — And where s Susannah running down the garden there, as if they were going to ravish her? — Sir she is running the shortest cut into the town' replied Obadiah to fetch the old midwife' — Then saddle a horse quoth my father and do you go directly for Dr Slop the man midwife with all our services —and let him know your mistress is fallen into labour—and that I desire he will return with you with all speed'

It is very strange says my father addressing himself to my uncle Toby as Obadiah shut the door as there is so expert an operator as Dr Slop so near —that my wife should persist to the very last in this obstinate humour of hers in trusting the life of my child who has had one misfortune already to the ignorance of an old woman —and not only the life of my child, brother —but her own life and with it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure have begot out of her hereafter

Mayhap brother replied my uncle Toby 'my sister does it to save the expense' — A pudding s end replied my father the Doctor must be paid the same for inaction as action —if not better —to keep him in temper

'Then it can be out of nothing in the whole world quoth my uncle Toby in the simplicity of his heart but Modesty —My sister, I dare say

added he "does not care to let a man come so near her**** I will not say whether my uncle Toby had completed the sentence or not — tis for his advantage to suppose he had — as I think he could have added no One Word which would have improved it

If on the contrary my uncle Toby had not fully arrived at the period s end — then the world stands indebted to the sudden snapping of my father s tobacco pipe for one of the neatest examples of that ornamental figure in oratory which Rhetoricians style the Aposiopesis — Just Heaven! how does the *Poco piu* and the *Poco meno* of the Italian artists — the insensible more or less determine the precise line of beauty in the sentence as well as in the statue! How do the slight touches of the chisel the pencil the pen the fiddle stick *et caetera*, — give the true swell which gives the true pleasure! — O my countrymen — be nice — be cautious of your language — and never O! never let it be forgotten upon what small particles your eloquence and your fame depend

— My sister mayhap quoth my uncle Toby does not choose to let a man come so near her **** Make this dash, — tis an Aposiopesis — Take the dash away and write Backside — tis Bawdy — Scratch Backside out, and put Covered way in tis a Metaphor and I dare say as fortification ran so much in my uncle Toby s head that if he had been left to have added one word to the sentence — that word was it

But whether that was the case or not the case — or whether the snapping of my father s tobacco pipe so critically happened through accident or anger will be seen in due time

Tho my father was a good natural philosopher — yet he was something of a moral philosopher too for which reason when his tobacco pipe snapped short in the middle — he had nothing to do as such but to have taken hold of the two pieces and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire — He did no such thing — he threw them with all the violence in the world — and to give the action still more emphasis — he started upon both his legs to do it.

This looked something like heat — and the manner of his reply to what my uncle Toby was saying proved it was so

— 'Not choose' quoth my father (repeating my uncle Toby s words) to let a man come so near her! — By Heaven brother Toby! you would try the patience of Job — and I think I have the plagues of one already without it — Why? — Where? — Wherein? — Wherefore? — Upon what account? replied my uncle Toby in the utmost astonishment — To think said my father of a man living to your age brother and knowing so little about women! — I know nothing at all about them replied my uncle Toby

And I think continued he that the shock I received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk in my affair with widow Wadman — which shock

you know I should not have received but from my total ignorance of the sex—has given me just cause to say, That I neither know nor do pretend to know any thing about 'em or their concerns either — Methinks brother replied my father, "you might at least, know so much as the right end of a woman from the wrong"

It is said in Aristotle s Master Piece "That when a man doth think of any thing which is past,—he looketh down upon the ground,—but that when he thinketh of something that is to come he looketh up towards the heavens"

My uncle Toby I suppose, thought of neither for he looked horizontally — Right end! quoth my uncle Toby, muttering the two words low to himself and fixing his two eyes insensibly as he muttered them upon a small crevice, formed by a bad joint in the chimney piece—"Right end of a woman!—I declare ' quoth my uncle 'I know no more which it is than the man in the moon,—and if I was to think continued my uncle Toby (keeping his eye still fixed upon the bad joint) "this month together, I am sure I should not be able to find it out'

Then brother Toby ' replied my father, "I will tell you"

"Every thing in this world ' continued my father (filling a fresh pipe)—every thing in this world my dear brother Toby has two handles — Not always quoth my uncle Toby — 'At least replied my father, every one has two hands —which comes to the same thing —Now if a man was to sit down coolly and consider within himself the make the shape the construction come at-ability and convenience of all the parts which constitute the whole of that animal called Woman, and compare them analogically — I never understood rightly the meaning of that word quoth my uncle Toby —

'Analogy ' replied my father "is the certain relation and agreement which different —Here a devil of a rap at the door snapped my fathers definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two —and at the same time crushed the head of as notable and curious a dissertation as ever was engendered in the womb of speculation —it was some months before my father could get an opportunity to be safely delivered of it —And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the subject of the dissertation itself —(considering the confusion and distresses of our domestic misadventures which are now coming thick one upon the back of another) whether I shall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

It is about an hour and a half's tolerable good reading since my uncle Toby rung the bell when Obadiah was ordered to saddle a horse and go for Dr Slop the man midwife,—so that no one can say, with reason that I have not allowed Obadiah time enough poetically speaking and considering the

emergency too both to go and come —though morally and truly speaking the man perhaps has scarce had time to get on his boots

If the hypercritic will go upon this and is resolved after all to take a pendulum and measure the true distance betwixt the ringing of the bell and the rap at the door —and after finding it to be no more than two minutes thirteen seconds and three fifths —should take upon him to insult over me for such a breach in the unity or rather probability of time —I would remind him that the idea of duration and of its simple modes is got merely from the train and succession of our ideas —and this is the true scholastic pendulum —and by which as a scholar I will be tried in this matter —abjuring and detesting the jurisdiction of all other pendulums whatever

I would therefore desire him to consider that it is but poor eight miles from Shandy Hall to Dr Slop the man midwife s house —and that whilst Obadiah has been going those said miles and back I have brought my uncle Toby from Namur quite across all Flanders into England —That I have had him ill upon my hands near four years —and have since travelled him and Corporal Trim in a chariot and four a journey of near two hundred miles down into Yorkshire —all which put together must have prepared the reader s imagination for the entrance of Dr Slop upon the stage —as much at least (I hope) as a dance a song or a concerto between the acts

If my hypercritic is intractable alleging that two minutes and thirteen seconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen seconds —when I have said all I can about them and that this plea though it might save me dramatically will damn me biographically rendering my book from this very moment a professed Romance which before was a book apocryphal —If I am thus pressed—I then put an end to the whole objection and controversy about it all at once —by acquainting him that Obadiah had not got above three score yards from the stable yard before he met with Dr Slop —and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too

Imagine to yourself a little squat uncourtly figure of a Doctor Slop of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back and a sesquipedality of belly which might have done honour to a serjeant in the horse guards

Imagine such a one —for such I say were the outlines of Dr Slop s figure coming slowly along foot by foot waddling thro the dirt upon the vertebrae of a little diminutive pony of a pretty colour—but of strength —alack[1]—scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel had the roads been in an ambling condition —They were not —Imagine to yourself Obadiah mounted upon a strong monster of a coach horse pricked into a full gallop and making all practicable speed the adverse way

Pray Sir let me interest you a moment in this description

Had Dr Slop beheld Obadiah a mile off posting in a narrow lane directly toward him at that mon trous rate —splashing and plunging like a devil thro thick and thin as he approached would not such a phenomenon with such a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis—have been a subject of just apprehension to Dr Slop in his situation, than the worst of Whiston's comets?—To say nothing of the Nucleus that is of Obadiah and the coach horse—In my idea the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried if not the doctor at least the doctors pony quite away with it What then do you think must the terror and hydrophobia of Dr Slop have been, when you read (which you are just going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards Shandy Hall and had approached to within sixty yards of it and within five yards of a sudden turn made by an acute angle of the garden wall —and in the dirtiest part of a dirty lane —when Obadiah and his coach horse turned the corner rapid furious —pop —full upon him!—Nothing I think in nature can be supposed more terrible than such a rencounter —so impromptu! so ill prepared to stand the shock of it as Dr Slop was

What could Dr Slop do?—he crossed himself +—Pugh!—but the doctor Sir was a Papist —No matter, he had better have kept hold of the pummel—He had so —nay as it happened he had better have done nothing at all, for in crossing himself he let go his whip —and in attempting to save his whip betwixt his knee and his saddle s skirt as it slipped he lost his stirrup —in losing which he lost his eat,—and in the multitude of all these losses (which by the bye shews what little advantage there is *in crossing*) the unfortunate doctor lost his presence of mind So that without waiting for Obadiah s onset he left his pony to its destiny tumbling off it diagonally something in the style and manner of a pack of wool and without any other consequence from the fall save that of being left (as it would have been) with the broadest part of him sunk about twelve inches deep in the mire

Obadiah pulled off his cap twice to Dr Slop —once as he was falling—and then again when he saw him seated —Ill timed complaisance —had not the fellow better have stopped his horse, and got off and helped him?—Sir he did all that his situation would allow, but the Momentum of the coach horse was so great, that Obadiah could not do it all at once he rode in a circle three times round Dr Slop before he could fully accomplish it any how —and at the last, when he did stop his beast twas done with such an explosion of mud that Obadiah had better have been a league off In short never was a Dr Slop so beluted and so transubstantiated since that affair came into fashion

When Dr Slop entered the back parlour where my father and my uncle

Toby were discoursing upon the nature of women —it was hard to determine whether Dr Slop s figure or Dr Slop s presence occasioned more surprise to them for as the accident happened so near the house as not to make it worth while for Obadiah to remount him,—Obadiah had led him in as he was unwiped unappointed, unannealed with all his stains and blotches on him.—He stood like Hamlet s ghost, motionless and speechless, for a full minute and a half at the parlour door (Obadiah still holding his hand) with all the majesty of mud His hinder parts upon which he had received his fall totally besmeared —*and in every other part of him, blotched over in* such a manner with Obadiah s explosion that you would have sworn (with out mental reservation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my uncle Toby to have triumphed over my father in his turn —for no mortal, who had beheld Dr Slop in that pickle could have dissented from so much, at least, of my uncle Toby s opinion, That mayhap his sister might not care to let such a Dr Slop come so near her **** But it was the *Argumentum ad hominem,* and if my uncle Toby was not very expert at it, you may think he might not care to use it.—No the reason was — twas not his nature to insult.

The Kitchen Grieves for the Death of Master Bobby

My young master in London is dead' said Obadiah —

—A green satin night gown of my mother's which had been twice scoured was the first idea which Obadiah s exclamation brought into Susannah s head —Well might Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words — Then quoth Susannah we must all go into mourning —But note a second time the word mourning notwithstanding Susannah made use of it herself—failed also of doing its office it excited not one single idea, tinged either with gray or black —all was green —The green satin nightgown hung there still

— O' twill be the death of my poor mistress cried Susannah —My mother s whole wardrobe followed —What a procession' her red damask — her orange tawney her white and yellow lutestrings —her brown taffeta —her bone laced caps her bed gowns and comfortable under petticoats — Not a rag was left behind — 'No —she will never look up again, said Susannah

We had a fat foolish scullion—my father I think kept her for her simplicity —she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy — He is dead

said Obadiah he is certainly dead" — So am not I" said the foolish scullion.

Here is sad news Trim cried Susannah wiping her eyes as Trim stepped into the kitchen master Bobby is dead and buried —the funeral was an interpolation of Susannah s—' we shall have all to go into mourning said Susannah

I hope not' said Trim —'You hope not!" cried Susannah earnestly— The mourning ran not in Trim's head whatever it did in Susannah s—'I hope" said Trim, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true —"I heard the letter read with my own ears," answered Obadiah 'and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox moor'— Oh! he s dead said Susannah —"As sure said the scullion 'as I'm alive'

'I lament for him from my heart and my soul" said Trim fetching a sigh Poor creature!—poor boy!—poor gentleman!

'He was alive last Whitsuntide!' said the coachman —"Whitsuntide! alas! cried Trim extending his right arm and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon 'What is Whitsuntide Jonathan (for that was the coachman s name), or Shrovetide or any tide or time past, to this? Are we not here now continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)— 'and are we not —(dropping his hat upon the ground) "gone! in a moment! '—'Twas infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears— We are not stocks and stones —Jonathan Obadiah the cook maid all melted —The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish kettle upon her knees was roused with it —The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal

—'Are we not here now continued the corporal 'and are we not"— (dropping the hat plumb upon the ground—and pausing before he pronounced the word)— gone! in a moment? The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it —Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality of which it was the type and fore runner like it —his hand seemed to vanish from under it —it fell dead —the corporal s eye fixed upon it as upon a corpse —and Susannah burst into a flood of tears

Now—Ten thousand and ten thousand times ten thousand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground without any effect —Had he flung it or thrown it or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven —or in the best direction that could be given to it —had he dropped it like a goose—like a puppy—like an ass—or in doing it or even after he had done had he looked like a fool—like a ninny—like a nincompoop—it had failed and the effect upon the heart had been lost

Ye who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with the engines of eloquence—who heat it and cool it and melt it and mollify it—and then harden it again to your purpose—

Ye who wind and turn the passions with this great windlass and having done it, lead the owners of them whither ye think meet—

Ye lastly who drive—and why not Ye also who are driven like turkeys *to market with a stick and a red clout—meditate—meditate I beseech you* upon Trim s hat

Trim took his off the ground—put it upon his head—and then went on with his oration upon death in manner and form following

To us Jonathan who know not what want or care is—who live here in the service of two of the best of masters—(bating in my own case his majesty King William the Third whom I had the honour to serve both in Ireland and Flanders)—I own it that from Whitsuntide to within three weeks of Christmas—tis not long—'tis like nothing—but to those Jonathan who know what death is and what havoc and destruction he can make before a man can well wheel about—tis like a whole age—O Jonathan! twould make a good natured man s heart bleed to consider continued the corporal (standing perpendicularly) how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time!—And trust me Susy added the corporal turning to Susannah whose eyes were swimming in water before that time comes round again—many a bright eye will be dim—Susannah placed it to the right side of the page—she wept—but she court sied too—Are we not continued Trim looking still at Susannah—are we not like a flower of the field—a tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation—else no tongue could have described Susannah s affliction—is not all flesh grass?—Tis clay—tis dirt—They all looked directly at the scullion—the scullion had just been scouring a fish kettle—It was not fair—

'What is the finest face that ever man looked at!—I could hear Trim talk so for ever cried Susannah—what is it! (Susannah laid her hand upon Trim s shoulder)—but corruption?—Susannah took it off

Now I love you for this—and tis this delicious mixture within you which makes you dear creatures what you are—and he who hates you *for it—all* I can say of the matter is—That he has either a pumpkin for his head—or a pippin for his heart—and whenever he is dissected twill be found so

Whether Susannah by taking her hand too suddenly *from off the cor*poral s shoulder (by the whisking about of her passions)—broke a little the chain of his reflections—

Or whether the corporal began to be suspicious he had got into the doctor s quarters and was talking more like the chaplain than himself—

Or whether -

Or whether—for in all such cases a man of invention and parts may with pleasure fill a couple of pages with suppositions—which of all these was the cause let the curious physiologist or the curious any body determine—tis certain at least the corporal went on thus with his harangue

For my own part, I declare it that out of doors I value not death at all—not this added the corporal snapping his fingers—but with an air which no one but the corporal could have given to the sentiment 'In battle I value death not this and let him not take me cowardly like poor Joe Gibbons in scouring his gun—What is he? A pull of a trigger—a push of a bayonet an inch this way or that—makes the difference—Look along the line—to the right—see! Jack's down! well—tis worth a regiment of horse to him—No—tis Dick Then Jack s no worse—Never mind which—we pass on—in hot pursuit the wound itself which brings him is not felt—the best way is to stand up to him—the man who flies is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws—I ve looked him' added the corporal an hundred times in the face—and know what he is—Hes nothing Obadiah at all in the field — But he s very frightful in a house quoth Obadiah — I never mind it myself, said Jonathan 'upon the coach box — It must in my opinion be most natural in bed replied Susannah—And could I escape him by creeping into the worst calf s skin that ever was made into a knapsack I would do it there said Trim but that is nature.

Nature is nature said Jonathan — And that is the reason' cried Susannah I so much pity my mistress—She will never get the better of it — Now I pity the captain the most of any one in the family answered Trim Madam will get ease of heart in weeping—and the Squire in talking about it—but my poor master will keep it all in silence to himself—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together as he did for lieutenant Le Fever—An please your honour do not sigh so piteously I would say to him as I laid beside him I cannot help it Trim' my master would say—tis so melancholy an accident—I cannot get it off my heart'—'Your honour fears not death yourself — I hope Trim I fear nothing' he would say 'but the doing a wrong thing—Well he would add 'whatever betides, I will take care of Le Fever s boy—And with that like a quieting draught his honour would fall asleep

I like to hear Trim s stories about the captain said Susannah — He is a kindly hearted gentleman, said Obadiah as ever lived —'Aye and as brave a one too' said the corporal as ever stept before a platoon—There never was a better officer in the king s army—or a better man in God s world for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon though he saw the lighted match at the very touch hole,—and yet for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people—He would not hurt a chicken'—I

would sooner quoth Jonathan drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year—than some for eight'— Thank thee Jonathan! for thy twenty shillings—as much Jonathan said the corporal shaking him by the hand as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket—I would serve him to the day of my death out of love He is a friend and a brother to me—and could I be sure my poor brother Tom was dead continued the corporal taking out his handkerchief was I worth ten thousand pounds I would leave every shilling of it to the captain Trim could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master—The whole kitchen was affected

SHERIDAN PUTS NEW STONES IN OLD SETTINGS



IN SHERIDAN the artificial comedy of manners that had flourished in England since the Restoration ends in a glorious blaze like some final display of fireworks Without Congreve s exquisite shimmer of light or Wycherly s hard power Sheridan borrows successfully and boldly from both almost equals them in wit and excels both in dramatic construction In The School for Scandal *Joseph Surface resembles Maskwell in Congreve s* Double Dealer *and his brother Charles has traits of Manly and Mirabell, while Lady Teazle the country bred wife of the complaisant Sir Peter, is a more modish and modest variation on Margery Pinchwife*

Despite its verve and clever rendering of society tittle tattle despite even the adroit management of the famous screen scene The School for Scandal *is entirely derivative, and cannot compare for originality or real observation with* The Rivals, *Sheridan s success of two years before To be sure the earlier play has its imitative aspects too Sir Lucius O Trigger, the fire-eating Irish adventurer, is a stock figure, and Bob Acres, the timid booby squire, goes back to the blustering cowards of Plautus But even here Sheridan has refurbished old ideas with new and farcical humours as in Acres ingeniously schematic profanity ' The oath " he explains ' sFoot!'*

be an echo to the sense and tl is we call the oath referential When he has been in haste— Odds whips and wheels! he bustles in I've traveled like a comet In good humor— Merry odds crickets! Listening to music — Odds minims and crotchets!" Or resolved on a duel a dangerous dog— Odds triggers and flints!

There is much lively observation in the play Lydia Languish is modeled on those young ladies of the day who devoured romantic novels swooning with sympathy and longing to become involved themselves in just such thrilling dilemmas Faulkland full of Wertherian gloom makes himself equally miserable when separated from his mistress by imagining her ill and lonely or by learning she is lively and in good health No wonder Miss Languish would rather elope surreptitiously with the poor Ensign Beverley than marry the same young man with a fortune and the approval of her guardian and that Faulkland torments his faithful and much enduring Julia to the point where she can bear with him no longer!

The whole plot of Captain Absolute s alternate appearances as himself and Ensign Beverley is worked out with gorgeous foolery becoming as it should more and more involved and laying progressively greater demands on the hero s ingenuity to wriggle out of the imbroglio he has gotten himself into His increasingly desperate dodges and his juggling of the two personalities he has assumed reach a peak of delirious double dealing in the scene where he assures Lydia he has passed himself off on Mrs Malaprop as his own rival the hated Absolute

But Mrs Malaprop is of course the great triumph of comic invention in the play In a way she represents the arrival of the middle class in the comedy of manners The earlier comic writers had been full of aristocratic vulgarians old harridans insolent with the low manners of high birth but Mrs Malaprop is a self made vulgarian whose ignorant pretensions to erudition have simply piled absurdity upon ill breeding She is a more wildly ridiculous forerunner of Thackeray s ignorant Indian nabobs and gross merchants a century later And yet how irresistible and ingratiating she is this self important cheap grotesque and gullible old fraud! Il literate him I say she orders Lydia quite from your memory Laying down the law on education she insists that a girl should learn to repre hend the true meaning of what she is saying Or again mysteriously she describes Lydia s obstinacy as headstrong as an allegory on the Nile She continues to fascinate even when we know by heart every blunder in that marvelous flow of misapplied volubility

THE RIVALS

*** The play was first produced in 1775 The scenes given here are from Act I Scene 2 Act II Scene 1 and Act III Scene 3 ***

Sir Anthony Absolute and Mrs Malaprop Consider the Handling of the Young

The scene is a dressing room in Mrs Malaprop s house Lydia Languish and Julia are discovered Enter Lucy, the maid, in a hurry

LUCY O ma'am here is Sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt

LYDIA They ll not come here —Lucy do you watch *Exit Lucy*

JULIA Yet I must go Sir Anthony does not know I am here and if we meet, he ll detain me to show me the town I ll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs Malaprop when she shall treat me as long as she chooses with her select words so ingeniously misapplied without being mispronounced

Re enter Lucy

LUCY O Lud! ma am they are both coming upstairs

LYDIA Well I ll not detain you coz.—Adieu my dear Julia I m sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland —There through my room you ll find another staircase

JULIA Adieu! *Embraces Lydia, and exit*

LYDIA Here my dear Lucy hide these books Quick quick!—Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet—throw *Roderick Random* into the closet—put *The Innocent Adultery* into *The Whole Duty of Man*—thrust *Lord Aimworth* under the sofa—cram *Ovid* behind the bolster—there—put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket—so so—now lay *Mrs Chapone* in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table

LUCY O burn it ma am! the hair dresser has torn away as far as *Proper Pride*

LYDIA Never mind—open at *Sobriety* —Fling me *Lord Chesterfield's Letters* Now for em *Exit Lucy*

Enter Mrs Malaprop and Sir Anthony Absolute

MRS MALAPROP There Sir Anthony there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling

LYDIA. Madam, I thought you once—

MRS MALAPROP You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman But the point we would request of you is that you will *promise to forget this fellow—to* illiterate him, I say quite from your memory

LYDIA Ah madam! our memories are independent of our wills It is not so easy to forget

MRS MALAPROP But I say it is miss there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do and let me tell you Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman

SIR ANTHONY Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—ay this comes of her reading!

LYDIA What crime madam have I committed to be treated thus?

MRS MALAPROP Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter you know I have *proof controvertible of it—But tell me will you promise* to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends choosing?

LYDIA Madam, I must tell you plainly that had I no preference for any one else the choice you have made would be my aversion.

MRS MALAPROP What business have you miss with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman and you ought to know that as both always wear off 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor—and yet miss you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But suppose we were going to give you another choice will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

LYDIA Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise my actions would certainly as far belie my words

MRS MALAPROP Take yourself to your room You are fit company for nothing but your own ill humours

LYDIA Willingly ma'am—I cannot change for the worse *Exit*

MRS MALAPROP There's a little intricate hussy for you!

SIR ANTHONY It is not to be wondered at, ma'am—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read Had I a thousand daughters by Heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

MRS MALAPROP Nay nay Sir Anthony you are an absolute misanthropy

SIR ANTHONY In my way hither Mrs Malaprop I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half bound volumes with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

MRS MALAPROP Those are vile places indeed!

SIR ANTHONY Madam a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—and depend on it Mrs Malaprop that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last

MRS MALAPROP Fy, fy Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically

SIR ANTHONY Why Mrs Malaprop in moderation now what would you have a woman know?

MRS MALAPROP Observe me, Sir Anthony I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning I don t think so much learning becomes a young woman, for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek or Hebrew or algebra or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical astronomical diabolical instruments —But Sir Anthony, I would send her at nine years old to a boarding school in order to let her learn a little ingenuity and artifice Then sir she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts —and as she grew up I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries,—but above all, Sir Anthony she should be mistress of orthodoxy that she might not misspell and mis pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying This Sir Anthony is what I would have a woman know,—and I don t think there is a superstitious article in it

SIR ANTHONY Well well Mrs Malaprop I will dispute the point no further with you though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question But Mrs Malaprop to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

MRS MALAPROP None I assure you I am under no positive engagement with Mr Acres and as Lydia is so obstinate against him perhaps your son may have better success

SIR ANTHONY Well madam I will write for the boy directly He knows not a syllable of this yet though I have for some time had the proposal in my head He is at present with his regiment

MRS MALAPROP We have never seen your son Sir Anthony but I hope no objection on his side

SIR ANTHONY Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No no Mrs Malaprop Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly My process was always very simple—in their younger days twas Jack do

this —if he demurred I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that I always sent him out of the room

MRS MALAPROP Ah and the properest way o my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity —Well Sir Anthony I shall give Mr Acres his discharge and prepare Lydia to receive your son s invocations —and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible

SIR ANTHONY Madam I will handle the subject prudently —Well I must leave you and let me beg you Mrs Malaprop to enforce this matter roundly to the girl —Take my advice—keep a tight hand if she rejects this proposal clap her under lock and key and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days you can t conceive how she d come about.

A Tender Father Deals with a Dutiful Son

The scene is Captain Absolute s lodgings Fag his valet has just announced his father's arrival from the country Enter Sir Anthony Absolute

ABSOLUTE Sir I am delighted to see you here looking so well! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health

SIR ANTHONY Very apprehensive I dare say, Jack —What you are recruiting here hey?

ABSOLUTE Yes sir I am on duty

SIR ANTHONY Well Jack I am glad to see you though I did not expect it for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business —Jack I have been considering that I grow old and infirm and shall probably not trouble you long

ABSOLUTE Pardon sir I never saw you look more strong and hearty and I pray frequently that you may continue so

SIR ANTHONY I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart Well then, Jack I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty I may continue to plague you a long time Now Jack I am sensible that the income of your commission and what I have hitherto allowed you is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit

ABSOLUTE Sir you are very good

SIR ANTHONY And it is my wish while yet I live to have my boy make some figure in the world I have resolved therefore to fix you at once in a noble independence

ABSOLUTE Sir your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection

SIR ANTHONY I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks

ABSOLUTE Let my future life sir speak my gratitude, I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence —Yet, sir I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

SIR ANTHONY Oh that shall be as your wife chooses

ABSOLUTE My wife sir!

SIR ANTHONY Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you

ABSOLUTE A wife sir, did you say?

SIR ANTHONY Ay, a wife—why did not I mention her before?

ABSOLUTE Not a word of her sir

SIR ANTHONY Odd so!—I mus n't forget her though —Yes Jack, the independence I was talking of is by marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference

ABSOLUTE Sir! sir!—you amaze me!

SIR ANTHONY Why what the devil s the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty

ABSOLUTE I was sir—you talked to me of independence and a fortune but not a word of a wife

SIR ANTHONY Why—what difference does that make? Odds life sir! if you have the estate you must take it with the live stock on it as it stands

ABSOLUTE If my happiness is to be the price I must beg leave to decline the purchase —Pray sir who is the lady?

SIR ANTHONY What s that to you sir?—Come give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly

ABSOLUTE Sure sir this is not very reasonable to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

SIR ANTHONY I am sure sir tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of

ABSOLUTE Then sir I must tell you plainly that my inclinations are fixed on another—my heart is engaged to an angel

SIR ANTHONY Then pray let it send an excuse It is very sorry —but business prevents its waiting on her

ABSOLUTE. But my vows are pledged to her

SIR ANTHONY Let her foreclose Jack let her foreclose, they are not worth redeeming besides you have the angel s vows in exchange I suppose so there can be no loss there

ABSOLUTE You must excuse me sir if I tell you, once for all that in this point I cannot obey you

SIR ANTHONY Hark ee, Jack —I have heard you for some time with patience —I have been cool—quite cool but take care—you know I am compliance

itself—when I am not thwarted —no one more easily led—when I have my own way —but don t put me in a frenzy

ABSOLUTE Sir I must repeat—in this I cannot obey you

SIR ANTHONY Now damn me! if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

ABSOLUTE. Nay sir but hear me

SIR ANTHONY Sir I won t hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I ll tell you what, Jack—I mean you dog—if you don t by——

ABSOLUTE. What, sir promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to——

SIR ANTHONY Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose she shall have a hump on each shoulder she shall be as crooked as the crescent her one eye shall roll like the bull s in Cox s Museum she shall have a skin like a mummy and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this sirrah!—yet I will make you ogle her all day and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty

ABSOLUTE This is reason and moderation indeed!

SIR ANTHONY None of your sneering puppy! no grinning Jackanapes!

ABSOLUTE Indeed sir I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life

SIR ANTHONY 'Tis false sir I know you are laughing in your sleeve I know you ll grin when I am gone sirrah!

ABSOLUTE Sir I hope I know my duty better

SIR ANTHONY None of your passion sir! none of your violence if you please!—It won t do with me I promise you

ABSOLUTE Indeed sir I never was cooler in my life

SIR ANTHONY 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart I know you are you hypocritical young dog! but it won t do

ABSOLUTE Nay sir upon my word——

SIR ANTHONY So you will fly out! can t you be cool like me? What the devil good can passion do?—Passion is of no service you impudent insolent overbearing reprobate!—There you sneer again! don t provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition!—Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this if you then agree without any condition to do everything on earth that I choose why—confound you! I may in time forgive you —If not zounds! don t enter the same hemisphere with me! don t dare to breathe the same air or use the same light with me but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I ll strip you of your commission I ll lodge a five and threepence in the hands of trustees and you shall live on the interest —I ll disown you I ll disinherit you I ll unget you! and damn me! if ever I call you Jack again! *Exit Sir Anthony*

Beverley and Absolute Are Beside Themselves

The scene is a room in Mrs Malaprop's lodgings
Mrs Malaprop, with a letter in her hand, and Captain Absolute

MRS MALAPROP Your being Sir Anthony's son, captain would itself be a sufficient accommodation, but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you

ABSOLUTE Permit me to say madam that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish my principal inducement in this affair at present is the honour of being allied to Mrs Malaprop, of whose intellectual accomplishments elegant manners and unaffected learning no tongue is silent

MRS MALAPROP Sir you do me infinite honour! I beg captain you'll be seated —(*They sit*) Ah! few gentlemen now a days know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman!—few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman —Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty!

ABSOLUTE It is but too true, indeed ma am —yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of beauty so great that knowledge in them would be superfluous Thus like garden trees they seldom show fruit till time has robbed them of more specious blossom — Few like Mrs Malaprop and the orange tree, are rich in both at once!

MRS MALAPROP Sir you overpower me with good breeding —He is the very pine apple of politeness!—You are not ignorant captain that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly strolling eaves dropping ensign whom none of us have seen and nobody knows anything of

ABSOLUTE Oh I have heard the silly affair before —I'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account

MRS MALAPROP You are very good and very considerate, captain I am sure I have done every thing in my power since I exploded the affair long ago I laid my positive conjunctions on her never to think on the fellow again —I have since laid Sir Anthony s preposition before her but I am sorry to say she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her

ABSOLUTE. It must be very distressing indeed ma am

MRS MALAPROP Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree —I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him but behold this very day I have interceded another letter from the fellow I believe I have it in my pocket

ABSOLUTE Oh the devil my last note *Aside*

MRS MALAPROP Ay here it is

ABSOLUTE Ay my note indeed! Oh the little traitress Lucy *Aside*

MRS MALAPROP There perhaps you may know the writing

Gives him the letter

ABSOLUTE. I think I have seen the hand before—yes I certainly must have seen this hand before——

MRS MALAPROP Nay but read it captain

ABSOLUTE (*Reads*) *My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!*—Very tender indeed!

MRS MALAPROP Tender ay and profane too o my conscience

ABSOLUTE (*Reads*) *I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival——*

MRS MALAPROP That s you, sir

ABSOLUTE (*Reads*) *Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman and a man of honour*—Well that s handsome enough

MRS MALAPROP Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so

ABSOLUTE That he had I ll answer for him ma am

MRS MALAPROP But go on sir—you ll see presently

ABSOLUTE (*Reads*) *As for the old weather beaten she dragon who guards you*—Who can he mean by that?

MRS MALAPROP Me sir!—me!—he means me!—There—what do you think now?—but go on a little further

ABSOLUTE Impudent scoundrel!—(*Reads*) *it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don t understand——*

MRS MALAPROP There sir an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure if I reprehend any thing in this world it is the use of my oracular tongue and a nice derangement of epitaphs!

ABSOLUTE He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see—(*Reads*) *same ridiculous vanity——*

MRS MALAPROP You need not read it again sir

ABSOLUTE I beg pardon ma am—(*Reads*) *does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration*—an impudent coxcomb!—*so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old harridan s consent, and even to make her a go between in our interview*—Was ever such assurance!

MRS MALAPROP Did you ever hear any thing like it?—he ll elude my vigilance will he—Yes yes! ha! ha! he s very likely to enter these doors—we ll try who can plot best!

ABSOLUTE So we will ma am—so we will! Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy ha! ha! ha!—Well but, Mrs Malaprop as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while I, just in the nick will have the fellow laid by the heels and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead

MRS MALAPROP I am delighted with the scheme, never was anything better perpetrated!

ABSOLUTE But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little

MRS MALAPROP Why I don t know—I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind There is a decorum in these matters

ABSOLUTE O Lord! she won t mind me—only tell her Beverley——

MRS MALAPROP Sir!

ABSOLUTE Gently good tongue *Aside*

MRS MALAPROP What did you say of Beverley?

ABSOLUTE Oh I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest that it was Beverley who was below she d come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

MRS MALAPROP 'Twould be a trick she well deserves besides, you know the fellow tells her he ll get my consent to see her—ha! ha! Let him if he can, I say again Lydia come down here!—(*Calling*) He ll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha! Come down I say Lydia! I don t wonder at your laughing ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous

ABSOLUTE 'Tis very ridiculous upon my soul ma am ha! ha! ha!

MRS MALAPROP The little hussy won t hear Well, I ll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her And I ll make her behave as becomes a young woman

ABSOLUTE As you please madam

MRS MALAPROP For the present captain your servant Ah! you ve no done laughing yet I see—elude my vigilance, yes yes ha! ha! ha! *Exit*

ABSOLUTE Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once and seize my prize with security but such is Lydia s caprice that to undeceive were probably to lose her I ll see whether she knows me

Walks aside and seems engaged in looking at the pictures

Enter Lydia

LYDIA What a scene am I now to go through! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one s heart I have heard of girls persecuted as I am who have

appealed in behalf of their favoured lover to the generosity of his rival suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too—but oh how unlike my Beverley! I wonder he don t begin—truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—quite at his ease upon my word! I ll speak first —Mr Absolute

ABSOLUTE Ma am *Turns round*

LYDIA *O heavens! Beverley!*

ABSOLUTE Hush —hush my life! softly! be not surprised!

LYDIA. I am so astonished and so terrified and so overjoyed!—for Heaven s sake! how came you here?

ABSOLUTE Briefly, I have deceived your aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening and contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on her for Captain Absolute

LYDIA O charming! And she really takes you for young Absolute

ABSOLUTE Oh she s convinced of it

LYDIA Ha! ha! ha! I can t forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is overreached!

ABSOLUTE But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur then let me conjure my kind my condescending angel to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserving persecution and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward

LYDIA. Will you then, Beverley consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burden on the wings of love?

ABSOLUTE Oh come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness! Bring no portion to me but thy love— *twill be generous in you Lydia —for well you know* it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay

LYDIA How persuasive are his words!—how charming will poverty be with him! *Aside*

ABSOLUTE Ah! my soul what a life will we then live! Love shall be our idol and support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness abjuring all worldly toys to centre every thought and action there Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright By Heavens! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom and say the world affords no smile to me but here—*(Embracing her)* If she holds out now, the devil is in it! *Aside*

LYDIA Now could I fly with him to the antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis *Aside*

Re enter Mrs Malaprop, listening

MRS MALAPROP I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself *Aside*

ABSOLUTE So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

MRS MALAPROP —Warmth abated!—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose *Aside*

LYDIA No—nor ever can while I have life

MRS MALAPROP An ill tempered little devil! She ll be in a passion all her life—will she? *Aside*

LYDIA Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me

MRS MALAPROP Very dutiful, upon my word! *Aside*

LYDIA Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine

MRS MALAPROP I am astonished at her assurance!—to his face—this is to his face *Aside*

ABSOLUTE Thus then let me enforce my suit *Kneeling*

MRS MALAPROP (*Aside*) Ay poor young man!—down on his knees entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer—(*Coming forward*) Why thou vixen!—I have overheard you

ABSOLUTE Oh confound her vigilance! *Aside*

MRS MALAPROP Captain Absolute, I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness

ABSOLUTE (*Aside*) So all s safe, I find—(*Aloud*) I have hopes madam, that time will bring the young lady——

MRS MALAPROP Oh there s nothing to be hoped for from her! she s as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile

LYDIA Nay madam what do you charge me with now?

MRS MALAPROP Why thou unblushing rebel—didn t you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better?—didn t you say you never would be his?

LYDIA No madam—I did not

MRS MALAPROP Good heavens! what assurance!—Lydia, Lydia you ought to know that lying don t become a young woman!—Didn t you boast that Beverley that stroller Beverley possessed your heart?—Tell me that, I say

LYDIA 'Tis true ma'am and none but Beverley——

MRS MALAPROP Hold!—hold, Assurance!—you shall not be so rude

ABSOLUTE Nay pray, Mrs Malaprop don t stop the young lady s speech. she s very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt me in the least I assure you

MRS MALAPROP You are too good captain—too amiably patient—but come

with me miss—Let us see you again soon captain—remember what we have fixed

ABSOLUTE I shall ma am

MRS MALAPROP Come take a graceful leave of the gentleman

LYDIA May every blessing wait on my Beverley my loved Bev——

MRS MALAPROP Hussy! I ll choke the word in your throat!—come along—come along

Exeunt severally, Captain Absolute kissing his hand to Lydia—Mrs Malaprop stopping her from speaking

SCOURGE OF HYPOCRITES



ROBERT BURNS *ranks among the great poets of democracy. He glorifies the common man, not by sentimentalizing him into a figure of rude nobility or rustic quaintness, but simply by portraying him as a human being. The peasant for Burns, who was himself a peasant, is not a feudal retainer or a comic character in a smock; neither is he a touchstone of virtue and wisdom distilling truth from communion with hills and trees. He breaks his back over a rocky soil, he fuddles his wits with Scotch drink in the tavern, he petrifies his heart with Scotch religion in the kirk, he clings to his hearth and weans. So Burns saw him rather than as some reservoir of natural goodness. His sympathy was born not of romantic idealism but of the grand elemental warmth with which he regarded all life—the same warmth which made it hard for him to believe that even the Devil would torture humanity if a grim Scotch Deity did not force him to it.*

> *Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,*
> *An' let poor damnèd bodies be;*
> *I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,*
> *E'en to a deil,*
> *To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,*
> *An' hear us squeal!*

But if even auld Cloots had a heart there were plenty of human beings Burns knew who had not And his sympathies which embraced dogs, daisies mice and lice did not extend to them The cruelty that will plunge its enemy in the fire the intolerance that will crucify for a difference of belief the pride that will erect its beliefs into dogmas for these and for these alone Burns has no tolerance He laughs scornfully at all purse-proud birth-proud brain-proud snobbery— yon birkie ca d a lord and the dull conceited hashes who confuse their brains in college classes The rank is but the guinea s stamp he declares the man s the gowd for a that He pays ironical respects to nagging wives

Ye gentle dames it gars me greet
How monie lengthened sage advices
The husband frae the wife despises

Self righteous superiority everywhere he detests and despises

For the morally censorious however he reserved a special and violent detestation The dour piety that tyrannized over the kirk that made a desert and called it the peace of God that had no doubts of its own righteousness and the darkest suspicions of its neighbors sins—all the bleak pharisaical bitternesses and jealousies that set themselves up in judgment and damned every time—Burns abominated with blazing fury He would hear no defense for the Unco Guid or Rigidly Righteous at the worst they were moral hypocrites whose seeming purity was merely lack of oppor tunity or their better art o hidin at the best poor thin blooded things whose castigated pulse never knew the hot tides that gallop through the veins of others To those moral dragons the Good Women high exalted virtuous Dames Tied up in godly laces he asks suggestively what they would do if they only had a lover and cruelly adds

But let me whisper i your lug
Ye re aiblins nae temptation

So it is that Burns who can pity an uprooted flower and feel the panic thumping through the heart of a fieldmouse whose tenderness embraces the world like the warmth of a summer day drips taunts and distils venom whenever he thinks of the overvirtuous Holy Willie s Prayer is only the most vivid and violent and brilliant of these attacks The dramatic mono logue hoists Holy Willie with his own petard all unawares just by talking

to his Calvinistic God he strips himself morally naked With every word he paints himself blacker and blacker, adding exultation in physical cruelty to spiritual pride hidden sensuality to public zeal envy and vindictiveness to desire for worldly power Despicably mean and contemptible he makes himself irresistibly ludicrous as well and the reader rejoices with Burns in the poetic justice of making the hypocrite rub gall in his own wounds

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

««« The poem was originally composed in 1785 »»»

A Good Christian Communes with His God

O Thou wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thysel,
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A for thy glory
And no for ony guid or ill
They ve done afore thee!

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
When thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts an grace
A burnin an a shinin light
To a this place

What was I or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation?
I wha deserve most just damnation,
For broken laws
Sax thousand years fore my creation
Through Adam s cause

When frae my mither s womb I fell
Thou might hae plunged me in hell
To gnash my gums to weep and wail
In burnin lakes
Where damned devils roar and yell,
Chained to their stakes

Yet I am here a chosen sample
To show thy grace is great and ample
I m here a pillar in thy temple
Strong as a rock
A guide a buckler an example
To a thy flock

O Lord thou kens what zeal I bear
When drinkers drink and swearers swear,
And singin there and dancin here
Wi great an' sma'
For I am keepit by thy fear
Free frae them a'

But yet O Lord! confess I must
At times I m fashed wi fleshy lust
An sometimes too, in warldly trust,
Vile self gets in,
But thou remembers we are dust,
Defiled in sin

O Lord! yestreen, thou kens wi Meg—
Thy pardon I sincerely beg
O! may it ne er be a livin plague
To my dishonor!
An I ll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her

Besides I farther maun allow
Wi Lizzie s lass three times I trow,
But, Lord that Friday I was fou
When I came near her,
Or else thou kens thy servant true
Wad ne er hae steer d her

May be thou lets this fleshly thorn
Beset thy servant e en and morn
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
That he s sae gifted
If sae thy hand maun e en be borne
Until thou lift it

Lord bless thy chosen in this place
For here thou hast a chosen race
But God confound their stubborn face
And blast their name
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace
An public shame

Holy Willie's Prayer

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Yet has sae mony takin' arts
Wi' great an' sma',
Frae God's ain priest the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

An' when we chasten'd him therefor,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us;
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, Lord, make it bare
Upo' their heads;
Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O Lord my God, that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
My very heart and soul are quakin',
To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
An' fill'd wi' dread,
While he, wi' hingin lips and snakin',
Held up his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him;
Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in thy mercy by them,
Nor hear their pray'r:
But, for thy people's sake, destroy them,
And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
And a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen!

ROBERT BAGE: SATIRIC WIT AND THE NOBLE SAVAGE

BAGE BELONGS *among the noble company of Tom Paine and William Godwin and John Stuart Mill the patriots of humanity and lovers of mankind Like them he rebelled generously against oppression and inequality and the social superstitions that supported them Like Mill he was something of an intellectual prodigy learned Latin at the age of seven, taught himself French and Italian began studying the higher mathematics for amusement in his thirties Like Paine and Godwin, he was strongly influenced by the French Revolution and regarded as a dangerous radical by conservatives who felt the sting of his satire—despite the fact that Bage himself a prosperous paper manufacturer at Elford, was inclined to chortle mildly at doctrinaire radicalism Like all three he was a skeptic laying no stress on revelation barely a Christian some of his contemporaries said though he retained an affection for the Quaker faith in which he had been*

brought up But his real religion was that warm conviction in the power of the mind over men s baser passions which enthusiastic reformers in his age called reason

Beyond all this during the last twenty years of his life he was a satiric novelist who little deserves the oblivion that has fallen upon him More than any other writer of the eighteenth century he combined in the didactic novel intellectual power and liveliness of invention with vivid and lifelike character portrayal Voltaire has power and liveliness he is as powerful as a machine gun pouring bullets into a target and as lively as a roller-coaster roaring around the curve of the globe but his characters exist only to let out appropriate yells as the story hurtles them down some terrifying drop Godwin s propaganda mystery thriller Caleb Williams *is almost feverishly exciting but Falkland the Byronic hero-villain is a creation out of Gothic romance and Caleb is a combination of Blifil and a super Henry Jamesian snoop Bage has a rich sense of human personality he has sparkling humor and he has lofty and liberal sentiments*

Hermsprong or Man As He Is Not, *his last book, is his chef-d oeuvre Hermsprong the hero is a fusion of the Noble Savage and the Missing Heir He was brought up among the Red Indians of North America by a father disillusioned with the corruptions of civilization and his judgments stand for those reason and nature would advance undistorted by artifice or self interest Rightfully entitled to the peerage and estates held by the polished and unscrupulous Lord Grondale he has returned to England undecided whether even to reveal his identity He is neither a smoker nor a winedrinker and he refuses although as courteously as he can to tell the usual polite lies of social intercourse He is skeptical of miraculous revelation and hostile to ecclesiastical pretensions With a rather low opinion of the virtues and abilities of women as they have been degraded by subserviency to the masculine sex he believes in giving women legal and educational equality with men He is antagonistic to social privilege and the domination of government by a favored class He regards generosity and benevolence much less as virtues than as rational human duties*

All this might make Hermsprong sound dangerously like a prig and moral bore In fact he is neither He tempers his child-of nature honesty with playful courtliness when he admits to the ladies that he finds them somewhat inferior to angels His arguments with officious or overbearing persons like Dr Blick and Lord Grondale are Socratically adroit and sharpened with just enough healthy resentment of their bullying bad

manners to enrage them tickle his readers and make him human A sort of Shavian hero strayed in time this son of the woods has acquired in the course of his European travels a good deal of the eighteenth-century art of graceful phrase and cutting censure In verbal encounter he gives all the delight of a good debate

That delight however, Bage provides abundantly throughout the book, and from a little constellation of other characters besides Hermsprong. His banker, the wealthy self made merchant Mr Sumelin is a master of dry irony and brief acidulous repartee Standing aside from the contentions of his household dropping now and then a witty comment on the torrent of his wife s complaints he is both sharper and less elaborately drawn than Jane Austen s Mr Bennet but a more businesslike and incisive version of that disillusioned man And if Mr Sumelin reminds us of Mr Bennet the captivating Maria Fluart reminds us of Jane Austen s heroine Elizabeth Bennet herself How archly Miss Fluart rallies Lord Grondale laughing at him to his face and yet consciously feeding the ardor of his imagination with the very words in which she warns him that his suit is hopeless—quite as Elizabeth might have done with Darcy had she despised him rather than disliked him and been just a little more flippant But indeed both Elizabeth Bennet and Maria Fluart are sisters of Shakespeare s Beatrice and Congreve s Millamant It is not the least of Bage s triumphs that he leads our thoughts to such enchanting company

HERMSPRONG

*** *Hermsprong* was published in 1796 The ex tracts given here are from Volume I Chapter 1 and Volume II Chapter 12 ***

Dr Blick Finds He Has Caught a Tartar

DR. BLICK was announced by the landlord at his entrance into the parlor

Hermsprong had almost begun sternly to say 'By what right Sir do you introduce a stranger to a select company without leave? when the cast down humble look of poor Woodcock disarmed his anger and made him forebear He contented himself however with slightly rising and sitting down again Glen was equally unpolite but Tunny s bustling assiduity made it the less observable

When the Doctor was accommodated with the easy chair his punch and a pipe and no one seeming inclined to speak I beg says the Doctor I may not interrupt the conversation '

Still silence prevailing Mr Tunny says Why Doctor I happened to swear a little and Mr Woodcock reproved me whereas if he had been chaplain to a regiment he would have known that a soldier must swear I don t see for my part how the service can be carried on without it

I do not see why said the Curate

Sir I will tell you replied the Doctor you cannot suppose that a clergyman can be an advocate for swearing in general but I have heard sensible officers both in the sea and land service say that it supports a cer tain energy and if soldiers and sailors were forbidden it their courage would droop

'There now cried Tunny with exultation did I not tell you? Doctor Blick has seen life One always expects sensible observations from gentlemen that have seen life I served under Marshal Keith and know a thing or two Now here is Mr Hermsprong has been supposing that I must be sorry that I did not fall in the field of honor with Marshal Keith but he is confoundedly mistaken

Yes, said the Doctor it is a mistake which no man could have fallen into who has studied human nature to any purpose The love of life is so strong that scarcely any calamity can weaken it

"No," says Hermsprong, nor in cry civilized countries any affection-not even the love of heaven

I have been told, said Glen 'that savages are taught, and really learn to despise it

Sir' says the Doctor 'man cannot despise it"

'I believe' Mr Hermsprong said, despise is not the proper term. A savage put to his choice will in all common situations, prefer life but without dreading death with the timidity of nations who are taught from infancy to fear it'

'Sir,' replied Doctor Blick 'you may say what you please of savages it is all nonsense Man must fear death It is a lesson of nature You teach in vain if you teach lessons contrary to nature'

'Pray Sir,' asked Hermsprong what is nature?

Ask a schoolboy Sir, said the Doctor

'It is not your rudeness replied Hermsprong "your imposing tone nor airs of superior knowledge, that shall deter me from telling you Sir, that even Doctors may make superficial distinctions Man cannot be taught any thing contrary to nature However he acts he must act by nature s laws howsoever he thinks he must think by nature s laws'

'Sir," says the Doctor, 'if I have rudeness you have presumption Let me ask you a simple question Is a fever natural?'

Most certainly Its whole process is according to the immutable laws of nature'

'Very true in an enlarged sense, but by natural we mean only the common course of things'

What philosopher calls earthquakes and storms unnatural?'

'Well Sir but this does not prove that man can get above the fear of death

Will you accept as proof the bravery of our sailors in the hour of battle?

No Sir'

Suicide at least, must be proof complete"

'No Sir, it is lunacy'

'Alas! half the actions of our lives are lunacies I think and none more than those we reason ourselves into War is lunacy and we call in all the powers of reason to prove it wisdom Perhaps, the fear of death itself is a lunacy for to a reflecting mind, at least death is not an evil'

Death not an evil! says the Doctor, in a tone of surprise

'Zounds Sir! death not an evil! cries Tunny

I should suppose not, Mr Hermsprong answered 'death is privation of sense Can any evil happen to that stone?

This appeared to the Doctor to border on infidelity, a thing so execrable,

root and branch that it ought to be burnt out of the world by fire and faggot

Sir said he "are you an Atheist? Death privation of sensation! No Sir it is enlargement of sensation It is renovation—it is the gate of life—it is a passport to eternal joys '

Then surely said Hermsprong ' it is not an evil '

Now the good Doctor was vexed at this he had like to have broke his pipe, and so much the more vexed, as the fool of a landlord cried out, But zounds! Doctor he has *flanked you* '

His anger fell on poor Tunny whom he rebuked severely, and then returned with fresh vigor to the contest.

' It must be supposed I must mean what I last said only for the good To the wicked death surely is an evil

Let Tom Tunny look to that said Hermsprong gaily

Then Sir you think yourself a man without sin?

Syllogistically all men are sinners All men who do not do what the church requires are sinners But all men do not do what the church requires *Then all men are sinners* '

' Sir you have quick parts but all the parts in the world without faith will not ensure salvation

Oh! if it depends upon faith I have no reason to despair At Lisbon I believed all holy catholic things at Rome I believed in the infallibility of the tiara and in England I believe in church and king the first article of faith which if a man do not do he cannot be saved

Mr Hermsprong—that is your name I think—religion is not a jest

'Well Doctor, dispute is disagreeable altercation pitiful It is easy on this subject to give offense by innocent or careless expressions I desire to give no offense therefore beg leave to decline the subject '

Young gentleman I must not let you off so It is my duty to put you right if I find you wrong I suspect you have imbibed some of the abominable doctrines of the French philosophers, some heretical tenets which will plunge you into the bottomless pit

The Doctor now began to drink off his glasses of punch very quick and as he had preached against infidelity but the last sabbath he remembered much of the sermon and meeting with no interruption from the company who preserved a profound silence he preached it over *again* with much animation.

When he had finished Mr Hermsprong thanked him for the trouble he had taken and drank his health

But said the Doctor you say nothing to my discourse I hope I have not preached in vain

In vain I fear to Tom Tunny here

The Doctor looked and, lo! the man was asleep He was presently awaked and received a sharp reprimand

Doctor says the landlord, "I always thought a pulpit a fitter place to preach in than an alehouse and that a man must fall asleep when he cannot keep himself awake It is not orthodox here to preach over our liquor Gentlemen, my service to you! Solomon said there was a time for all things; a time to preach and a time to let it alone, and I am sure there is no better time to let it alone than when good company meet together to be merry"

You are beneath my notice,' said the Doctor with great dignity, "but for this young gentleman—

I request Sir you will do me the favor to consider me as beneath your notice also" said Hermsprong

"I don t like obstinacy in a young man You was the person who had the good luck to do a piece of service to Miss Campinet?

No answer

'That' continues the Doctor was a fortunate event for the young lady and might have been so to you had you thought proper to treat his Lordship with proper respect"

Sir, I have no respect for his Lordship'

No young man nor for anybody else I think."

I pay it Sir where I owe it'

The man will have something to do who sets himself the task of correcting your errors

It is too much even for a Doctor of Divinity I ought to be grateful, however for the intention and to return the obligation where I can You yourself Sir seem to have one small error I recommend officiousness to your correction'

The Doctor's face grew red with anger In a raised tone he said "Let me tell you young man—

'Stop Sir' said Hermsprong rising 'by what right do you presume to speak to me with the tone of a master? I owe you no obedience and despise you for your tyrannical and contentious spirit Mr Tunny let another room be prepared for Mr Glen and me Mr Woodcock, when the Doctor chooses to leave a place where he had no right to intrude we shall be glad of your company"

Lord Grondale Lays His Rank, His Person, and His Fortune at Miss Fluart's Feet

Lord Grondale had begun to long for a few of Miss Fluart s sugared sweets and Miss Fluart to wish he would This young lady was strolling the pleasure grounds alone Miss Campinet having determined that evening to write to Mrs Garnet—a thing she had attempted every day since her father s prohibition but in which she had not yet succeeded to her mind A few yards from the pavilion *turning a wall Miss Fluart almost ran against* Lord Grondale The good Peer said with a tone of good nature Have I the pleasure to see Miss Fluart here and alone? '

Caroline is indolent Miss Fluart answered ' she chose the zephyrs of her own apartment *rather than the zephyrs of your Lordship s groves* Oh dear' she continued now I think of it I have long had a desire to take a peep into your Lordship s pavilion where you have never yet invited me

'*I invite you now* then said Lord Grondale hobbling up the steps and unlocking the door

I hear' says she it is a little palace of paintings

The first object which struck her view was herself her beauteous self many times multiplied This was fascinating no doubt but she got rid of it as soon as she could and threw her eye on a lovely piece representing Iachimo taking notes of the mole cinque spotted on the beauteous bosom of Imogen The next was Atalanta, straining to recover the ground she had lost by the golden apples her bosom bare her zone unloosed her garments streaming with the wind From the four following pieces the pavilion might *not improperly have been denominated* the Temple of Venus The first gave the goddess rising from the sea The second asleep a copy of Titian The third accompanied with Juno and Minerva appealing to Paris The fourth in Vulcan s net with Mars

However capital these might be they were such as ladies are not accustomed to admire in the presence of gentlemen There was however a superb sofa on which a lady might sit down with all possible propriety Miss Fluart *did sit down* but the prospect *from thence rather increased than diminished* a little matter of confusion which she felt on the view of the company she seemed to have got into

She was rising to leave the pavilion when his Lordship in the most gallant possible manner claimed a fine due he said by the custom of the manor from every lady who honored that sofa by sitting upon it His Lordship meant simply a kiss which I believe he would have taken respectfully

enough had Miss Fluart been passive but I know not why the lady seemed to feel an alarm for which probably she had no reason and was intent only on running away whilst his Lordship was intent only upon seizing his foe fe̊it A fine muslin apron was ill treated upon this occasion a handkerchief was ruffled, and some beautiful hair had strayed from its confinement, and wantoned upon its owner s polished neck She got away, however from this palace of painting and its dangerous sofa

"Upon my word, my dear Miss Fluart' said his Lordship getting down after her as fast as he was able you are quite a prude today I thought you superior to the nonsense of your sex the making such a rout about a kiss

'A kiss! Lord bless me" said Miss Fluart 'I thought from the company your Lordship had brought me into, and the mode of your attack you had wanted to undress me"

Lord Grondale burst into an immoderate laugh, and declared it was the drollest idea in the world Miss Fluart laughed too, and stopped to hear his Lordship's exculpation which she accepted without much difficulty having a favor to ask that could scarcely be granted except in his Lordship's very best humor

Whether a kiss refused is more a promoter of love than a kiss granted or whether there is anything inflammatory in pulling a young lady s clothes to pieces it is certain Lord Grondale now found himself very seriously in love

After they had walked together a little time his Lordship said 'My dear Miss Fluart you are the most charming the most irresistible girl in the universe In pity to myself, I must avoid you unless—unless I could learn to behold you with less affection or inspire you with more'

Oh dear! returned Miss Fluart 'why your Lordship s love fit is come on again I thought it had been gone for good But I hope as it has a trick of coming and going it will not incommode your Lordship much'

"Miss Fluart said the Peer gravely 'I could wish to be serious on a serious occasion —Can you a few minutes?

Oh yes certainly, upon a serious occasion But I thought love had been a light hearted airy thing all joy and sport If it is so solemn I shall not at all like it

'Should you Miss Fluart if I should offer to lay my rank my title my person and fortune at your feet—should you think it worth a serious consideration?

Why my Lord these are very serious things no doubt, one should like to tread upon some of them But indeed my Lord you would lose too much, if I should accept your rash offer How can your Lordship expect

greater felicity than with a person of Mrs Stone's merit? in whom you have one of the best of wives without a wife's odious prerogative

You suppose then I have improper connections with this lady?

'I did not say anything about improper connections my Lord they may be very proper for anything I know for your Lordship'

'That Mrs Stone is anything more to me than my housekeeper who has any right to suppose?

Only that in the ordinary course of things housekeepers do not preside at great tables so one presumes there may be an extra measure of kindness

Mrs Stone is a person of family under misfortunes

'I adore your Lordship's generosity and condescension more especially as one of her misfortunes is loss of character in your Lordship's service

'I presume Miss Fluart is in this mistaken"

'Nothing more possible It may be quite the contrary She may have gained character for aught I know But whether Mrs Stone's be loss or gain yours my Lord will be certain loss by the change Oh but perhaps your Lordship does not mean to change—perhaps you intend this lady shall preserve the presidency'

'My dear Miss Fluart how could such a notion enter your head?'

By the eye my Lord One looks at Miss Campinet One reasons upon past events One makes conjectures of the future

I look upon my daughter as a guest only She will probably marry Mrs Stone is an excellent manager I did not think it prudent to offend her and disarrange my household

And I really think it would be better for your Lordship to continue prudent I am not qualified to represent Mrs Stone

'Thou art the oddest girl——

Yes I know it and advise your Lordship accordingly A staid grave man like you and a Peer of the realm to think of a giddy flirt like me! Consider my Lord if you should repent and I dare say you will a wife is not easy to get rid of'

Oh—I will run all risks

Then I shall take whole years of courtship and after that you will have to fight half a hundred duels for I have a little army of lovers and a cross guardian who frights them away

Miss Fluart cannot want admirers but may I presume to ask is there one more favored than the rest?

'No not one unless they take it into their heads, as your Lordship may do that looking at them and hearing them talk is favor

And your heart my dear Miss Fluart is quite free?

'Oh quite! and likely enough to continue for to tell you a secret, my Lord a fop is my aversion, and there are so few men young men now who are not fops '

That is a most admirable sentiment and manifests great solidity of mind You must be Lady Grondale '

'I don t feel the necessity of it, my Lord "

But I do "

'It requires vast consideration more than my poor brain will ever be able to bear So take notice my Lord and don't say hereafter that I have encouraged your Lordship in so silly a pursuit Besides what would Mrs Stone say?

'Be persuaded my dear Miss Fluart Mrs Stone is nothing to me

No—I cannot give your Lordship credit for so much ingratitude But let us talk no more of it till this day twelvemonth Once a year is quite enough And now, my Lord, when do you expect your annual visitors

Very soon a month perhaps

It will be about the time my guardian requires my return and as your visitors are all unaccompanied by ladies I presume it would be your Lordship s wish Miss Campinet should be absent Will you give her leave to accompany me to Falmouth during that time?'

Hermsprong will follow her there perhaps? '

My Lord I do not pretend to take upon me to answer for things over which I have no control This I can assure your Lordship I have no cause to suppose he will or that he would be well received by Caroline if he did.

You will return with her?'

If your Lordship invites me "

Be assured of that and I shall commit Caroline to your care with perfect confidence assured you will not permit her to stain the honor of a noble house of which I hope you will soon be the greatest ornament '

My Lord if you indulge in such suppositions have the goodness to ascribe your disappointment when it comes to its true cause the ardor of your imagination

They were now at the hall door His Lordship took his way to his library to indulge the ardor of his imagination

THE EXQUISITE REALISM OF JANE AUSTEN



THERE is no significant disagreement over the shining diadem of virtues that crowns Jane Austen s accomplishment Her exquisite verbal artistry her skill in building a story her sharp observation of human nature her brilliance in deflating a hundred kinds of fatuity and humbug her mastery of social comedy—all these are conceded with hardly a dissenting voice There are those however who regard the small square two inches of ivory she filled with such living hues as only a sort of miniature ivory tower They point out that aside from two or three excursions to Bath and other watering places her novels hardly stray beyond a few square miles of rural England They point out that her characters are drawn from so limited a social range as to include only the landed gentry and a few tradespeople and yeoman farmers They point out that there is no mention in her pages of pauperism the power loom the Peninsular campaign Mr Pitt or the Napoleonic Wars All these grave charges are quite true

They are also quite irrelevant It is no depreciation of the importance of current history and social conditions to say that an artist or a scientist may remain professionally unaware of them without becoming guilty of

cyrenaical evasion or superficiality It would be hard to tell the sentiments of Sophocles or Virgil on these themes or those of Keats unless we went over their work with the minutest care and for all the allusions to contemporary events scholars have discovered in Shakespeare s plays they are still disputing what were his religious views and whether or no he despised the common people Some writers of whom Jane Austen is one are concerned with human nature itself She observed it where she could and confined herself to describing what she observed Thomas Huxley could take a piece of chalk and deduce from it centuries of geologic history There is as much human nature even in a country gentleman and his family as there is in the House of Commons or a cotton mill and Jane Austen was at least as adept in finding it as the sociological novelists

Jane Austen yields to none of these in the acuteness with which she portrays the world Unlike many of them however she has no abstract pattern of social forces to propound no program of social improvement to defend Although she knows well enough how much people are the products of their surroundings her analysis is of individual psychology rather than social process and her contribution to our understanding is that she makes us see ourselves more clearly and judge ourselves more soundly But Jane Austen s art is brilliant portraiture not a blueprint or a lawyer s brief She is too fascinated in observing life understanding it and revealing it to care much about pigeonholing it or changing it Though she collected people she had no interest in transfixing them with pins and classifying them as specimens in cabinets The live creature—so ridiculous, enchanting fantastic moving and absurd—was what she loved to watch And the very intensity of her loving absorption re creates Georgian England as solidly as if she had been a deliberate social historian

She watched with an interest almost entirely spectatorial Her tendency is toward a mild and sympathetic amusement deepening at times to intellectual scorn and disapprobation Toward her audience her attitude is the assumption that it consists of people like herself that they will enjoy the spectacle of life and the revelation of folly and enjoy both all the more if their absurdities are no more than hinted at by a subtle and completely conscious intelligence She and they will be equals smiling at a delicately delightful comedy With just a dash of enjoyable acerbity sanity of vision and witty insight are offered for their own sakes and observation of the social scene becomes its own sufficient reward Observation itself thus grows into critical observation, judgment into critical judgment

Nowhere are these facts clearer than in Pride and Prejudice *The theme of the novel is clearly implied by its title the story is a contention between Darcy s pride and Elizabeth Bennet s prejudice Round the two are grouped the fashionable and town bred snobbery of Miss Bingley the arrogance of Lady Catherine de Bourgh the servile vanity of Mr Collins the pedantry of Elizabeth s sister Mary the stupid bias of Mrs Bennet the whimsical and disillusioned quirks of Mr Bennet and the plausible duplicities of Wickham all variations on pride and prejudice Their counterpoint is as deliberate and sophisticated as anything devised by Aldous Huxley*

Elizabeth s prejudice is inflamed by the appearance of stand offishness in Darcy by overhearing his refusal to dance with her at the ball by the humiliating justice of his scorn for her foolish mother and ill bred sisters by her careless willingness to believe the ungrounded slanders of Wickham Darcy s pride is swelled by his own wealth accomplishments and breeding disgusted by the vulgarity of Mrs Bennet and Lydia, humiliated by the misfortune of falling in love with the daughter of such a family and affronted by Elizabeth s disdain We should observe that though Darcy s behavior is tactless his judgment is sound Mrs Bennet is not such a mother in law as a sensible man could wish and the younger Bennet daughters are noisy and cheaply flirtatious Elizabeth s resentment of him however is mere group loyalty and wounded self-esteem In the course of the action both his pride and her prejudice are humbled

The instrument of chastening is mainly critical laughter Properly so for the failings are not vicious enough to merit severer chastisement Jane Austen laughs more sharply at the sycophantic Collins and the snobbish Lady Catherine than she does at Darcy or Elizabeth And even her moral disapproval of Wickham and the hoydenish Lydia though deep and clear but never violates the mood of comedy by becoming emotionally violent The same consistency of tone is observable in all her books The realism is always diamond-clear and diamond sparkling and its critical revelation is constant Emma Woodhouse takes herself down a peg or two by discovering the dangers of playing providence The dullness of John Thorpe s conversation is magically transubstantiated into a rich exposure of his own complacence Mr Bennet interrupts his wife s monologue upon what a great matrimonial catch the new occupant of Netherfield Park will be for one of their girls by asking slyly if that was the newcomer s object in settling there In all these instances and in a hundred others the laughter is a laughter of critical insight that bathes human nature itself in light

Jane Austen's comedy is invisible to an occasional reader not because it is too fragile, tenuous, and spinsterish as many people erroneously assume—in reality her mirth can be very hearty—but because it is completely civilized and mature. To see the fun, for example, of Darcy's brief answers to Caroline Bingley as she tries to center his attention on herself and he continues writing a letter to his sister—and to share Elizabeth Bennet's demure amusement at her humiliation—requires an ability to see all around a social situation. It demands realizing Miss Bingley's hopes about Darcy, her incipient dislike of Elizabeth, and Elizabeth's knowledge of that dislike. It demands realizing Miss Bingley's desire to show Elizabeth how intimately favored is her own friendship with Darcy and observing how Darcy dashes this desire at every turn. It demands above all an understanding of Miss Bingley's fatal inability to desist from her line of action even when she has begun to perceive that it is only exposing her before the very person she wished to impress. The instant and penetrating clarity with which Jane Austen conveys all these intricacies is what endows her with her mastery of social comedy.

To say these things is not to imply that her wit is all an involved Meredithian business of subtle overtones. On the contrary, she can be exceedingly good at burlesque verging even into broad farce. Mrs Bennet's unceasing shallow gabble is as ludicrous in its own way as Mrs Malaprop's jumbled volubility, and the gawky and solemn pomposity of Mr Collins is a marvel of grotesque caricature. But perhaps the master stroke in comic characterization occurs when Lady Catherine de Bourgh pays her single visit to the Bennets at Longbourn. She has come to obtain Elizabeth's word that she will not marry Darcy; she has asked to speak with Elizabeth in the garden. Now, if ever, one would think, she would make some effort at tact. Moving through the hall, she throws open the doors into the dining parlor and drawing room and looks across the thresholds. "Decent looking rooms," she pronounces them, as if she had expected to find them pigpens. It is incidentally one of Jane Austen's great feats of plot construction that Lady Catherine should humiliate her nephew at Rosings, and in front of Elizabeth, by showing herself quite as vulgar as Mrs Bennet, whose silly ill breeding he had despised.

But all of Jane Austen is not exhausted in comedy. She has moral judgment and moral depth as well. Though she holds the scales evenly between Elinor and Marianne Dashwood in Sense and Sensibility, *she makes it clear that the younger sister's pampering of her own emotions involves a*

self indulgent thoughtlessness of others and that Elinor s sane self restraint is proper control not absence of feeling Her heroines are always making salutary discoveries about themselves Emma of her own vanity and self deception Catherine Moreland of her naivete in taking Gothic romances as guides to life Elizabeth of her willingness to trust first impressions

And although nobody in Jane Austen s world ever tears a passion to tatters there is no absence of deep and strong feeling Who doubts the reality of Jane Bennet s suffering when the tenant of Netherfield fails to be heard from or the bitterness of Mr Bennet s remorse for the parental laxity that led to Lydia s seduction and elopement? And when Elizabeth repenting of her prejudice against Darcy and deeply in love with him at last discovers that even her father believes her swayed by the desire to make a wealthy marriage her troubled outcry is almost heart rending Indeed he has no improper pride He is perfectly amiable How eloquent the words are in their very insufficiency how moving! It adds the last touch to Jane Austen s perfections that on rare occasions she could even strike this note of exquisite of almost anguished emotion

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

««« Originally written around 1796 97 *Pride and Prejudice* was not published until 1813 The extracts given here containing the whole story of Mr Collins courtship of Elizabeth are from Chapters 13 14 15 19 and 20 »»»

The Courtship of Mr Collins

I HOPE my dear' said Mr Bennet to his wife as they were at breakfast the next morning that you have ordered a good dinner to day be cause I have reason to expect an addition to our family party'

Who do you mean my dear? I know of nobody that is coming I am sure, unless Charlotte Lucas should happen to call in—and I hope *my* dinners are good enough for her I do not believe she often sees such at home

The person of whom I speak is a gentleman and a stranger

Mrs Bennet s eyes sparkled—' A gentleman and a stranger! It is Mr Bingley, I am sure Why Jane—you never dropt a word of this you sly thing! Well, I am sure I shall be extremely glad to see Mr Bingley—But good Lord! how unlucky! there is not a bit of fish to be got to day Lydia, my love ring the bell—I must speak to Hill this moment.'

It is *not* Mr Bingley said her husband, it is a person whom I never saw in the whole course of my life

This roused a general astonishment and he had the pleasure of being eagerly questioned by his wife and five daughters at once

After amusing himself some time with their curiosity, he thus explained—

About a month ago I received this letter and about a fortnight ago I answered it for I thought it a case of some delicacy, and requiring early attention It is from my cousin Mr Collins who when I am dead, may turn you all out of this house as soon as he pleases

Oh! my dear cried his wife I cannot bear to hear that mentioned Pray do not talk of that odious man I do think it is the hardest thing in the world that your estate should be entailed away from your own children and I am sure if I had been you I should have tried long ago to do something or other about it

Jane and Elizabeth attempted to explain to her the nature of an entail They had often attempted it before but it was a subject on which Mrs Bennet was beyond the reach of reason and she continued to rail bitterly

against the cruelty of settling an estate away from a family of five daughters in favor of a man whom nobody cared anything about

It certainly is a most iniquitous affair said Mr Bennet and nothing can clear Mr Collins from the guilt of inheriting Longbourn But if you will listen to his letter you may perhaps be a little softened by his manner of expressing himself

No that I am sure I shall not and I think it was very impertinent of him to write to you at all and very hypocritical I hate such false friends Why could not he keep on quarreling with you as his father did before him?

'Why indeed he does seem to have had some filial scruples on that head as you will hear

Hunsford near Westerham Kent
15th October

Dear Sir

The disagreement subsisting between yourself and my late honored father always gave me much uneasiness and since I have had the misfortune to lose him, I have frequently wished to heal the breach but for some time I was kept back by my own doubts fearing lest it might seem disrespectful to his memory for me to be on good terms with any one with whom it had always pleased him to be at variance —'There Mrs Bennet —My mind however is now made up on the subject for having received ordination at Easter I have been so fortunate as to be distinguished by the patronage of the Right Honorable Lady Catherine de Bourgh widow of Sir Lewis de Bourgh whose bounty and beneficence has preferred me to the valuable rectory of this parish where it shall be my earnest endeavor to demean myself with grateful respect towards her Ladyship and be ever ready to perform those rites and ceremonies which are instituted by the Church of England As a clergyman moreover I feel it my duty to promote and establish the blessing of peace in all families within the reach of my influence and on these grounds I flatter myself that my present overtures of goodwill are highly commendable and that the circumstance of my being next in the entail of Longbourn estate will be kindly overlooked on your side and not lead you to reject the offered olive branch I cannot be otherwise than concerned at being the means of injuring your amiable daughters and beg leave to apologize for it as well as to assure you of my readiness to make them every possible amends —but of this hereafter If you should have no objection to receive me into your house I propose myself the satisfaction of waiting on you and your family Monday November 18th by four o clock and shall probably trespass on your hospitality till the Saturday se nnight following which I can do without any inconvenience, as Lady Catherine is far from

objecting to my occasional absence on a Sunday, provided that some other clergyman is engaged to do the duty of the day —I remain dear sir with respectful compliments to your lady and daughters your well wisher and friend

'William Collins

'At four o clock therefore we may expect this peace making gentleman said Mr Bennet as he folded up the letter 'He seems to be a most conscientious and polite young man upon my word, and I doubt not will prove a valuable acquaintance especially if Lady Catherine should be so indulgent as to let him come to us again

There is some sense in what he says about the girls, however and if he is disposed to make them any amends, I shall not be the person to discourage him

'Though it is difficult" said Jane, 'to guess in what way he can mean to make us the atonement he thinks our due, the wish is certainly to his credit."

Elizabeth was chiefly struck with his extraordinary deference for Lady Catherine and his kind intention of christening, marrying and burying his parishioners whenever it were required

He must be an oddity, I think' said she 'I cannot make him out. There is something very pompous in his style —And what can he mean by apologizing for being next in the entail?—We cannot suppose he would help it if he could —Can he be a sensible man sir?'

'No my dear, I think not I have great hopes of finding him quite the reverse There is a mixture of servility and self importance in his letter which promises well I am impatient to see him'

In point of composition' said Mary 'his letter does not seem defective The idea of the olive branch perhaps is not wholly new, yet I think it is we expressed

To Catherine and Lydia neither the letter nor its writer were in an degree interesting It was next to impossible that their cousin should co in a scarlet coat and it was now some weeks since they had received pleasu from the society of a man in any other color As for their mother M Collins s letter had done away much of her ill will, and she was preparing see him with a degree of composure which astonished her husband a daughters

Mr Collins was punctual to his time and was received with great polit ness by the whole family Mr Bennet indeed said little, but the ladies we ready enough to talk and Mr Collins seemed neither in need of encourag ment, nor inclined to be silent himself He was a tall heavy looking you man of five-and twenty His air was grave and stately and his manne

were very formal He had not been long seated before he complimented Mrs Bennet on having so fine a family of daughters said he had heard much of their beauty but that in this instance fame had fallen short of the truth and added that he did not doubt her seeing them all in due time well disposed of in marriage This gallantry was not much to the taste of some of his hearers but Mrs Bennet, who quarreled with no compliments answered most readily

"You are very kind I am sure and I wish with all my heart it may prove so for else they will be destitute enough Things are settled so oddly

You allude perhaps to the entail of this estate

'Ah' sir I do indeed It is a grievous affair to my poor girls you must confess Not that I mean to find fault with *you*, for such things I know are all chance in this world There is no knowing how estates will go when once they come to be entailed

I am very sensible madam of the hardship to my fair cousins and could say much on the subject but that I am cautious of appearing forward and precipitate But I can assure the young ladies that I come prepared to admire them At present I will not say more but perhaps when we are better acquainted—

He was interrupted by a summons to dinner and the girls smiled on each other They were not the only objects of Mr Collins s admiration The hall the dining room, and all its furniture were examined and appraised and his commendation of everything would have touched Mrs Bennet s heart, but for the mortifying supposition of his viewing it all as his own future property The dinner too in its turn was highly admired and he begged to know to which of his fair cousins the excellency of its cooking was owing But here he was set right by Mrs Bennet, who assured him with some asperity that they were very well able to keep a good cook, and that her daughters had nothing to do in the kitchen He begged pardon for having displeased her In a softened tone she declared herself not at all offended but he continued to apologize for about a quarter of an hour

During dinner Mr Bennet scarcely spoke at all but when the servants were withdrawn he thought it time to have some conversation with his guest, and therefore started a subject in which he expected him to shine by observing that he seemed very fortunate in his patroness Lady Catherine de Bourgh s attention to his wishes and consideration for his comfort, appeared very remarkable Mr Bennet could not have chosen better Mr Collins was eloquent in her praise The subject elevated him to more than usual solemnity of manner and with a most important aspect he protested that he had never in his life witnessed such behavior in a person of rank— such affability and condescension as he had himself experienced from Lady

Catherine She had been graciously pleased to approve of both the discourses which he had already had the honor of preaching before her She had also asked him twice to dine at Rosings and had sent for him only the Saturday before to make up her pool of quadrille in the evening Lady Catherine was reckoned proud by many people he knew but *he* had never seen anything but affability in her She had always spoken to him as she would to any other gentleman she made not the smallest objection to his joining in the society of the neighborhood nor to his leaving his parish occasionally for a week or two to visit his relations She had even condescended to advise him to marry as soon as he could provided he chose with discretion and had once paid him a visit in his humble parsonage where she had perfectly approved all the alterations he had been making and had even vouchsafed to suggest some herself—some shelves in the closets upstairs '

That is all very proper and civil I am sure " said Mrs Bennet 'and I daresay she is a very agreeable woman It is a pity that great ladies in general are not more like her Does she live near you sir? '

The garden in which stands my humble abode is separated only by a lane from Rosings Park her ladyship s residence '

'I think you said she was a widow sir? has she any family '

She has only one daughter the heiress of Rosings and of very extensive property '

Ah! cried Mrs Bennet shaking her head then she is better off than many girls And what sort of young lady is she? is she handsome? '

' She is a most charming young lady indeed Lady Catherine herself says that in point of true beauty, Miss de Bourgh is far superior to the handsomest of her sex because there is that in her features which marks the young woman of distinguished birth She is unfortunately of a sickly constitution which has prevented her making that progress in many accomplishments which she could not otherwise have failed of as I am informed by the lady who superintended her education and who still resides with them But she is perfectly amiable and often condescends to drive by my humble abode in her little phaeton and ponies

Has she been presented? I do not remember her name among the ladies at court

Her indifferent state of health unhappily prevents her being in town and by that means as I told Lady Catherine myself one day has deprived the British court of its brightest ornament Her ladyship seemed pleased with the idea and you may imagine that I am happy on every occasion to offer those little delicate compliments which are always acceptable to ladies I have more than once observed to Lady Catherine that her charming daughter seemed born to be a duchess and that the most elevated rank instead

giving her consequence would be adorned by her —These are the kind of little things which please her ladyship and it is a sort of attention which I conceive myself peculiarly bound to pay

You judge very properly said Mr Bennet and it is happy for you that you possess the talent of flattering with delicacy May I ask whether these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment or are the result of previous study ?

They arise chiefly from what is passing at the time and though I sometimes amuse myself with suggesting and arranging such little elegant compliments as may be adapted to ordinary occasions I always wish to give them as unstudied an air as possible

Mr Bennet s expectations were fully answered His cousin was as absurd as he had hoped and he listened to him with the keenest enjoyment maintaining at the same time the most resolute composure of countenance and except in an occasional glance at Elizabeth requiring no partner in his pleasure

By tea time however the dose had been enough and Mr Bennet was *glad to take his guest into the drawing room again and when tea was over* glad to invite him to read aloud to the ladies Mr Collins readily assented and a book was produced but on beholding it (for everything announced it to be from a circulating library) he started back and begging pardon protested that he never read novels Kitty stared at him and Lydia exclaimed —Other books were produced and after some deliberation he chose *Fordyce s Sermons* Lydia gaped as he opened the volume and before he had with very monotonous solemnity read three pages she interrupted him with—

Do you know mamma that my uncle Philips talks of turning away Richard and if he does Colonel Forster will hire him My aunt told me so herself on Saturday I shall walk to Meryton to morrow to hear more about it and to ask when Mr Denny comes back from town

Lydia was bid by her two eldest sisters to hold her tongue but Mr Collins much offended laid aside his book, and said—

I have often observed how little young ladies are interested by books of a serious stamp though written solely for their benefit It amazes me I confess —for certainly there can be nothing so advantageous to them as instruction But I will no longer importune my young cousin

Then turning to Mr Bennet he offered himself as his antagonist at backgammon Mr Bennet accepted the challenge observing that he acted very wisely in leaving the girls to their own trifling amusements Mrs Bennet and her daughters apologized most civilly for Lydia s interruption and promised that it should not occur again, if he would resume his book but Mr Collins

after assuring them that he bore his young cousin no ill will and should never resent her behavior as any affront seated himself at another table with Mr Bennet and prepared for backgammon

Mr Collins was not a sensible man and the deficiency of Nature had been but little assisted by education or society, the greatest part of his life having been spent under the guidance of an illiterate and miserly father; and though he belonged to one of the universities he had merely kept the necessary term without forming at it any useful acquaintance The subjection in which his father had brought him up had given him originally great humility of manner but it was now a good deal counteracted by the self conceit of a weak head living in retirement and the consequential feelings of early and unexpected prosperity A fortunate chance had recommended him to Lady Catherine de Bourgh when the living of Hunsford was vacant, and the respect which he felt for her high rank and his veneration for her as his patroness mingling with a very good opinion of himself of his authority as a clergyman and his right as a rector made him altogether a mixture of pride and obsequiousness self importance and humility

Having now a good house and very sufficient income he intended to marry and in seeking a reconciliation with the Longbourn family he had a wife in view as he meant to choose one of the daughters if he found them as handsome and amiable as they were represented by common report This was his plan of amends—of atonement—for inheriting their father s estate and he thought it an excellent one, full of eligibility and suitableness, and excessively generous and disinterested on his own part

His plan did not vary on seeing them Miss Bennet s lovely face confirmed his views and established all his strictest notions of what was due to seniority, and for the first evening *she* was his settled choice The next morning however made an alteration, for in a quarter of an hour s tete a tete with Mrs Bennet before breakfast a conversation beginning with his parsonage house and leading naturally to the avowal of his hopes that a mistress for it might be found at Longbourn produced from her amid very complaisant smiles and general encouragement a caution against the very Jane he had fixed on ' As to her *younger* daughters she could not take upon her to say—she could not positively answer—but she did not *know* of any prepossession, —her *eldest* daughter she must just mention—she felt it incumbent on her to hint, was likely to be very soon engaged

Mr Collins had only to change from Jane to Elizabeth—and it was soon done—done while Mrs Bennet was *stirring the fire* Elizabeth equally next to Jane in birth and beauty succeeded *her of course*

Mrs Bennet treasured up the hint, and trusted that she might soon have

two daughters married and the man whom she could not bear to speak of the day before was now high in her good graces

The next day *opened a new scene at Longbourn Mr Collins made his* declaration in form Having resolved to do it without loss of time as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment he set about it in a very orderly manner with all the observances which he supposed a regular part of the business On finding Mrs Bennet Elizabeth and one of the younger girls together soon after breakfast he addressed the mother in these words May I hope madam for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth when I solicit for the honor of a private audience with her in the course of this morning

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise Mrs Bennet instantly answered Oh dear!—Yes—certainly I am sure Lizzy will be very happy—I am sure she can have no objection Come Kitty I want you upstairs And gathering her work together she was hastening away when Elizabeth called out,

Dear madam do not go I beg you will not go Mr Collins must excuse me He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear I am going away myself

No no nonsense Lizzy I desire you will stay where you are And upon Elizabeth s seeming really with vexed and embarrassed looks about to escape, she added Lizzy I *insist* upon your staying and hearing Mr Collins

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction—and a moment s consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible she sat down again and tried to conceal by incessant employment the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion Mrs Bennet and Kitty walked off and as soon as they were gone Mr Collins began

Believe me my dear Miss Elizabeth that your modesty so far from doing you any disservice rather adds to your other perfections You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there *not* been this little unwillingness but allow me to assure you that *I have your respected mother s permis* sion for this address You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life But before I am *run away with by my feelings* on this subject perhaps it would be ad

visable for me to state my reasons for marrying—and moreover for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife as I certainly did

The idea of Mr Collins with all his solemn composure being run away with by his feelings made Elizabeth so near laughing, that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him farther, and he continued —

My reasons for marrying are, first that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish secondly that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness, and thirdly—which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honor of calling patroness Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too!) on this subject and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford—between our pools at quadrille while Mrs Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh s footstool that she said Mr Collins you must marry A clergyman like you must marry — Choose properly choose a gentlewoman for *my* sake and for your *own*, let her be an active useful sort of person not brought up high but able to make a small income go a good way This is my advice Find such a woman as soon as you can bring her to Hunsford and I will visit her ' Allow me by the way to observe my fair cousin that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer You will find her manners beyond any thing I can describe and your wit and vivacity, I think must be acceptable to her especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite Thus much for my general intention in favor of matrimony it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighborhood where I assure you there are many amiable young women But the fact is that being as I am to inherit this estate after the death of your honored father (who however, may live many years longer) I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters that the loss to them might be as little as possible when the melancholy event takes place—which however as I have already said, may not be for several years This has been my motive my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father since I am well aware that it could not be complied with and that one thousand pounds in the 4 per cents., which will not be yours till after your mother s decease is all that you may ever be entitled to On that head therefore I shall be uniformly silent and you

may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married'

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now

'You are too hasty sir she cried You forget that I have made no answer Let me do it without further loss of time Acc pt my thanks for the compliment you are paying me I am very sensible of the honor of your proposals but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them

I am not now to learn' replied Mr Collins with a formal wave of the hand "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept when he first applies for their favor and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time I *am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said* and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long

Upon my word sir cried Elizabeth 'your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risl their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time I am perfectly serious in my refusal You could not make *me* happy and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make *you* so Nay were your friend Lady Catherine to know me I am persuaded she would find me in every respect ill qualified for the situation

'Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so said Mr Collins *very gravely— but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disap* prove of you And you may be certain that when I have the honor of seeing her again I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty economy and other amiable qualifications'

Indeed Mr Collins all praise of me will be unnecessary You must give me leave to judge for myself and pay me the compliment of believing what I say I wish you very happy and very rich and by refusing your hand do all in my power to prevent your being otherwise In making me the offer you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls without any self reproach This matter may be considered therefore as finally *settled And rising as she thus spoke she* would have quitted the room had not Mr Collins thus addressed her

When I do myself the honor of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favorable answer than you have now given me though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character

'Really Mr Collins cried Elizabeth with some warmth "you puzzle me exceedingly If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one'

'You must give me leave to flatter myself my dear cousin that your refusal of my addresses is merely words of course My reasons for believing it are briefly these —It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh and my relationship to your own are circumstances highly in my favor and you should take it into further consideration that in spite of your manifold attractions it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you Your portion is unhappily so small that it will in all likelihood undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications As I must therefore conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense according to the usual practice of elegant females

I do assure you sir that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere I thank you again and again for the honor you have done me in your proposals but to accept them is absolutely impossible My feelings in every respect forbid it Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart

You are uniformly charming! cried he with an air of awkward gallantry 'and I am persuaded that when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable '

To such perseverance in willful self deception Elizabeth would make no reply and immediately and in silence withdrew determined that if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be decisive, and whose behavior at least could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female

Mr Collins was not left long to the silent contemplation of his successful love for Mrs Bennet, having dawdled about in the vestibule to watch for the end of the conference no sooner saw Elizabeth open the door and with quick step pass her towards the staircase than she entered the breakfast room, and congratulated both him and herself in warm terms on the happy prospect of their nearer connection Mr Collins received and returned these felicitations with equal pleasure and then proceeded to relate the particulars

of their interview with the result of which he trusted he had every reason to be satisfied since the refusal which his cousin had steadfastly given him would naturally flow from her bashful modesty and the genuine delicacy of her character

This information however, startled Mrs Bennet —she would have been glad to be equally satisfied that her daughter had meant to encourage him by protesting against his proposals but she dared not believe it, and could not help saying so

But depend upon it, Mr Collins she added that Lizzy shall be brought to reason I will speak to her about it myself directly She is a very headstrong foolish girl and does not know her own interest but I will *make* her know it

Pardon me for interrupting you madam cried Mr Collins but if she is really headstrong and foolish I know not whether she would altogether be a very desirable wife to a man in my situation who naturally looks for happiness in the marriage state If therefore she actually persists in rejecting my suit perhaps it were better not to force her into accepting me because if liable to such defects of temper she could not contribute much to my felicity '

Sir you quite misunderstand me said Mrs Bennet alarmed Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these In everything else she is as good natured a girl as ever lived I will go directly to Mr Bennet and we shall very soon settle it with her I am sure '

She would not give him time to reply but hurrying instantly to her hus band called out as she entered the library Oh' Mr Bennet you are wanted immediately we are all in an uproar You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr Collins for she vows she will not have him and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have *her*

Mr Bennet raised his eyes from his book as she entered and fixed them on her face with a calm unconcern which was not in the least altered by her communication

I have not the pleasure of understanding you said he when she had finished her speech Of what are you talking?

Of Mr Collins and Lizzy Lizzy declares she will not have Mr Collins and Mr Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy

And what am I to do on the occasion?—It seems an hopeless business

Speak to Lizzy about it yourself Tell her that you insist upon her marry-ing him

Let her be called down She shall hear my opinion

Mrs Bennet rang the bell and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the li brary

Come here, child," cried her father as she appeared ' I have sent for you on an affair of importance I understand that Mr Collins has made you an offer of marriage Is it true? Elizabeth replied that it was Very well-and this offer of marriage you have refused?

'I have sir

Very well We now come to the point Your mother insists upon your accepting it Is it not so Mrs Bennet?

"Yes or I will never see her again"

'An unhappy alternative is before you Elizabeth From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr Collins and I will never see you again if you *do*

Elizabeth could not but smile at such a conclusion of such a beginning but Mrs Bennet, who had persuaded herself that her husband regarded the affair as she wished, was excessively disappointed

What do you mean, Mr Bennet, by talking in this way? You promised me to *insist* upon her marrying him

My dear' replied her husband I have two small favors to request First that you will allow me the free use of my understanding on the present occasion, and secondly of my room I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may be

Not yet however in spite of her disappointment in her husband did Mrs Bennet give up the point She talked to Elizabeth again and again coaxed and threatened her by turns She endeavored to secure Jane in her interest but Jane with all po sible mildness declined interfering and Eliza beth sometimes with real earnestness, and sometimes with playful gayety replied to her attacks Though her manner varied however her determina tion never did

Mr Collins meanwhile was meditating in solitude on what had passed. He thought too well of himself to comprehend on what motive his cousin could refuse him and though his pride was hurt he suffered in no other way His regard for her was quite imaginary and the possibility of her de serving her mother s reproach prevented his feeling any regret

While the family were in this confusion Charlotte Lucas came to spend the day with them She was met in the vestibule by Lydia who flying to her cried in a half whisper I am glad you are come for there is such fun here!—What do you think has happened this morning?—Mr Collins has made an offer to Lizzy and she will not have him

Charlotte had hardly time to answer before they were joined by Kitty who came to tell the same news and no sooner had they entered the break fast room where Mrs Bennet was alone than she likewise began on the

subject calling on Miss Lucas for her compassion and entreating her to persuade her friend Lizzy to comply with the wishes of all her family

Pray do my dear Miss Lucas she added in a melancholy tone for nobody is on my side nobody takes part with me I am cruelly used nobody feels for my poor nerves

Charlotte s reply was spared by the entrance of Jane and Elizabeth

Aye there she comes continued Mrs Bennet, looking as unconcerned as may be and caring no more for us than if we were at York provided she can have her own way —But I tell you what Miss Lizzy—if you take it into your head to go on refusing every offer of marriage in this way you will never get a husband at all—and I am sure I do not know who is to maintain you when your father is dead —*I* shall not be able to keep you—and so I warn you —I have done with you from this very day —I told you in the library you know that I should never speak to you again and you will find me as good as my word I have no pleasure in talking to undutiful children —Not that I have much pleasure indeed in talking to anybody People who suffer as I do from nervous complaints can have no great inclination for talking Nobody can tell what I suffer!—But it is always so Those who do not complain are never pitied

Her daughters listened in silence to this effusion, sensible that any attempt to reason with or soothe her would only increase the irritation She talked on, therefore without interruption from any of them till they were joined by Mr Collins who entered with an air more stately than usual and on perceiving whom, she said to the girls Now I do insist upon it, that you all of you hold your tongues and let Mr Collins and me have a little conversation together

Elizabeth passed quietly out of the room, Jane and Kitty followed but Lydia stood her ground determined to hear all she could and Charlotte detained first by the civility of Mr Collins whose inquiries after herself and all her family were very minute and then by a little curiosity satisfied herself with walking to the window and pretending not to hear In a doleful voice Mrs Bennet thus began the projected conversation — Oh! Mr Collins!

My dear madam replied he let us be forever silent on this point Far be it from me he presently continued in a voice that marked his displeasure to resent the behavior of your daughter Resignation to inevitable evils is the duty of us all the peculiar duty of a young man who has been so fortunate as I have been in early preferment and I trust I am resigned Perhaps not the less so from feeling a doubt of my positive happiness had my fair cousin honored me with her hand for I have often observed that resignation is never so perfect as when the blessing denied begins to lose some

what of its value in our estimation You will not I hope, consider me as showing any disrespect to your family my dear madam by thus withdrawing my pretensions to your daughter s favor, without having paid yourself and Mr Bennet the compliment of requesting you to interpose your authority in my behalf My conduct may, I fear be objectionable in having accepted my dismission from your daughter s lips instead of your own But we are all liable to error I have certainly meant well through the whole affair My object has been to secure an amiable companion for myself with due consideration for the advantage of all your family, and if my *manner* has been at all reprehensible I here beg leave to apologize"

ANTIDOTE TO CRACK-POTS



THE ROMANTIC PERIOD *was an age of extravagance Chateaubriands de Mussets and Byrons paraded the pageant of their bleeding hearts over all Europe Blood-curdling horror novels petrified people with terror and lachrymose romances dissolved them in puddles of tears Political economists forged the iron law of wages into an iron collar for the neck of labor and optimists proclaimed the dogma of mechanical progress with well nigh persecuting zeal Thomas Love Peacock might almost have been designed by nature as an antidote to such goings-on All of them and many more he bombarded with parody in novels that are an endless scintillation of wit*

Like a good many antidotes he tended subtly to exhibit in reverse the very qualities he opposed The bee in the bonnet is his special delight and no novelist has a more gorgeous gallery of absurd enthusiasts But the bee in other people s bonnets ultimately becomes a bee in his own bonnet His laughter at crotchets innovations theories the current fashionable novelty and the current intellectual jargon winds up by turning itself into a crotchet The two things he truly loves and takes seriously are classical scholarship and comfortable living Even these he exaggerates to the point where he himself becomes a caricature of the genial eccentric Tory epicurean scholar Indeed one suspects he knows this and deliberately

portrays an occasional rotund and humorously pedantic gourmet to whom our attention is directed with an enormous wink

The house party of variegated crackpots is his favorite fictional machinery Adapted, no doubt from Plato s Symposium it anticipates both Shaw and Aldous Huxley in the dramatizing of ideas In Crotchet Castle, as in Crome Yellow and Heartbreak House, there is a group of summer guests Nightmare Abbey Gryll Grange and Melincourt all have similar gatherings Headlong Hall is the scene of a Christmas party where a menagerie of eccentrics display their characteristic attitudes in ways whose hilarity the reader may judge for himself What no sample however can convey is the unflagging pace and pyrotechnical agility with which Peacock can keep all these humours clashing against each other

Hardly less lively is Crotchet Castle with its witty digs at utilitarianism and political economy of which Dr Folliott disposes with crushing finality My principles sir in these things are to take as much as I can get and to pay no more than I can help These are every man s principles whether they be right principles or no There sir, is political economy in a nutshell Peacock s fancy reaches delirious heights in inventing among his characters Mr Henbane a toxicologist who spends his life killing cats with various poisons and reviving them with the antidotes and a Mr Firedamp who believes that wherever there is water there is malaria and whose hair stands on end when Mr Philpot the African explorer describes the course of mighty inland rivers, all of which his horrified imagination conjures up as reservoirs of pestilence

There is too much playfulness and too little depth of purpose in Peacock for him to be a serious satirist Most delightful of Laodiceans his loudest roars are only a comic mask He dissipates his sharpest impressions by irresponsible fancy his very sympathies his tickled enjoyment of the ridiculous weaken his satiric impact He was an affectionate friend of Shelley s despite his own skeptical conservatism and although he satirizes that unhappy idealist in the melancholy Scythrop of Nightmare Abbey he does so with no real animus For the idea of progress (the march of mind" he bitingly calls it promulgated by the Steam Intellect Society) and the doctrines of political economy that dismal science which rationalized unscrupulous rapacity he felt the most violent scorn of which he was capable Against them he fires his most piercing shafts But he attacks them in terms of intellectual absurdity pretentiousness and chicanery not in terms of the concrete human misery Dickens reveals beneath the leaden

skies of Coketown Peacock s object is the pleasure of the chase rather than the extermination of the prey Almost in spite of his own intent and his uproarious high spirits by sheer virtuosity of marksmanship he brings victim after victim thudding to the ground And by the end some scores of the most ludicrous and pernicious follies of his day have been brought down

HEADLONG HALL

«« *Headlong Hall* was first published in 1816 The selections given here are from Chapters 1 2 and 5 »»

Four Travelers Discuss the State of the World

The ambiguous light of a December morning peeping through the windows of the Holyhead mail dispelled the soft visions of the four inside who had slept or seemed to sleep through the first seventy miles of the road, with as much comfort as may be supposed consistent with the jolting of the vehicle and an occasional admonition to *remember the coachman*, thundered through the open door, accompanied by the gentle breath of Boreas into the ears of the drowsy traveller

These four persons were Mr Foster * the perfectibilian Mr Escot † the deteriorationist Mr Jenkison ‡ the statu quo ite and the Reverend Doctor Gaster ¶ who though of course neither a philosopher nor a man of taste had so won on the Squire s fancy by a learned dissertation on the art of stuffing a turkey that he concluded no Christmas party would be complete without him

The conversation among these illuminati soon became animated and Mr Foster who we must observe was a thin gentleman about thirty years of age with an aquiline nose black eyes white teeth and black hair—took occasion to panegyrize the vehicle in which they were then travelling and observed what remarkable improvements had been made in the means of facilitating intercourse between distant parts of the kingdom he held forth with great energy on the subject of roads and railways canals and tunnels, manufactures and machinery In short, said he "everything we look on

* Foster quasi *φωστηρ*—from *φαος* and *τηρεω* lucem servo conservo observo custodio—one who watches over and guards the light a sense in which the word is often used amongst us, when we speak of *fostering a flame*

† Escot quasi *ες σκοτον* *in tenebras* scilicet, intuens one who is always looking into the dark side of the question

‡ Jenkison This name may be *derived from* *αιεν εξ ισων* *semper ex æqualibus*—scilicet mensuris, omnia metiens one who from equal measures divides and distributes all things one who from equal measures can always produce arguments on both sides of a question with so much nicety and exactness as to keep the said question eternally pending and the balance of the controversy perpetually in statu quo By an aphæresis of the α an elision of the second ε and an easy and natural mutation of ξ into κ the derivation of this name proceeds according to the strictest principles of etymology *αιεν εξ ισων*—*Ien ξ ισων*—*Ien κ ισων*—Ienkison—Jenkison.

¶ Gaster scilicet *Γαστηρ*—Venter—et præterea nihil

attests the progress of mankind in all the arts of life and demonstrates their gradual advancement towards a state of unlimited perfection.'

Mr Escot, who was somewhat younger than Mr Foster but rather more pale and saturnine in his aspect here took up the thread of the discourse observing that the proposition just advanced seemed to him perfectly contrary to the true state of the case for said he these improvements as you call them, appear to me only so many links in the great chain of corruption which will soon fetter the whole human race in irreparable slavery and incurable wretchedness your improvements proceed in a simple ratio while the factitious wants and unnatural appetites they engender proceed in a compound one and thus one generation acquires fifty wants and fifty means of supplying them are invented which each in its turn engenders two new ones, so that the next generation has a hundred the next two hundred the next four hundred till every human being becomes such a helpless compound of perverted inclinations that he is altogether at the mercy of external circumstances loses all independence and singleness of character and degenerates so rapidly from the primitive dignity of his sylvan origin that it is scarcely possible to indulge in any other expectation than that the whole species must at length be exterminated by its own infinite imbecility and vileness

Your opinions said Mr Jenkison a round faced little gentleman of about forty five seem to differ *toto cœlo* I have often debated the matter in my own mind *pro* and *con* and have at length arrived at this conclusion —that there is not in the human race a tendency either to moral perfectibility or deterioration but that the quantities of each are so exactly balanced by their reciprocal results that the species with respect to the sum of good and evil knowledge and ignorance happiness and misery remains exactly and perpetually *in statu quo*

Surely said Mr Foster you cannot maintain such a proposition in the face of evidence so luminous Look at the progress of all the arts and sciences —see chemistry botany astronomy——

Surely said Mr Escot experience deposes against you Look at the rapid growth of corruption luxury selfishness——

Really gentlemen said the Reverend Doctor Gaster after clearing the husk in his throat with two or three hems this is a very sceptical and I must say atheistical conversation and I should have thought out of respect to my cloth——

Here the coach stopped and the coachman opening the door vociferated Breakfast, gentlemen a sound which so gladdened the ears of the divine that the alacrity with which he sprang from the vehicle superinduced a distortion of his ankle and he was obliged to limp into the inn be

tween Mr Escot and Mr Jenkison the former observing that he ought to look for nothing but evil and therefore should not be surprised at this little accident the latter remarking that the comfort of a good breakfast, and the pain of a sprained ankle pretty exactly balanced each other

The morning being extremely cold [Dr Gaster] contrived to be seated as near the fire as was consistent with his other object of having a perfect command of the table and its apparatus which consisted not only of the ordinary comforts of tea and toast but of a delicious supply of new laid eggs and a magnificent round of beef, against which Mr Escot immediately pointed all the artillery of his eloquence declaring the use of animal food conjointly with that of fire to be one of the principal causes of the present degeneracy of mankind The natural and original man' said he, lived in the woods the roots and fruits of the earth supplied his simple nutriment he had few desires and no diseases But when he began to sacrifice victims on the altar of superstition to pursue the goat and the deer and by the pernicious invention of fire to pervert their flesh into food luxury disease and premature death were let loose upon the world Such is clearly the correct interpretation of the fable of Prometheus which is a symbolical portraiture of that disastrous epoch when man first applied fire to culinary purposes and thereby surrendered his liver to the vulture of disease From that period the stature of mankind has been in a state of gradual diminution, and I have not the least doubt that it will continue to grow *small by degrees and lamentably less* till the whole race will vanish imperceptibly from the face of the earth

I cannot agree' said Mr Foster 'in the consequences being so very disastrous I admit that in some respects the use of animal food retards, though it cannot materially inhibit the perfectibility of the species But the use of fire was indispensably necessary as Æschylus and Virgil expressly assert to give being to the various arts of life which in their rapid and interminable progress will finally conduct every individual of the race to the philosophic pinnacle of pure and perfect felicity

In the controversy concerning animal and vegetable food' said Mr Jenkison there is much to be said on both sides and the question being in equipoise I content myself with a mixed diet and make a point of eating whatever is placed before me provided it be good in its kind

In this opinion his two brother philosophers practically coincided though they both ran down the theory as highly detrimental to the best interests of man

I am really astonished' said the Reverend Doctor Gaster gracefully picking off the supernal fragments of an egg he had just cracked and clearing away a space at the top for the reception of a small piece of butter— I am really astonished gentlemen at the very heterodox opinions I have

heard you deliver since nothing can be more obvious than that all animals were created solely and exclusively for the use of man

Even the tiger that devours him said Mr Escot

Certainly said Doctor Gaster

How do you prove it? said Mr Escot

'It requires no proof said Doctor Gaster it is a point of doctrine It is written therefore it is so'

Nothing can be more logical, said Mr Jenkison It has been said continued he that the ox was expressly made to be eaten by man it may be said by a parity of reasoning that man was expressly made to be eaten by the tiger but as wild oxen exist where there are no men, and men where there are no tigers it would seem that in these instances they do not properly answer the ends of their creation

It is a mystery said Dr Gaster

'Not to launch into the question of final causes said Mr Escot helping himself at the same time to a slice of beef concerning which I will candidly acknowledge I am as profoundly ignorant as the most dogmatical theologian possibly can be I just wish to observe that the pure and peaceful manners which Homer ascribes to the Lotophagi, and which at this day characterize many nations (the Hindoos for example who subsist exclusively on the fruits of the earth) depose very strongly in favour of a vegetable regimen

It may be said on the contrary' said Mr Foster that animal food acts on the mind as manure does on flowers forcing them into a degree of expansion they would not otherwise have attained If we can imagine a philosophical auricula falling into a train of theoretical meditation on its original and natural nutriment till it should work itself up into a profound abomination of bullock s blood sugar bakers scum and other *unnatural* ingredients of that rich composition of soil which had brought it to perfection and insist on being planted in common earth it would have all the advantage of natural theory on its side that the most strenuous advocate of the vegetable system could desire but it would soon discover the practical error of its retrograde experiment by its lamentable inferiority in strength and beauty to all the auriculas around it I am afraid in some instances at least, this analogy holds true with respect to mind No one will make a comparison in point of mental power between the Hindoos and the ancient Greeks

The anatomy of the human stomach said Mr Escot, and the formation of the teeth clearly place man in the class of frugivorous animals

Many anatomists said Mr Foster are of a different opinion and agree in discerning the characteristics of the carnivorous classes

I am no anatomist said Mr Jenkison 'and cannot decide where doctors disagree in the meantime I conclude that man is omnivorous and on that conclusion I act

'Your conclusion is truly orthodox said the Reverend Doctor Gaster indeed the loaves and fishes are typical of a mixed diet, and the practice of the Church in all ages shows—

'That it never loses sight of the loaves and fishes said Mr Escot.

It never loses sight of any point of sound doctrine' said the reverend doctor

The coachman now informed them their time was elapsed, nor could all the pathetic remonstrances of the reverend divine who declared that he had not half breakfasted, succeed in gaining one minute from the inexorable Jehu

You will allow said Mr Foster as soon as they were again in motion, that the wild man of the woods could not transport himself over two hundred miles of forest with as much facility as one of these vehicles transports you and me through the heart of this cultivated country

I am certain said Mr Escot 'that a wild man can travel an immense distance without fatigue but what is the advantage of locomotion? The wild man is happy in one spot and there he remains the civilized man is wretched in every place he happens to be in and then congratulates himself on being accommodated with a machine that will whirl him to another where he will be just as miserable as ever"

We shall now leave the mail-coach to find its way to Capel Cerig the nearest point of the Holyhead road to the dwelling of Squire Headlong

[The guests begin to arrive at Headlong Hall In addition to those we have already met, they include 'two very profound critics, Mr Gall and Mr Treacle,' and two very multitudinous versifiers, Mr Nightshade and Mr Mac Laurel", the lovely Miss Cephalis Cranium, who flies "to the arms of her dear friend Caprioletta, with all that warmth of friendship which young ladies usually assume towards each other in the presence of young gentlemen , and Mr Panscope, the chemical, botanical, geological, astronomical, mathematical, metaphysical, meteorological, galvanistical, musical, pictorial bibliographical, critical philosopher, who had run through the whole circle of the sciences, and understood them all equally well']

From Natural Man to Literary Critics and Back

The sun was now terminating his diurnal course and the lights were glittering on the festal board When the ladies had retired and the Burgundy had taken two or three tours of the table the following conversation took place —

SQUIRE HEADLONG Push about the bottle Mr Escot, it stands with you No heeltaps As to skylight liberty hall

MR MAC LAUREL Really Squire Headlong this is the vara nactar itsel Ye hae saretainly descovered the tarrestrial paradise but it flows wi a better leecor than milk an honey

THE REV DOCTOR GASTER Hem! Mr Mac Laurel! there is a degree of profaneness in that observation which I should not have looked for in so stanch a supporter of Church and State Milk and honey was the pure food of the antediluvian patriarchs who knew not the use of the grape happily for them *Tossing off a bumper of Burgundy*

MR ESCOT Happily indeed! The first inhabitants of the world knew not the use either of wine or animal food it is therefore by no means incredible that they lived to the age of several centuries free from war and commerce and arbitrary government and every other species of desolating wickedness But man was then a very different animal to what he now is he had not the faculty of speech he was not encumbered with clothes he lived in the open air his first step out of which as Hamlet truly observes is *into his grave* His first dwellings, of course were the hollows of trees and rocks In process of time he began to build thence grew villages thence grew cities Luxury oppression poverty misery and disease kept pace with the progress of his pretended improvements till from a free strong healthy peaceful animal he has become a weak distempered cruel carnivorous slave

THE REV DOCTOR GASTER Your doctrine is orthodox in so far as you assert that the original man was not encumbered with clothes and that he lived in the open air but, as to the faculty of speech that it is certain he had for the authority of Moses——

MR ESCOT Of course sir I do not presume to dissent from the very exalted authority of that most enlightened astronomer and profound cosmogonist who had moreover the advantage of being inspired but when I indulge myself with a ramble in the fields of speculation and attempt to deduce what is probable and rational from the sources of analysis experience and comparison I confess I am too often apt to lose sight of the doctrines of that great fountain of theological and geological philosophy

SQUIRE HEADLONG Push about the bottle

MR FOSTER Do you suppose the mere animal life of a wild man living on acorns and sleeping on the ground comparable in felicity to that of Newton ranging through unlimited space and penetrating into the arcana of universal motion—to that of a Locke unravelling the labyrinth of mind—to that of a Lavoisier detecting the minutest combinations of matter and reducing all nature to its elements—to that of a Shakespeare piercing and developing the springs of passion—or of a Milton, identifying himself as it were with the beings of an invisible world?

MR ESCOT You suppose extreme cases but, on the score of happiness what comparison can you make between the tranquil being of the wild man of the woods and the wretched and turbulent existence of Milton, the victim of persecution, poverty blindness and neglect The records of literature demonstrate that Happiness and Intelligence are seldom sisters Even if it were otherwise, it would prove nothing The many are always sacrificed to the few Where one man advances hundreds retrograde, and the balance is always in favour of universal deterioration

MR FOSTER Virtue is independent of external circumstances The exalted understanding looks into the truth of things and, in its own peaceful contemplations rises superior to the world No philosopher would resign his mental acquisitions for the purchase of any terrestrial good

MR ESCOT In other words no man whatever would resign his identity which is nothing more than the consciousness of his perceptions as the price of any acquisition But every man, without exception, would willingly effect a very material change in his relative situation to other individuals Unluckily for the rest of your argument the understanding of literary people is for the most part *exalted,* as you express it not so much by the love of truth and virtue as by arrogance and self sufficiency, and there is, perhaps less disinterestedness, less liberality, less general benevolence and more envy hatred and uncharitableness among them than among any other description of men

The eye of Mr Escot, as he pronounced these words, rested very innocently and unintentionally on Mr Gall

MR GALL You allude sir I presume to my review

MR ESCOT Pardon me sir You will be convinced it is impossible I can allude to your review, when I assure you that I have never read a single page of it

MR GALL, MR TREACLE MR NIGHTSHADE AND MR MAC LAUREL Never read our review!!!!

MR ESCOT Never I look on periodical criticism in general to be a species of shop where panegyric and defamation are sold wholesale retail and for exportation I am not inclined to be a purchaser of these commodities, or to encourage a trade which I consider pregnant with mischief

MR MAC LAUREL I can readily conceive sir ye wou'd na wullingly encoorage ony dealer in paneggeeric but, frae the manner in which ye speak o the first creetics an scholars o the age I shou d think you wou d hae a leetle mair predilaction for deefamation

MR ESCOT I have no predilection sir for defamation I make a point of speaking the truth on all occasions and it seldom happens that the truth can be spoken without some stricken deer pronouncing it a libel

MR NIGHTSHADE You are perhaps sir an enemy to literature in general?

MR ESCOT If I were sir I should be a better friend to periodical critics

SQUIRE HEADLONG Buz!

MR. TREACLE May I simply take the liberty to inquire into the basis of your objection?

MR. ESCOT I conceive that periodical criticism disseminates superficial knowledge and its perpetual adjunct vanity that it checks in the youthful mind the habit of thinking for itself that it delivers partial opinions and thereby misleads the judgment that it is never conducted with a view to the general interests of literature but to serve the interested ends of individuals and the miserable purposes of party

MR. PANSCOPE (*suddenly emerging from a deep reverie*) I have heard with the most profound attention everything which the gentleman on the other side of the table has thought proper to advance on the subject of human deterioration and I must take the liberty to remark that it augurs a very considerable degree of presumption in any individual to set himself up against the *authority* of so many great men as may be marshalled in metaphysical phalanx under the opposite banners of the controversy such as Aristotle Plato the scholiast on Aristophanes St Chrysostom St. Jerome St Athanasius Orpheus Pindar Simonides Gronovius Hemsterhusius Longinus Sir Isaac Newton, Thomas Paine Doctor Paley the King of Prussia the King of Poland Cicero Monsieur Gautier Hippocrates Machiavelli, Milton, Colley Cibber Bojardo Gregory Nazianzenus Locke D Alembert, Boccaccio Daniel Defoe Erasmus Doctor Smollett, Zimmermann, Solomon Confucius Zoroaster and Thomas a Kempis

MR ESCOT I presume sir you are one of those who value an *authority* more than a reason

MR. PANSCOPE The *authority*, sir of all these great men, whose works as well as the whole of the Encyclopædia Britannica the entire series of the Monthly Review the complete set of the Variorum Classics and the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions I have read through from beginning to end deposes with irrefragable refutation against your ratiocinative speculations wherein you seem desirous by the futile process of analytical dialectics to subvert the pyramidal structure of synthetically deduced opinions which have withstood the secular revolutions of physiological disquisition and which I maintain to be transcendentally self-evident categorically certain and syllogistically demonstrable

SQUIRE HEADLONG Bravo! Pass the bottle The very best speech that ever was made

MR ESCOT It has only the slight disadvantage of being unintelligible

MR PANSCOPE I am not obliged sir, as Dr Johnson observed on a similar occasion, to furnish you with an understanding

MR ESCOT I fear sir you would have some difficulty in furnishing me with such an article from your own stock

MR PANSCOPE 'Sdeath sir, do you question my understanding?

MR ESCOT I only question sir where I expect a reply which from things that have no existence I am not visionary enough to anticipate

MR PANSCOPE I beg leave to observe sir that my language was perfectly perspicuous, and etymologically correct and I conceive I have demonstrated what I shall now take the liberty to say in plain terms that all your opinions are extremely absurd

MR ESCOT I should be sorry sir to advance any opinion that you would not think absurd

MR PANSCOPE Death and fury sir—

MR ESCOT Say no more sir That apology is quite sufficient.

MR PANSCOPE Apology sir?

MR ESCOT Even so sir You have lost your temper, which I consider equivalent to a confession that you have the worst of the argument

MR PANSCOPE Lightning and devils' sir——

SQUIRE HEADLONG No civil war'—Temperance in the name of Bacchus'—A glee' a glee' *Music has charms to bend the knotted oak* Sir Patrick, you'll join?

SIR PATRICK O PRISM Troth with all my heart for, by my soul I m bothered completely

SQUIRE HEADLONG Agreed then you and I, and Chromatic Bumpers'—bumpers' Come strike up

Squire Headlong, Mr Chromatic, and Sir Patrick O Prism, each holding a bumper, immediately vociferated the following

GLEE

A heeltap' a heeltap' I never could bear it'
So fill me a bumper a bumper of claret'
Let the bottle pass freely, don t shirk it nor spare it,
For a heeltap' a heeltap' I never could bear it'

No skylight' no twilight' while Bacchus rules o er us
No thinking' no shrinking' all drinking in chorus
Let us moisten our clay since t is thirsty and porous
No thinking' no shrinking' all drinking in chorus'

Headlong Hall

GRAND CHORUS

By Squire Headlong, Mr Chromatic, Sir Patrick O'Prism, Mr Panscope, Mr Jenkison, Mr Gall, Mr Treacle, Mr Nightshade, Mr Mac Laurel, Mr Cranium, Mr Milestone, and the Reverend Doctor Gaster

A heeltap! a heeltap! I never could bear it!
So fill me a bumper, a bumper of claret!
Let the bottle pass freely, don't shirk it nor spare it,
For a heeltap! a heeltap! I never could bear it!

LORD BYRON: CRUDE SNEER AND WILD SPLENDOR

BYRON MIGHT *have been one of the great satiric poets He was in fact the greatest poetic satirist of his time He had, as Goethe said, daring speed and grandeur He had fused with and straining against his romantic sensibility an eighteenth-century feeling for clarity and sanity his mind was a landscape of wild mountain heights and blue waters lit by fulgurations of wit His unbelievable energies blew up absurdities into such monstrous and whirling shapes of nonsense that it was as if the heavens themselves were involved in a tumultuous harlequinade Indignation erupted out of that glowering breast until the air was fetid with sulphurous emanations and dark with dreadful masses So endowed he might have been at once the Aristophanes and the Juvenal of his age*

But no great poet and great satirist was ever so undisciplined He under

stood the great virtues of order and control—no other writer of his day praised Pope and Dryden more warmly—but his own life was a tangle of disorder and his poetry produced at top speed on the spur of inspiration fell into whatever shape impulse gave it Childe Harold *and* Don Juan *are typical dark gloom luminous description romantic adventure lofty thought theatrical tinsel pensive sincerity all melting shapelessly into one another with no pattern and no destination glancing from frivolity to bitter fire Either might say anything attack anything in hilarity or hatred on any grounds true or false pique or principle*

You ask me Byron wrote his publisher Murray in 1819 for the plan of Donny Johnny I have no plan I had *no plan but I had or have materials though if like Tony Lumpkin I am to be snubbed so when I am in spirits the poem will be naught and the poet turn serious again Do you suppose that I could have any intention but to giggle and make giggle? —a playful satire with as little poetry as could be helped*

No wonder he writes with careless exuberance

> *All are not moralists like Southey when*
> *He prated to the world of Pantisocracy*
> *Or Wordsworth unexcised unhired who then*
> *Seasoned his pedlar poems with democracy*

Byron never wearies of jibing at all the Lakers in and out of place whose political tune has changed from Liberal to Tory Southey we observe prates morality Wordsworth has been hired with a government appointment in the Excise and therefore his vulgar poems (about peddlers leech gatherers and beggars) are no longer seasoned with the democracy that was once a part of their recipe Now amusing as much of this is most of it is both frivolous and unjust Byron is snobbish and silly to imply that because Wordsworth s poems are about common people they cannot be good His imputations against Wordsworth s honesty are false and low We may not sympathize with Wordsworth s later views but it is absurd to suggest that his earlier poems were insincere or that the author of Tintern Abbey *was bribed by a political appointment When Byron tries to make us swallow such slanders we may laugh with his wit but we reject his message*

When he desists from attributing venal motives however and just states the facts his satire becomes great with power

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues
Milton appealed to the Avenger, Time,
If Time the Avenger, execrates his wrongs,
And makes the word Miltonic mean sublime,
He deigned not to belie his soul in songs,
Nor turned his very talent to a crime
He did not loathe the Sire to laud the Son,
But closed the tyrant hater he begun

Thinkst thou could he—the blind Old Man—arise
Like Samuel from the grave to freeze once more
The blood of monarchs with his prophecies
Or be alive again—again all hoar
With time and trials, and those helpless eyes
And heartless daughters—worn—and pale—and poor,
Would he *adore a sultan?* he *obey*
The intellectual eunuch, Castlereagh?

The grandeur of Milton s courage then the genuine terror in the vision of Samuel rising from the grave, and the tragic pathos in the picture of the aged Milton with those helpless eyes and heartless daughters swell irresistibly into just and terrible scorn

For the most part, however, Don Juan *is only a devil may-care medley with half a hundred* non sequiturs *tomfooleries and libels for every hundred strokes of truth insight and nobility The later cantos with their high spirited stanzas on British snobbery, social corruption, and cant are far more balanced than the earlier ones in which he had not yet worked off his personal prejudices and grudges But even so the poem is like a stable of race horses galloping off in all directions We hear a thunder of splendid hoofs feel a wild exultant urgency—to adapt an image of Humbert Wolfe s—but we reach no goal The fierce velocity with which Byron has been going everywhere at once is merely the result of a vitality that exceeds the speed limit of thought*

The Vision of Judgment *is the greatest and most daring of his satiric poems Its unique achievement is something that no one but Byron has done the fusion of satire with the sense of grandeur The Powers of Light and Darkness are brought together and pass judgment on human evil and human folly There confront each other the Archangel Michael*

Byron

A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,

and Lucifer—

Eternal wrath on his immortal face
And where *he gazed a gloom pervaded space—*

the great antagonists almost renew their eternal war—and then the squeaking ludicrous insignificance of the human stake as pompously presented by its own laureate dissolves the whole spiritual show angels ghosts and devils sent off screaming! Only in a technical sense are George III and Robert Southey the victims of the satire The true theme is the pettiness of both king and poet the triviality of wrong and of fame its venal minstrel in the light of eternity Southey after all the melodious twang of his imbecile muse is dismissed with no more than a ducking in his own lake King George sneaks into heaven in the tumult and is last seen practising the hundredth psalm No *more magnificent a contrast of splendor and pettiness was ever devised by any satirist*

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

««« The poem was published in 1821 »»»

Heaven and Hell Contend for the Soul of George III But Are Put to Flight by Southey's Poetry

I

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate
  His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull
So little trouble had been given of late
  Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era ' eighty eight
  The devils had ta en a longer stronger pull,
And a pull altogether ' as they say
At sea—which drew most souls another way

II

The angels all were singing out of tune
  And hoarse with having little else to do
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon
  Or curb a runaway young star or two
Or wild colt of a comet which too soon
  Broke out of bounds o er the ethereal blue,
Splitting some planet with its playful tail
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale

III

The guardian seraphs had retired on high
  Finding their charges past all care below
Terrestrial business fill d nought in the sky
  Save the recording angel s black bureau
Who found indeed the facts to multiply
  With such rapidity of vice and woe
That he had stripp d off both his wings in quills,
And yet was in arrear of human ills

The Vision of Judgment

IV

His business so augmented of late years
  That he was forced against his will no doubt,
(Just like those cherubs earthly ministers)
  For some resource to turn himself about
And claim the help of his celestial peers
  To aid him ere he should be quite worn out
By the increased demand for his remarks
Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks

VIII

In the first year of freedom s second dawn
  Died George the Third although no tyrant one
Who shielded tyrants till each sense withdrawn
  Left him nor mental nor external sun
A better farmer ne er brush d dew from lawn
  A worse king never left a realm undone!
He died—but left his subjects still behind
One half as mad—and t other no less blind

IX

He died! his death made no great stir on earth
  His burial made some pomp there was profusion
Of velvet gilding brass and no great dearth
  Of aught but tears—save those shed by collusion
For these things may be bought at their true worth
  Of elegy there was the due infusion—
Bought also and the torches cloaks and banners
Heralds and relics of old Gothic manners

X

Form d a sepulchral melodrame Of all
  The fools who flock d to swell or see the show
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
  Made the attraction, and the black the woe
There throbb d not there a thought which pierced the pall
  And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low
It seem d the mockery of hell to fold
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

XVI

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate
  And nodded o er his keys, when lo! there came
A wondrous noise he had not heard of late—
  A rushing sound of wind and stream and flame,
In short, a roar of things extremely great
  Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim,
But he, with first a start and then a wink
Said There s another star gone out, I think!

XVII

But ere he could return to his repose
  A cherub flapp d his right wing o er his eyes—
At which Saint Peter yawn d and rubb d his nose
  Saint porter, ' said the angel prithee rise!
Waving a goodly wing which glow d as glows
  An earthly peacock s tail with heavenly dyes
To which the saint replied Well what s the matter?
Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?' *

XVIII

"No quoth the cherub George the Third is dead'
  And who *is* George the Third?' replied the apostle
"*What George? what Third?* ' The king of England' said
  The angel Well! he won't find kings to jostle
Him on his way but does he wear his head?
  Because the last we saw here had a tustle
And ne er would have got into heaven s good graces,
Had he not flung his head in all our faces

XIX

' He was if I remember king of France
  That head of his which could not keep a crown
On earth yet ventured in my face to advance
  A claim to those of martyrs—like my own
If I had had my sword as I had once
  When I cut ears off I had cut him down
But having but my *keys*, and not my brand
I only knock d his head from out his hand

XX

"And then he set up such a headless howl
That all the saints came out and took him in
And there he sits by Saint Paul cheek by jowl
That fellow Paul—the parvenu' The skin
Of Saint Bartholomew which makes his cowl
In heaven and upon earth redeem d his sin
So as to make a martyr never sped
Better than did this weak and wooden head.

XXIII

While thus they spake the angelic caravan
Arriving like a rush of mighty wind
Cleaving the fields of space as doth the swan
Some silver stream (say Ganges Nile or Inde
Or Thames or Tweed) and midst them an old man
With an old soul and both extremely blind
Halted before the gate and in his shroud
Seated their fellow traveller on a cloud

XXIV

But bringing up the rear of this bright host
A Spirit of a different aspect waved
His wings like thunder clouds above some coast
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved
His brow was like the deep when tempest toss d
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
Eternal wrath on his immortal face
And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space

XXV

As he drew near he gazed upon the gate
Ne er to be enter d more by him or Sin,
With such a glance of supernatural hate
As made Saint Peter wish himself within
He patter d with his keys at a great rate
And sweated through his apostolic skin
Of course his perspiration was but ichor
Or some such other spiritual liquor

XXVIII

[Then] from the gate thrown open issued beaming
 A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,
Radiant with glory like a banner streaming
 Victorious from some world o erthrowing fight
My poor comparisons must needs be teeming
 With earthly likenesses for here the night
Of clay obscures our best conceptions saving
Johanna Southcote or Bob Southey raving

XXXII

He and the sombre, silent Spirit met—
 They knew each other both for good and ill,
Such was their power, that neither could forget
 His former friend and future foe, but still
There was a high, immortal proud regret
 In either s eye as if 'twere less their will
Than destiny to make the eternal years
Their date of war, and their ' champ clos the spheres.

XXXIII

But here they were in neutral space we know
 From Job that Satan hath the power to pay
A heavenly visit thrice a year or so,
 And that the 'sons of God like those of clay
Must keep him company and we might show
 From the same book, in how polite a way
The dialogue is held between the Powers
Of Good and Evil—but twould take up hours

XXXVI

The Archangel bowed not like a modern beau,
 But with a graceful oriental bend
Pressing one radiant arm just where below
 The heart in good men is supposed to tend
He turned as to an equal not too low,
 But kindly Satan met his ancient friend
With more hauteur as might an old Castilian
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian

XXXVIII

Michael began What wouldst thou with this man
  Now dead and brought before the Lord? What ill
Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,
  That thou canst claim him? Speak! and do thy will,
If it be just if in this earthly span
  He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
His duties as a king and mortal say
And he is thine if not, let him have way

XXXIX

Michael! replied the Prince of Air even here
  Before the gate of Him thou servest, must
I claim my subject and will make appear
  That as he was my worshipper in dust,
So shall he be in spirit although dear
  To thee and thine because nor wine nor lust
Were of his weaknesses yet on the throne
He reign d o er millions to serve me alone

XL

Look to *our* earth or rather *mine*, it was
  Once, more thy master s but I triumph not
In this poor planet s conquest nor alas!
  Need he thou servest envy me my lot
With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass
  In worship round him he may have forgot
Yon weak creation of such paltry things
I think few worth damnation save their kings —

XLII

Look to the earth I said and say again
  When this old blind mad helpless weak poor worm
Began in youth s first bloom and flush to reign
  The world and he both wore a different form
And much of earth and all the watery plain
  Of ocean call d him king through many a storm
His isles had floated on the abyss of time
For the rough virtues chose them for their clime

XLIII

He came to his sceptre young he leaves it old
Look to the state in which he found his realm
And left it, and his annals too behold
How to a minion first he gave the helm,
How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold
The beggar s vice which can but overwhelm
The meanest hearts and for the rest but glance
Thine eye along America and France

XLIV

' 'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last
(I have the worl men safe), but as a tool
So let him be consumed From out the past
Of ages since mankind have known the rule
Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass d
Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsars' school
Take the worst pupil and produce a reign
More drench d with gore, more cumber'd with the slain

XLV

' He ever warr d with freedom and the free
Nations as men home subjects foreign foes,
So that they utter d the word Liberty!
Found George the Third their first opponent Whose
History was ever stain d as his will be
With national and individual woes?
I grant his household abstinence I grant
His neutral virtues which most monarchs want,

XLVI

' I know he was a constant consort, own
He was a decent sire and middling lord
All this is much and most upon a throne
As temperance if at Apicius board
Is more than at an anchorite s supper shown.
I grant him all the kindest can accord
And this was well for him but not for those
Millions who found him what oppression chose

XLVII

The New World shook him off the Old yet groans
 Beneath what he and his prepared if not
Completed he leaves heirs on many thrones
 To all his vices without what begot
Compassion for him—his tame virtues drones
 Who sleep or despots who have now forgot
A lesson which shall be re taught them wake
Upon the thrones of earth but let them quake!

[*Witnesses are called to testify to the King's misdeeds, among them the 'merry, cock eyed, curious looking sprite of John Wilkes*]

LXVII

The spirit look d around upon the crowds
 Assembled and exclaim d My friends of all
The spheres we shall catch cold amongst these clouds
 So let s to business why this general call?
If those are freeholders I see in shrouds
 And tis for an election that they bawl
Behold a candidate with unturn d coat!
Saint Peter may I count upon your vote?

LXVIII

Sir replied Michael you mistake these things
 Are of a former life and what we do
Above is more august to judge of kings
 Is the tribunal met so now you know
Then I presume those gentlemen with wings
 Said Wilkes are cherubs and that soul below
Looks much like George the Third but to my mind
A good deal older—Bless me! is he blind?

LXIX

He is what you behold him and his doom
 Depends upon his deeds the Angel said
If you have aught to arraign in him the tomb
 Gives license to the humblest beggar s head

To lift itself against the loftiest' —' Some'
  Said Wilkes 'don't wait to see them laid in lead
For such a liberty—and I for one
Have told them what I thought beneath the sun'

LXX

"*Above* the sun repeat, then what thou hast
  To urge against him' said the Archangel Why'
Replied the spirit 'since old scores are past
  Must I turn evidence? In faith not I
Besides I beat him hollow at the last
  With all his Lords and Commons in the sky
I don t like ripping up old stories since
His conduct was but natural in a prince

LXXI

"Foolish no doubt, and wicked to oppress
  A poor unlucky devil without a shilling,
But then I blame the man himself much less
  Than Bute and Grafton and hall be unwilling
To see him punish d here for their excess
  Since they were both damn d long ago and still in
Their place below for me I have forgiven,
And vote his *habeas corpus* into heaven

[*In the midst of the testimony, Robert Southey bursts in, and insists on reading his own* Vision of Judgment *to them*]

LXXXVIII

Here Satan said I know this man of old
  And have expected him for some time here
A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,
  Or more conceited in his petty sphere
But surely it was not worth while to fold
  Such trash below your wing Asmodeus dear
We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored
With carriage) coming of his own accord

XC

Now the bard glad to get an audience which
By no means often was his case below
Began to cough and hawk and hem and pitch
His voice into that awful note of woe
To all unhappy hearers within reach
Of poets when the tide of rhymes in flow
But stuck fast with his first hexameter
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir

XCII

A general bustle spread throughout the throng
Which seem d to hold all verse in detestation
The angels had of course enough of song
When upon service and the generation
Of ghosts had heard too much in life not long
Before to profit by a new occasion
The monarch mute till then exclaim d What' what'
Pye come again? No more—no more of that'

XCIII

The tumult grew an universal cough
Convulsed the skies as during a debate
When Castlereagh has been up long enough
(Before he was first minister of state
I mean—the *slaves hear now*) some cried Off off'
As at a farce till grown quite desperate
The bard Saint Peter pray d to interpose
(Himself an author) only for his prose

XCVI

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said
He meant no harm in scribbling twas his way
Upon all topics twas besides his bread
Of which he butter d both sides twould delay
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread)
And take up rather more time than a day
To name his works—he would but cite a few—
Wat Tyler — Rhymes on Blenheim — Waterloo

XCVII

He had written praises of a regicide
  He had written praises of all kings whatever;
He had written for republics far and wide
  And then against them bitterer than ever
For pantisocracy he once had cried
  Aloud a scheme less moral than 'twas clever,
Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—
Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his skin

CII

He ceased and drew forth an MS, and no
  Persuasion on the part of devils saints
Or angels now could stop the torrent, so
  He read the first three lines of the contents,
But at the fourth the whole spiritual show
  Had vanish'd with variety of scents
Ambrosial and sulphureous as they sprang
Like lightning, off from his 'melodious twang

CIII

Those grand heroics acted as a spell
  The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinions
The devils ran howling deafen'd down to hell
  The ghosts fled gibbering for their own dominions—
(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
  And I leave every man to his opinions),
Michael took refuge in his trump—but lo!
His teeth were set on edge he could not blow!

CIV

Saint Peter who has hitherto been known
  For an impetuous saint upraised his keys,
And at the fifth line knocked the poet down,
  Who fell like Phaethon but more at ease
Into his lake for there he did not drown
  A different web being by the Destinies
Woven for the Laureate's final wreath whene'er
Reform shall happen either here or there

CV

He first sank to the bottom—like his works
  But soon rose to the surface—like himself
For all corrupted things are buoy d like corks
  By their own rottenness light as an elf
Or wisp that flits o er a morass he lurks
  It may be still like dull books on a shelf
In his own den to scrawl some Life or Vision
As Welborn says— the devil turn d precisian

CVI

As for the rest to come to the conclusion
  Of this true dream the telescope is gone
Which kept my optics free from all delusion
  And show d me what I in my turn have shown
All I saw farther in the last confusion
  Was that King George slipp d into heaven for one
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

gluttony of his New York boardinghouse or the admiration for successful swindling and the menacing resentment of criticism among the settlers of Eden The single cultivated family Martin meets the genteel Norrises, enlarge upon the inestimable advantages of having no such arbitrary distinctions in rank as viscounts and dukes and are nevertheless avid with curiosity about the whole British peerage and exhilarated by a numerous personal acquaintance therein And do I then cries their friend General Fladdock returning from abroad once again behold the choicest spirits of my country? Yes replies Mr Norris Here we are General"

The most wonderful thing in Martin Chuzzlewit *however is Seth Pecksniff Mr Pecksniff is a prodigious feat of imaginative energy a great satiric creation He is Tartuffe shorn of his alarming and satanic power and translated into the world of Mrs Grundy the bourgeois hypocrisy of Victorian England Dickens elaborates him with joyful zest from our very first glimpse of his moral throat beheld over a very low fence of white cravat "a valley between two jutting heights of collar serene and whiskerless that seemed to say There is no deception ladies and gentlemen, all is peace a holy calm pervades me Mr Pecksniff making playful moral reflections before his daughters with a kind of saintly waggishness , Mr Pecksniff looking not so much as if butter wouldn t melt in his mouth, but rather as if any quantity of butter might have been made out of him, by churning the milk of human kindness as it spouts upwards from his heart Mr Pecksniff meekly forgiving old Martin Chuzzlewit for striking him with a walking stick (which I have every reason to believe has knobs upon it) on that delicate and exquisite portion of the human anatomy—the brain in all these and in a thousand other angles from which Dickens illustrates him he is always outrageous and always himself forever the same and forever a rich surprise*

The virtuosity with which Dickens accomplishes this feat is a triumph of the burlesque method and a triumph of pure literary skill For there is no notion more groundless than that Dickens is a careless writer slapdash in language and slipshod in structure His novels are if anything excessive in their ingenuity of plotting and their verbal brilliance is breath taking What will Mr Pecksniff say let us ask to an erroneous but well meant effort to supply him with a word that has eluded his memory? The reader might amuse himself trying to invent an appropriate reply for him and then compare his own solution with Dickens The name of those fabulous animals (pagan I regret to say) Mr Pecksniff apologizes who

Europian not to know said Chollop smoking placidly Europian quite!

After a short devotion to the interests of the magic circle he resumed the conversation by observing

'You won't half feel yourself at home in Eden now?

'No, said Mark 'I dont.'

'You miss the imposts of your country You miss the house dues? observed Chollop

And the houses—rather said Mark

"No window dues here sir observed Chollop

'And no windows to put em on said Mark

'No stakes no dungeons no blocks no racks no scaffolds no thumbscrews *no pikes no pillories* said Chollop

'Nothing but rewolwers and bowie knives returned Mark And what are they? Not worth mentioning!

The man who had met them on the night of their arrival came crawling up at this juncture and looked in at the door

'Well sir said Chollop How do *you* git along?

He had considerable difficulty in getting along at all and said as much in reply

Mr Co And me sir observed Chollop are disputating a piece He *ought to be slicked up pretty smart to disputate between the Old World and* the New I do expect?

'Well! returned the miserable shadow So he had

I was merely observing sir said Mark addressing this new visitor that I looked upon the city in which we have the honour to live as being swampy What s your sentiments?

I opinionate it s moist perhaps at certain times returned the man

'But not as moist as England sir? cried Chollop with a fierce expression in his face

Oh! Not as *moist as* England let alone its Institutions said the man

I should hope there ain t a swamp in all America as don t whip *that* small island into mush and molasses' observed Chollop decisively 'You bought slick straight and right away of Scadder sir? to Mark

He answered in the affirmative Mr Chollop winked at the other citizen

Scadder is a smart man sir? He is a rising man? He is a man as will come up ards right side up sir? Mr Chollop winked again at the other citizen

He should have his right side very high up if I had my way said Mark As high up as the top of a good tall gallows perhaps

Mr Chollop was so delighted at the smartness of his excellent countryman having been too much for the Britisher and at the Britisher's resenting it,

that he could contain himself no longer, and broke forth in a shou light. But the strangest exposition of this ruling passion was in the ot pestilence-stricken broken miserable shadow of a man who de much entertainment from the circumstance that he seemed to fc own ruin in thinking of it and laughed outright when he said that was a smart man and had draw d a lot of British capital that way a sun up'

After a full enjoyment of this joke Mr Hannibal Chollop sat : and improving the circle without making any attempts either to c or to take leave apparently labouring under the not uncommon that for a free and enlightened citizen of the United States to con other man s house into a spittoon for two or three hours togethe: delicate attention full of interest and politeness, of which nobody co ture At last he rose

'I am a going easy he observed

Mark entreated him to take particular care of himself

Afore I go he said sternly "I have got a leetle word to say to y are darnnation cute, you are

Mark thanked him for the compliment

But you are much too 'cute to last I can t con-ceive of any Painter in the bush as ever was so riddled through and through as y be I bet

What for? asked Mark

We must be cracked up, sir' retorted Chollop in a tone of i 'You are not now in A despotic land We are a model to the airth ar be jist cracked up I tell you

What! I speak too free do I? cried Mark

I have draw d upon A man and fired upon A man for less' said C frowning I have know d strong men obleeged to make themselves i mon skase for less I have know d men Lynched for less and beat punkin sarse for less by an enlightened people We are the intell virtue of the airth, the cream Of human natur and the flower Of force Our backs is easy ris We must be cracked up or they rises, : snarls We shows our teeth, I tell you, fierce You'd better crack us u had!

After the delivery of this caution Mr Chollop departed, with I Tickler and the revolvers, all ready for action on the shortest notic

THACKERAY EXPOSES FASHIONABLE SOCIETY



WHETHER IN Henry Esmond s time or Colonel Newcome s the world Thackeray reveals is always one single world that of birth bank balances and social position Dickens in the titanic exuberance of his creative energy seems to pour the whole nineteenth century before us in one torrential flow Thackeray fastens upon a selected part of it bears down upon its landed estates and town houses lifts off the roofs and studies the inhabitants analyzing the ruling forces of their lives

The very settings of the two novelists reflect their differences When we remember Dickens an extraordinary host of places rushes into our minds the wharves and warehouses and clustering masts and river slime of London s tidal basin blazing fires in tavern parlors roof filled cathedral closes the cellars and thieves kitchens of urban slums canal locks and country roads dressmakers shops theatrical boardinghouses lawyers chambers the Fleet and Marshalsea Christmas jollifications in rural halls and poor clerks lodgings factories cold city mansions orphanages banks dust heaps mills countinghouses cottages with twinkling panes and shining doorknobs—the variety and profusion of life itself

The scenes from Thackeray that gleam in memory are the ballrooms of Brussels and the field of Waterloo after the battle Miss Pinkerton s Academy for Young Ladies the neat box dwelling of Major Pendennis Mr Osborne s ornate mansion and the comfortable Sedley home, Mrs Rawdon Crawley s bright drawing room in Mayfair, the candles shining on the broad stairway at Castlewood, Miss Crawley s town residence in Park Lane and the Reverend Bute s country parsonage, Colonel Newcome house in Fitzroy Square the Opera Bath the disordered rooms and lon avenue at Queen s Crawley Though Thackeray wrote only one nov called Vanity Fair *that might be the generic title of all his work H magnetic needle hardly wavers from that glittering center of world attraction*

Thackeray s entire portrayal of society might have been designed illustrate Veblen s theses of invidious display and the performance leisure Conspicuous consumption titles wealth reputable notoriety th are the goals Everything rotates around everything is dominated by the Mankind divides into their adepts aspirants dependents parasites T are the worldly paradise How glorious are the feet of the Lord Stey Pitt Crawleys Lord Southdowns and Lady Bareacres who dwell in select Olympus by right of blue blood or gold! On the slopes below lesser deities and candidates struggling for admission Blenkinsops, bankers Jenkinses Commissioners of the Tape and Sealing Wax Office Mr Osborne trying to blot out the taint of his beginnings in trade buying his son a captaincy in a line regiment George Osborne being spised and fleeced by the younger sons of titled families who are fellow officers and in turn patronizing William Dobbin son of a perous greengrocer There are the Raggleses Bowlses Briggses—but footmen companions housekeepers chambermaids washerwomen terers tradesmen—all the retainers who supply and serve their supe There are the soiled ladies and adventuresses the gamblers and ad turers who prey on the fringes the Honorable Frederic Deuceace lo daring Mrs Mantrap Captain Marker battered brazen beautiful scienceless heartless Mrs Firebrace whose father died of her shame

Pecuniary emulation and pecuniary snobbery are the dominant f everywhere on display Everyone spends everyone longs to surpas neighbor everyone comments on his neighbor s scale of living and ders how he does it everyone reveres to the degree that the expendit splendid and despises as it declines into impecuniosity The unforg

sin is to lose all your money There are no bounds to old Mr Osborne s rancor against Mr Sedley when this former friend who gave him his own start in business is sold out of his comfortable home and sinks down into the ignominy of a dingy suburb Among the aristocracy appearances must be kept up by whatever jugglery Old Lady Bareacres manages to hang on and retains her place in society Deuceace flees his debts goes abroad and is forgotten In the end success is all that counts nobody remembers any more that Lord Steyne won his marquisate at the gaming table

Vanity is the keynote of the whole spectacle The characteristic vices Thackeray sees in Vanity Fair are vain and petty ones selfishness extravagance gossip backbiting jealousy envy It is a cruel world but the people in it are careless rather than cruel small rather than sinister They have no splendid vices and no hideous crimes Their very pride is no towering satanic sin but only snobbery whose twin faces are ostentation and toadyism Even the name of the Crawley family is symbolic like their given names of Walpole Bute and Pitt under successive ministries The inhabitants of Vanity Fair are insolent and swaggering in success fawning for favors ruthless to failure They are willing to drink an upstart s wine and win his money at cards and sneer at him behind his back eager to flatter a rich aunt to inherit her estate no less ready to enslave their families with the fear of disinheritance and live luxurious in servility They will stoop to almost any meanness

Their world is not like that of Dickens a glorious tilting ground of good and evil Dickens was always seeing good in people and when he could see no good in them as if he could not bear to call them men he makes them monsters of iniquity or uproarious grotesques There are comical people in Thackeray some of them grotesque but no such wonderful and outrageous animations of absurdity as Sairey Gamp and Mr Jingle Even poor lonely awkward Jos Sedley little more than a compound of curry powder Indian rupees pigeon heart and pendulous belly has glimmers of complexity There are people who do bad things in Thackeray but no such personifications of evil as Quilp Fagin Uriah Heep or the coldly self righteous Murdstones Almost the worst thing done in Vanity Fair is Mr Osborne s persecution of his former friend and benefactor an offense of ingratitude Thackeray sees no great sinners in the world and few good people Becky Sharp is not evil she is only shrewd greedy and selfish Amelia Sedley is not good she is only soft foolish and ignorant The clever little adventuress is hardly more ruthless in exploiting men than

meek little Emmy in taking advantage of Dobbin s lifelong devotion the reader often finds Dobbin so tiresome and Amelia so insipid th can t help feeling Thackeray wearied of them too Certainly he knew in their abasement before the idols each had made and worshiped the dwelt in Vanity Fair

Part of Thackeray s great success lies in the thronging plenitude energy with which he has peopled this predatory world Mayfair Lane Queen s Crawley all the other places there they stand solid i brick stucco and stone and their men and women are no less real squalid old Sir Pitt domineering Mrs Bute frigid old Bareacres wit dismal eyes Rawdon playing with little Rawdon in the garret of C Street the incomparable, gallant, heartless Rebecca shooting glear scornful humor out of her brilliant green eyes—how they live and around us! What a superb study is made of Miss Crawley the old tairean freethinker and gourmet bullying her dependents with alte whims of selfishness and generosity gorging on lobster, turtle and c reading her French novels deriding convention saying disobliging t about the Deity and then terrified of His vengeance when indige revives the image of hell fires! What a marvelously snarling glitter is trived for the noble Marquis of Steyne at once ferociously simian polished as sin!

More than these triumphs however Thackeray convinces us th comprehends these people that he penetrates down into the last tor twists of their heartless egos He is like a zoologist exhibiting the re of the creatures he observes, a social scientist devising demonstratio the general laws of Society and the protean manifestations of snob But beneath the assured air of social omniscience and the imperturba of the man of the world there are depths of warmer understandin that the lacquered detachment of surface is constantly being broke surges of human drama For God's sake Rawdy don t wake mam Rawdon implores his son when he has hit his head wildly tossing hi the ceiling and the child bites his lip and stifles his howl of pain A a more violent moment of climactic revelation Rawdon surprises his alone with Lord Steyne I am innocent Rawdon! she cries in terr his face I swear that I am innocent! At such moments Thackeray p that he knows not merely the corruptions of society but the surpris the heart

VANITY FAIR

*** *Vanity Fair* was first published in 1847 48 The selections given here are from Chapters 36 and 37 ***

How to Live Well on Nothing a Year

I SUPPOSE there is no man in this Vanity Fair of ours so little observant as not to think sometimes about the worldly affairs of his acquaintances or so extremely charitable as not to wonder how his neighbour Jones or his neighbour Smith can make both ends meet at the end of the year With the utmost regard for the family for instance (for I dine with them twice or thrice in the season) I cannot but own that the appearance of the Jenkinses in the Park in the large barouche with the grenadier footmen will surprise and mystify me to my dying day for though I know the equipage is only jobbed and all the Jenkins people are on board wages yet those three men and the carriage must represent an expense of six hundred a year at the very least—and then there are the splendid dinners the two boys at Eton the prize governess and masters for the girls the trip abroad or to Eastbourne or Worthing in the autumn the annual ball with a supper from Gunter s (who by the way, supplies most of the *first rate* dinners which J gives as I know very well having been invited to one of them to fill a vacant place when I saw at once that these repasts are very superior to the *common* run of entertainments for which the *humbler* sort of J s acquaintances get cards)—who I say with the most good natured feelings in the world can help wondering how the Jenkinses make out matters? What *is* Jenkins? We all know—Commissioner of the Tape and Sealing Wax Office with £1200 a year for a salary Had his wife a private fortune? Pooh!—Miss Flint—one of eleven children of a small squire in Buckinghamshire All she ever gets from her family is a turkey at Christmas in exchange for which she has to board two or three of her sisters in the off season and lodge and feed her brothers when they come to town How does Jenkins balance his income? I say as every friend of his must say How is it that he has not been outlawed long since and that he ever came back (as he did to the surprise of everybody) last year from Boulogne?

I is here introduced to personify the world in general—the Mrs Grundy of each respected reader s private circle—every one of whom can point to some families of his acquaintance who live nobody knows how Many a glass of wine have we all of us drunk, I have very little doubt, hob

and nobbing with the hospitable giver and wondering how the deuce h paid for it

Some three or four years after his stay in Paris when Rawdon Crawley and his wife were established in a very small comfortable house in Curzon Street Mayfair there was scarcely one of the numerous friends whom they entertained at dinner that did not ask the above question regarding them. The novelist it has been said before knows everything and as I am in a situation to be able to tell the public how Crawley and his wife lived without any income may I entreat the public newspapers which are in the habit of extracting portions of the various periodical works now published, not to reprint the following exact narrative and calculations—of which I ought, as the discoverer (and at some expense too) to have the benefit? My son, I would say were I blessed with a child—you may by deep inquiry and constant intercourse with him learn how a man lives comfortably on nothing a year But it is best not to be intimate with gentlemen of this profession, and to take the calculations at second hand as you do logarithms, for to work them yourself depend upon it, will cost you something considerable.

In the first place and as a matter of the greatest necessity, we are bound to describe how a house may be got for nothing a year These mansions are to be had either unfurnished where if you have credit with Messrs Gillows or Bantings you can get them splendidly *montees* and decorated entirely according to your own fancy or they are to be let furnished a less troublesome and complicated arrangement to most parties It was so that Crawley and his wife preferred to hire their house

Before Mr Bowls came to preside over Miss Crawley's house and cellar in Park Lane that lady had had for a butler a Mr Raggles who was born on the family estate of Queen s Crawley, and indeed was a younger son of a gardener there By good conduct, a handsome person and calves, and a grave demeanour Raggles rose from the knifeboard to the footboard of the carriage from the footboard to the butler s pantry When he had been a certain number of years at the head of Miss Crawley s establishment, where he had had good wages fat perquisites and plenty of opportunities of saving he announced that he was about to contract a matrimonial alliance with a late cook of Miss Crawley's who had subsisted in an honourable manner by the exercise of a mangle and the keeping of a small greengrocer s shop in the neighbourhood The truth is, that the ceremony had been clandestinely performed some years back, although the news of Mr Raggles marriage was first brought to Miss Crawley by a little boy and girl of seven and eight years of age whose continual presence in the kitchen had attracted the attention of Miss Briggs.

Mr Raggles then retired and personally undertook the superintendence of the small shop and the greens He added milk and cream eggs and country fed pork to his stores contenting himself, whilst other retired butlers were vending spirits in public houses by dealing in the simplest country produce And having a good connection amongst the butlers in the neighbourhood and a snug back parlour where he and Mrs Raggles received them his milk cream and eggs got to be adopted by many of the fraternity and his profits increased every year Year after year he quietly and modestly amassed money and when at length that snug and complete bachelor s residence at No 201 Curzon Street Mayfair lately the residence of the Honourable Frederic Deuceace gone abroad with its rich and appropriate furniture by the first makers was brought to the hammer who should go in and purchase the lease and furniture of the house but Charles Raggles? A part of the money he borrowed it is true and at rather a high interest from a brother butler but the chief part he paid down and it was with no small pride that Mrs Raggles found herself sleeping in a bed of carved mahogany with silk curtains with a prodigious cheval glass opposite to her and a wardrobe which would contain her and Raggles and all the family

Of course they did not intend to occupy permanently an apartment so splendid It was in order to let the house again that Raggles purchased it As soon as a tenant was found he subsided into the greengrocer s shop once more but a happy thing it was for him to walk out of that tenement and into Curzon Street and there survey his house—his own house—with geraniums in the window and a carved bronze knocker The footman occasionally lounging at the area railing treated him with respect the cook took her green stuff at his house and called him Mr Landlord and there was not one thing the tenant did or one dish which they had for dinner that Raggles might not know of if he liked

He was a good man good and happy The house brought him in so handsome a yearly income that he was determined to send his children to good schools and accordingly regardless of expense Charles was sent to boarding at Dr Swishtail s Sugarcane Lodge and little Matilda to Miss Peckover s Laurentinum House Clapham

Raggles loved and adored the Crawley family as the author of all his prosperity in life He had a *silhouette* of his mistress in his back shop and a drawing of the Porter s Lodge at Queen s Crawley done by that spinster herself in India ink—and the only addition he made to the decorations of the Curzon Street house was a print of Queen s Crawley in Hampshire the seat of Sir Walpole Crawley Baronet, who was represented in a gilded car drawn by six white horses and passing by a lake covered with swans and barges containing ladies in hoops and musicians with flags and periwigs

Indeed, Raggles thought there was no such palace in all the world and no such august family

As luck would have it Raggles house in Curzon Street was to let when Rawdon and his wife returned to London The Colonel knew it and its owner quite well the latter s connection with the Crawley family had been kept up constantly, for Raggles helped Mr Bowls whenever Miss Crawley received friends And the old man not only let his house to the Colonel, but officiated as his butler whenever he had company, Mrs Raggles operating in the kitchen below, and sending up dinners of which old Miss Crawley herself might have approved This was the way, then Crawley got his house for nothing, for though Raggles had to pay taxes and rates and the interest of the mortgage to the brother butler, and the insurance of his life, and the charges for his children at school, and the value of the meat and drink which his own family—and for a time that of Colonel Crawley too—consumed and though the poor wretch was utterly ruined by the transaction his children being flung on the streets and himself driven into the Fleet Prison yet somebody must pay even for gentlemen who live for nothing a year—and so it was this unlucky Raggles was made the representative of Colonel Crawley s defective capital

I wonder how many families are driven to roguery and to ruin by great practitioners in Crawley s way?—how many great noblemen rob their petty tradesmen condescend to swindle their poor retainers out of wretched little sums and cheat for a few shillings? When we read that a nobleman has left for the Continent or that another noble nobleman has an execution in his house—and that one or other owes six or seven millions the defeat seems glorious even and we respect the victim in the vastness of his ruin But who pities a poor barber who can't get his money for powdering the footmen s heads or a poor carpenter who has ruined himself by fixing up ornaments and pavilions for my lady's *dejeuner*, or the poor devil of a tailor whom the steward patronises and who has pledged all he is worth and more to get the liveries ready which my lord has done him the honour to bespeak?—When the great house tumbles down these miserable wretches fall under it unnoticed as they say in the old legends before a man goes to the devil himself he sends plenty of other souls thither

Rawdon and his wife generously gave their patronage to all such of Miss Crawley s tradesmen and purveyors as chose to serve them Some were willing enough especially the poor ones It was wonderful to see the pertinacity with which the washerwoman from Tooting brought the cart every Saturday and her bills week after week Mr Raggles himself had to supply the greengroceries The bill for servants porter at the Fortune of War public house is a curiosity in the chronicles of beer Every servant also was owed

the greater part of his wages and thus kept up perforce an interest in the house Nobody in fact was paid Not the blacksmith who opened the lock not the glazier who mended the pane nor the jobber who let the carriage nor the groom who drove it nor the butcher who provided the leg of mutton nor the coals which roasted it nor the cook who basted it nor the *servants who ate it and this I am given to understand is not unfrequently* the way in which people live elegantly on nothing a year

In a little town such things cannot be done without remark We know there the quantity of milk our neighbour takes and espy the joint or the fowls which are going in for his dinner So probably 200 and 202 in Curzon Street might know what was going on in the house between them the servants communicating through the area railings but Crawley and his wife and his friends did not know 200 and 202 When you came to 201 there was a hearty welcome a kind smile a good dinner and a jolly shake of the hand *from the host and hostess there just for all the world as if they had been un*disputed masters of three or four thousand a year—and so they were not in money but in produce and labour—if they did not pay for the mutton they had it if they did not give bullion in exchange for their wine how should we know? Never was better claret at any man s table than at honest Rawdon s dinners more gay and neatly served His drawing rooms were the prettiest little modest salons conceivable they were decorated with the greatest taste and a thousand nicknacks from Paris by Rebecca and when she sate at her piano trilling songs with a lightsome heart the stranger voted *himself in a little paradise of domestic comfort and agreed that if the hus*band was rather stupid the wife was charming and the dinners the pleasantest in the world

Rebecca s wit cleverness and flippancy made her speedily the vogue in London among a certain class You saw demure chariots at her door out of which stepped very great people You beheld her carriage in the Park surrounded by dandies of note The little box in the third tier of the Opera was crowded with heads constantly changing but it must be confessed that the ladies held aloof from her and that their doors were shut to our little *adventurer*

With regard to the world of female fashion and its customs the present writer of course can only speak at second hand A man can no more penetrate or understand those mysteries than he can know what the ladies talk about when they go upstairs after dinner It is only by inquiry and perseverance that one sometimes gets hints of those secrets and by a similar diligence every person who treads the Pall Mall pavement and frequents the clubs of this metropolis knows either through his own experience or through some acquaintance with whom he plays at billiards or shares the

joint, something about the genteel world of London and how as there are men (such as Rawdon Crawley whose position we mentioned before) who cut a good figure to the eyes of the ignorant world and to the apprentices in the Park who behold them consorting with the most notorious dandies there so there are ladies who may be called men's women, being welcomed entirely by all the gentlemen and cut or slighted by all their wives Mrs. Firebrace is of this sort the lady with the beautiful fair ringlets whom you see every day in Hyde Park, surrounded by the greatest and most famous dandies of this empire Mrs Rockwood is another whose parties are announced laboriously in the fashionable newspapers and with whom you see that all sorts of ambassadors and great noblemen dine, and many more might be mentioned had they to do with the history at present in hand But while simple folks who are out of the world or country people with a taste for the genteel behold these ladies in their seeming glory in public places, or envy them from afar off persons who are better instructed could inform them that these envied ladies have no more chance of establishing themselves in Society than the benighted squire's wife in Somersetshire who reads of their doing in the *Morning Post* Men living about London are aware of these awful truths You hear how pitilessly many ladies of seeming rank and wealth are excluded from this Society' The frantic efforts which they make to enter this circle the meannesses to which they submit the insults which they undergo are matters of wonder to those who take human or woman kind for a study and the pursuit of fashion under difficulties would be a fine theme for any very great person who had the wit the leisure and the knowledge of the English language necessary for the compiling of such a history

Now the few female acquaintances whom Mrs Crawley had known abroad, not only declined to visit her when she came to this side of the Channel but cut her severely when they met in public places It was curious to see how the great ladies forgot her and no doubt not altogether a pleasant study to Rebecca When Lady Bareacres met her in the waiting room at the Opera she gathered her daughters about her as if they would be contaminated by a touch of Becky and retreating a step or two placed herself in front of them and stared at her little enemy To stare Becky out of countenance required a severer glance than even the frigid old Bareacres could shoot out of her dismal eyes When Lady de la Mole who had ridden a score of times by Becky's side at Brussels met Mrs Crawley's open carriage in Hyde Park her Ladyship was quite blind and could not in the least recognise her former friend Even Mrs Blenkinsop the banker's wife cut her at church Becky went regularly to church now it was edifying to see her enter there with Rawdon by her side carrying a couple of large gilt prayer

books and afterwards going through the ceremony with the gravest resignation

An article as necessary to a lady in this position as her brougham or her bouquet is her companion I have always admired the way in which the tender creatures who cannot exist without sympathy hire an exceedingly plain friend of their own sex from whom they are almost inseparable The sight of that inevitable woman in her faded gown seated behind her dear friend in the opera box, or occupying the back seat of the barouche is always a wholesome and moral one to me as jolly a reminder as that of the Death s head which figured in the repasts of Egyptian *bons vi ants*, a strange sardonic memorial of Vanity Fair What?—even battered brazen beautiful conscienceless heartless Mrs Firebrace whose father died of her shame even lovely daring Mrs Mantrap who will ride at any fence which any man in England will take and who drives her greys in the Park while her mother keeps a huckster s stall in Bath still —even those who are so bold one might fancy they could face anything dare not face the world without a female friend They must have somebody to cling to the affectionate creatures! And you will hardly see them in any public place without a shabby companion in a dyed silk sitting somewhere in the shade close behind them

Rawdon, said Becky very late one night, as a party of gentlemen were seated round her crackling drawing room fire (for the men came to her house to finish the night and she had ice and coffee for them the best in London) I must have a sheep dog

A what? said Rawdon looking up from an *ecarte* table

A sheep dog! said young Lord Southdown My dear Mrs Crawley what a fancy! Why not have a Danish dog? I know of one as big as a camel leopard by Jove It would almost pull your brougham Or a Persian greyhound eh? (I propose if you please) or a little pug that would go into one of Lord Steyne s snuff boxes? There s a man at Bayswater got one with such a nose that you might —I mark the king and play —that you might hang your hat on it.

I mark the trick ' Rawdon gravely said He attended to his game commonly and didn t much meddle with the conversation except when it was about horses and betting

What *can* you want with a shepherd s dog? the lively little Southdown continued

I mean a *moral* shepherd s dog said Becky laughing and looking up at Lord Steyne

What the devil s that? said his Lordship

A dog to keep the wolves off me Rebecca continued A companion

'Dear little innocent lamb you want one" said the Marquis, and his jaw thrust out and he began to grin hideously his little eyes leering towards Rebecca

The great Lord of Steyne was standing by the fire sipping coffee The fire crackled and blazed pleasantly There was a score of candles sparkling round the mantelpiece in all sorts of quaint sconces of gilt and bronze and porcelain They lighted up Rebecca s figure to admiration as she sate on a sofa covered with a pattern of gaudy flowers She was in a pink dress that looked as fresh as a rose, her dazzling white arms and shoulders were half covered with a thin hazy scarf through which they sparkled, her hair hung in curls round her neck, one of her little feet peeped out from the fresh crisp folds of the silk the prettiest little foot in the prettiest little sandal in the finest silk stocking in the world

The candles lighted up Lord Steyne s shining bald head which was fringed with red hair He had thick bushy eyebrows with little twinkling bloodshot eyes surrounded by a thousand wrinkles His jaw was underhung and when he laughed two white buck teeth protruded themselves and glistened savagely in the midst of the grin He had been dining with royal personages and wore his garter and ribbon A short man was his Lordship broad chested and bow-legged but proud of the fineness of his foot and ankle and always caressing his garter knee

And so the Shepherd is not enough said he 'to defend his lambkin?

The Shepherd is too fond of playing at cards and going to his clubs," answered Becky laughing

Gad what a debauched Corydon!' said my Lord— 'what a mouth for a pipe!

I take your three to two here said Rawdon at the card table

Hark at Melibœus' snarled the noble Marquis he s pastorally occupied too he s shearing a Southdown What an innocent mutton, hey? Damme, what a snowy fleece!

Rebecca s eyes shot out gleams of scornful humour 'My Lord she said you are a knight of the Order He had the collar round his neck, indeed—a gift of the restored Princes of Spain

Lord Steyne in early life had been notorious for his daring and his success at play He had sat up two days and two nights with Mr Fox at hazard He had won money of the most august personages of the realm he had won his marquisate it was said at the gaming table but he did not like an allusion to those bygone *frédaines* Rebecca saw the scowl gathering over his heavy brow

She rose up from her sofa and went and took his coffee cup out of his hand with a little curtsey Yes' she said I must get a watchdog But he

won t bark at *you* And going into the other drawing room she sate down to the piano and began to sing little French songs in such a charming thrilling voice that the mollified nobleman speedily followed her into that chamber and might be seen nodding his head and bowing time over her

Rawdon and his friend meanwhile played *ecarte* until they had enough The Colonel won but say that he won ever so much and often nights like these which occurred many times in the week—his wife having all the tall and all the admiration and he sitting silent without the circle not compre hending a word of the jokes the allusions the mystical language within—must have been rather wearisome to the ex dragoon

How is Mrs Crawley s husband? Lord Steyne used to say to him by way of a good day when they met and indeed tha was now his avocation in life He was Colonel Crawley no more He was Mrs Crawley s husband

About the little Rawdon if nothing has been said all this while it is be cause he is hidden upstairs in a garret somewhere or has crawled below into the kitchen for companionship His mother scarcely ever took notice of him He passed the days with his French *bonne* as long as that domestic re mained in Mr Crawley s family and when the Frenchwoman went away the little fellow howling in the loneliness of the night had compassion taken on him by a housemaid who took him out of his solitary nursery into her bed in the garret hard by and comforted him

Rebecca my Lord Steyne and one or two more were in the drawing room taking tea after the Opera when this shouting was heard overhead It s my cherub crying for his nurse she said She did not offer to move to go and see the child Don t agitate your feelings by going to look for him said Lord Steyne sardonically Bah! replied the other with a sort of blush he ll cry himself to sleep and they fell to talking about the Opera

Rawdon had stolen off though to look after his son and heir and came back to the company when he found that honest Dolly was consoling the child The Colonel s dressing room was in those upper regions He used to see the boy there in private They had interviews together every morning when he shaved Rawdon minor sitting on a box by his father s side and watching the operation with never ceasing pleasure He and the sire were *great friends The father would bring him sweetmeats* from the dessert and hide them in a certain old epaulet box where the child went to see them and laughed with joy on discovering the treasure laughed but not too loud for mamma was below asleep and must not be disturbed She did not go to rest till very late and seldom rose till after noon

Rawdon bought the boy plenty of picture books and crammed his nurs ery with toys Its walls were covered with pictures pasted up by the father s

own hand and purchased by him for ready-money When he was off duty with Mrs Rawdon in the Park he would sit up here, passing hours with the boy, who rode on his chest who pulled his great mustachios as if they were driving reins and spent days with him in indefatigable gambols The room was a low room and once when the child was not five years old his father, who was tossing him wildly up in his arms hit the poor little chap's skull so violently against the ceiling that he almost dropped the child, so terrified was he at the disaster

Rawdon minor had made up his face for a tremendous howl—the severity of the blow indeed authorised that indulgence, but just as he was going to begin the father interposed

For God's sake Rawdy don't wake mamma' he cried And the child, looking in a very hard and piteous way at his father, bit his lips clenched his hands and didn't cry a bit Rawdon told that story at the clubs at the mess to everybody in town "By Gad sir' he explained to the public in general what a good plucked one that boy of mine is—what a trump he is! I half sent his head through the ceiling by Gad and he wouldn't cry for fear of disturbing his mother'

Sometimes—once or twice in a week—that lady visited the upper regions in which the child lived She came like a vivified figure out of the *Magasin des Modes*—blandly smiling in the most beautiful new clothes and little gloves and boots Wonderful scarfs laces and jewels glittered about her She had always a new bonnet on and flowers bloomed perpetually in it or else magnificent curling ostrich feathers, soft and snowy as camellias She nodded twice or thrice patronisingly to the little boy who looked up from his dinner or from the pictures of soldiers he was painting When she left the room, an odour of rose, or some other magical fragrance lingered about the nursery She was an unearthly being in his eyes superior to his father to all the world to be worshipped and admired at a distance To drive with that lady in the carriage was an awful rite he sate up in the back seat and did not dare to speak he gazed with all his eyes at the beautifully dressed princess opposite to him Gentlemen on splendid prancing horses came up and smiled and talked with her How her eyes beamed upon all of them Her hand used to quiver and wave gracefully as they passed When he went out with her he had his new red dress on His old brown holland was good enough when he stayed at home Sometimes when she was away and Dolly his maid was making his bed he came into his mother's room It was as the abode of a fairy to him—a mystic chamber of splendour and delights There in the wardrobe hung those wonderful robes—pink and blue and many tinted There was the jewel-case silver-clasped and the wondrous bronze hand on the dressing table glistening all over with a hundred rings The

was the cheval glass that miracle of art, in which he could *just see his own* wondering head and the reflection of Dolly (queerly distorted and as if up in the ceiling) plumping and patting the pillows of the bed Oh thou poor lonely little benighted boy! Mother is the name of God in the lips and hearts of little children and here was one who was worshipping a stone!

Now Rawdon Crawley rascal as the Colonel was had certain manly tendencies of affection in his heart and could love a child and a woman still For Rawdon minor he had a great secret tenderness then which did not escape Rebecca *though she did not talk about it to her husband It did not* annoy her she was too good natured It only increased her scorn for him He felt somehow ashamed of this paternal softness and hid it from his wife—only indulging in it when alone with the boy

He used to take him out of mornings when they would go to the stables together and to the Park Little Lord Southdown the best natured of men who would make you a present of the hat from his head and whose main occupation in life was to buy knicknacks that he might give them away afterwards *bought the little chap a pony not much bigger than a large rat, the* donor said and on this little black Shetland pigmy young Rawdon s great father was pleased to mount the boy and to walk by his side in the Park. It pleased him to see his old quarters and his old fellow guardsmen at Knightsbridge he had begun to think of his bachelorhood with something like regret The old troopers were glad to recognise their ancient officer and dandle the little Colonel Colonel Crawley found dining at mess and with his brother officers very pleasant Hang it I ain t clever enough for her—*I know it She won t miss me*' *he used to say and he was right his wife did* not miss him

Rebecca was fond of her husband She was always perfectly good humoured and kind to him She did not even show her scorn much for him perhaps she liked him the better for being a fool He was her upper servant and *maitre d hotel* He went on her errands obeyed her orders without question drove in the carriage in the ring with her without repining took her to the Opera box solaced himself at his club during the performance and came punctually back *to fetch her* when due He would have liked her to be a little fonder of the boy but even to that he reconciled himself Hang it you know she s so clever he said and I m not literary and that you know For as we have said before it requires no great wisdom to be able to win at cards and billiards and Rawdon made no pretensions to any other sort of skill

When the companion came his domestic duties became very light. His wife encouraged him to dine abroad she would let him off duty at the Opera Don t stay and stupefy yourself at home to night my dear she

would say 'Some men are coming who will only bore you I would not ask them but you know it s for your good and now I have a sheep dog I need not be afraid to be alone

A sheep dog—a companion! Becky Sharp with a companion! Isn t it good fun? thought Mrs Crawley to herself The notion tickled hugely her sense of humour

ROMANTIC PESSIMISM ON THE REASON



NO PHILOSOPHER pursues a single line of thought more consistently than Schopenhauer The insatiable will which for him was the key to the nature of the world he found in all things everywhere Its restless striving as he saw it had created all the appearances that made up the material universe it tore down the mountains and rebuilt the continents shattered planets and exploded into new suns A flame of will burned in each human breast warring with other chaotic fragments of will in the breasts of other men contending endlessly in jungle market place forum and field of battle

But the very nature of the will Schopenhauer points out is self-defeating For will is not except by accident concerned with particular goals Its nature is to will The will does not die down and cease to exist with the attainment of a desire it merely passes on to new desires The promise of felicity that the will holds out to itself and to us whom it infects with its restlessness can never be any more than a mirage The will lights the madness in the conqueror s brain and endows the embraces of a girl with illusory ecstasy It torments and deceives makes men dishonest and cruel

creates hatred and misery No rest is even possible for the human spirit, Schopenhauer concludes unless the will could be brought to will its own annihilation

There is, however a haven from its madness This is the realm of contemplation which takes the forms of art and of pure thought In music, in tragedy in painting in lyric poetry men may realize vividly the entire panorama of the world and the innumerable patterns of human fate Art is an escape from life not in the sense that it falsifies reality, but that it perceives existence as it is momentarily freed from the distorting will, unclouded by personal desire And in the high clear air of science in the entire impersonal realm of reason where the mind establishes inevitable and inviolable relationships there is an empire of thought where men may rise superior to the dictates of the will

But even here, like Satan intruding into Eden the will makes its serpentine way For our minds Schopenhauer observes are not easily animated by a selfless love of truth and wisdom It is not the truth that we love but our truth we hate to yield even when others prove that we are wrong The first word of disagreement can bring the proud will bristling and growling to the mouth of its cave, rare is the man who can scourge it back into the dark and allow another s thought to triumph over his own. So it is Schopenhauer pas es judgment that the very processes of reflecting and debating are infected with dishonesty Men will suppress facts twist evidence assert falsehoods becloud the issues with irrelevances ape reason with a thousand fallacies resort to every wriggle of sophism rather than accept even a verbal defeat

Such is the intellectual background that makes Schopenhauer s Art of Controversy *a consistent development of the philosophic attitude that produced his* World as Will and Idea *But* The Art of Controversy *is more than a corollary or footnote to his general philosophy it is a contemptuous exercise in cold irony For Schopenhauer expresses no condemnation for the baseness in human nature he thus uncovers He pretends on the contrary to abet it and offers a handbook in the systematic distortion of truth a tart compendium in the methods of making the worse appear the better cause When he tells us that men are obstinate vain talkative and innately dishonest he does so with no bitterness of manner but in a species of icy detachment that merely dissects what it takes for granted The mendacious animal that is man will lie and cheat here are some of the shabby tricks and mean shifts he resorts to*

Schopenhauer

Beginning with a general anatomy of dialectic methods Schopenhauer calmly points out which of them are intellectually valid and which are mere dishonest dodges Follows a numbered list of thirty-eight sophistical stratagems illustrated and analyzed with the same chill indifference For any reader not hardened into moral callousness the effect is both revelatory and horrifying For we recognize them all we have heard them from pulpit and lecture platform from the mouths of crooks financiers statesmen and humanitarians read them in editorial columns and in the learned tomes of economists and historians Worse still we redden to realize there is hardly one of this humiliating list we have not stooped to ourselves This mere enumeration of intellectual tricks so dispassionately and mercilessly presented forces us to see that our desire for victory is always tempting us into falsehood as spontaneously as our lungs breathe air

It is a strange effect Schopenhauer produces on us Partly we feel grim exhilaration in seeing the rogues unmasked hypocrisy laid bare Partly we feel an enhancement of knowledge and power we are more strongly fortified than we were before against deception from without and self-deception from within Lastly we burn with shame stripped naked before our own consciences All these are wholly salutary And of course they are quite deliberately intended by Schopenhauer Under cover of writing a handbook of chicanery he has given us a practical aid to discover and combat it under pretense of condoning falsehood he has inspired us to revere truth The Art of Controversy *is a weapon of truth militant and a panegyric to truth triumphant*

THE ART OF CONTROVERSY

*** Part of *The Art of Controversy* originally appeared in *Parerga and Paralipomena* in 1851 it was not published in entirety until after Schopenhauer's death in 1860 ***

Schopenhauer Proves That the Aim of Argument Is Not Truth But Triumph

HUMAN nature is such that if A and B are engaged in thinking i common and are communicating their opinions to one anothe on any subject, so long as it is not a mere fact of history and A perceives that B s thoughts on one and the same subject are not the sam as his own he does not begin by revising his own process of thinking so a to discover any mistake which he may have made but he assumes that th mistake has occurred in B s In other words man is naturally obstinate an this quality in him is attended with certain results treated of in the branc of knowledge which I should like to call Dialectic but which in order t avoid misunderstanding I shall call Controversial or Eristical Dialecti Accordingly it is the branch of knowledge which treats of the obstinac natural to man Eristic is only a harsher name for the same thing

If the reader asks how this is I reply that it is simply the natural basenes of human nature If human nature were not base but thoroughly honor able we should in every debate have no other aim than the discovery o truth we should not in the least care whether the truth proved to be i favor of the opinion which we had begun by expressing or of the opinio of our adversary That we should regard as a matter of no moment, or a any rate of very secondary consequence but, as things are it is the ma concern Our innate vanity which is particularly sensitive in reference t our intellectual powers, will not suffer us to allow that our first position wa wrong and our adversary s right The way out of this difficulty would b simply to take the trouble always to form a correct judgment. For this a ma would have to think before he spoke But with most men innate vanity accompanied by loquacity and innate dishonesty They speak before the think and even though they may afterward perceive that they are wron and that what they assert is false they want it to seem the contrary Th

interest in truth which may be presumed to have been their only motive when they stated the proposition alleged to be true now gives way to the interests of vanity and so for the sake of vanity what is true must seem false and what is false must seem true

Dialectic then need have nothing to do with truth as little as the fencing master considers who is in the right when a dispute leads to a duel Thrust and parry is the whole business Dialectic is the art of intellectual fencing and it is only when we so regard it that we can erect it into a branch of knowledge For if we take purely objective truth as our aim we are reduced to mere Logic if we take the maintenance of false propositions it is mere Sophistic and in either case it would have to be assumed that we were aware of what was true and what was false and it is seldom that we have any clear idea of the truth beforehand The true conception of Dialectic is then that which we have formed it is the art of intellectual fencing used for the purpose of getting the best of it in a dispute and although the name *Eristic* would be more suitable it is more correct to call it Controversial Dialectic *Dialectica eristica*

Dialectic in this sense of the word has no other aim but to reduce to a regular system and collect and exhibit the arts which most men employ when they observe in a dispute that truth is not on their side and still attempt to gain the day Hence it would be very inexpedient to pay any regard to objective truth or its advancement in the science of Dialectic since this is not done in that original and natural Dialectic innate in men where they strive for nothing but victory The science of Dialectic in one sense of the word is mainly concerned to tabulate and analyze dishonest stratagems in order that in a real debate they may be at once recognized and defeated It is for this very reason that Dialectic must admittedly take victory and not objective truth for its aim and purpose

THE BASIS OF ALL DIALECTIC

First of all we must consider the essential nature of every dispute what it is that really takes place in it

Our opponent has stated a thesis or we ourselves —it is all one There are two modes of refuting it and two courses that we may pursue

I The modes are (1) *ad rem*, (2) *ad hominem* or *ex concessis* That is to say We may show either that the proposition is not in accordance with the nature of things *i e*, with absolute objective truth or that it is inconsistent with other statements or admissions of our opponent *i e*, with truth as it appears to him The latter mode of arguing a question produces only a

relative conviction and makes no difference whatever to the objective truth of the matter

II The two courses that we may pursue are (1) the direct and (2) the indirect refutation The direct attacks the reason for the thesis, the indirect, its results The direct refutation shows that the thesis is not true the indirect, that it cannot be true

The direct course admits of a twofold procedure Either we may show that the reasons for the statement are false (*nego majorem, minorem*), or we may admit the reasons or premisses, but show that the statement does not follow from them (*nego consequentiam*) that is we attack the conclusion or form of the syllogism

The direct refutation makes use either of the *diversion* or of the *instance*

(a) The *diversion*—We accept our opponent's proposition as true and then show what follows from it when we bring it into connection with some other proposition acknowledged to be true We use the two propositions as the premisses of a syllogism giving a conclusion which is manifestly false as contradicting either the nature of things, or other statements of our opponent himself, that is to say the conclusion is false either *ad rem* or *ad hominem* Consequently our opponent's proposition must have been false, for while true premisses can give only a true conclusion false premisses need not always give a false one

(b) The *instance*, or the example to the contrary—This consists of refuting the general proposition by direct reference to particular cases which are included in it in the way in which it is stated but to which it does not apply and by which it is therefore shown to be necessarily false

STRATAGEMS

IV If you want to draw a conclusion you must not let it be foreseen, but you must get the premisses admitted one by one unobserved mingling them here and there in your talk otherwise your opponent will attempt all sorts of chicanery Or if it is doubtful whether your opponent will admit them you must advance the premisses of these premisses that is to say you must draw up pro syllogisms and get the premisses of several of them admitted in no definite order In this way you conceal your game until you have obtained all the admissions that are necessary and so reach your goal by making a circuit

XI If you make an induction and your opponent grants you the particular cases by which it is to be supported you must refrain from asking him if he also admits the general truth which issues from the particulars but intro-

duce it afterward as a settled and admitted fact for in the meanwhile he will himself come to believe that he has admitted it and the same impression will be received by the audience because they will remember the many questions as to the particulars, and suppose that they must of course have attained their end

XXX This is the *argumentum ad verecundiam* It consists of making an *appeal to authority rather than reason and in using such an authority as may suit the degree of knowledge* possessed by your opponent

Every man prefers belief to the exercise of judgment says Seneca and it is therefore an easy matter if you have an authority on your side which your opponent respects The more limited his capacity and knowledge the greater is the number of authorities who weigh with him There are very many authorities who find respect with the mob and if you have none that is quite suitable *you can take one that appears to be so you may quote* what some said in another sense or in other circumstances Authorities which your opponent fails to understand are those of which he generally thinks the most You may also should it be necessary not only twist your authorities but actually falsify them or quote something which you have invented entirely yourself As a rule your opponent has no books at hand and could not use them if he had

When we come to look into the matter so called universal opinion is the opinion of two or three persons and we should be persuaded of this if we could see the way in which it really arises

We should find that it is two or three persons who in the *first instance* accepted it or advanced and maintained it and of whom people were so good as to believe that they had thoroughly tested it Then a few other persons persuaded beforehand that the first were men of the requisite capacity also accepted the opinion These again were trusted by many others whose laziness suggested to them that it was better to believe at once than to go through the troublesome task of testing the matter for *themselves Thus the number of these lazy and credulous adherents grew* from day to day for the opinion had no sooner obtained a fair measure of support than its further supporters attributed this to the fact that the opinion could only have obtained it by the cogency of its arguments The remainder were then compelled to grant what *was universally granted* so as not to pass for unruly persons who resisted opinions which every one accepted or pert fellows who thought themselves cleverer than any one else

When opinion reaches this stage adhesion becomes a duty and hence

forward the few who are capable of forming a judgment hold their peace. Those who venture to speak are such as are entirely incapable of forming any opinions or any judgments of their own being merely the echo of others opinions, and nevertheless they defend them with all the greater zeal and intolerance For what they hate in people who think differently is not so much the different opinions which they profess as the presumption of wanting to form their own judgment a presumption of which they themselves are never guilty as they are very well aware In short there are very few who can think, but every man wants to have an opinion and what remains but to take it ready made from others instead of forming opinions for himself?

Since this is what happens where is the value of the opinion even of a hundred millions? It is no more established than a historical fact reported by a hundred chroniclers who can be proved to have plagiarized it from one another, the opinion in the end being traceable to a single individual It is all what I say what you say and finally what he says and the whole of it is nothing but a series of assertions

XXXIII That s all very well in theory, but it won t do in practice" In this sophism you admit the premisses but deny the conclusion in contradiction with a well known rule of logic The assertion is based upon an impossibility what is right in theory *must* work in practice and if it does not, there is a mistake in the theory something has been overlooked and not allowed for and consequently what is wrong in practice is wrong in theory too

XXXVIII A last trick is to become personal insulting rude as soon as you perceive that your opponent has the upper hand and that you are going to come off worst It consists in passing from the subject of dispute as from a lost game to the disputant himself and in some way attacking his person. It may be called the *argumentum ad personam*, to distinguish it from the *argumentum ad hominem*, which passes from the objective discussion of the subject pure and simple to the statements or admissions which your opponent has made in regard to it But in becoming personal you leave the subject altogether and turn your attack to his person by remarks of an offensive and spiteful character It is an appeal from the virtues of the intellect to the virtues of the body, or to mere animalism This is a very popular trick because every one is able to carry it into effect and so it is of frequent application Now the question is What counter trick avails for the other party? for if he has recourse to the same rule there will be blows, or a duel or an action for slander

It would be a great mistake to suppose that it is sufficient not to become personal yourself For by showing a man quite quietly that he is wrong and that what he says and thinks is incorrect—a process which occurs in every dialectical victory—you embitter him more than if you used some rude or insulting expression Why is this? Because as Hobbes observes all mental pleasure consists in being able to compare oneself with others to one s own advantage Nothing is of greater moment to a man than the gratification of his vanity and no wound is more painful than that which is inflicted on it Hence such phrases as Death before dishonor and so on The gratification of vanity arises mainly by comparison of oneself with others in every respect *but chiefly in respect of one s intellectual powers* and so the most effective and the strongest gratification of it is to be found in controversy Hence the embitterment of defeat apart from any question of injustice and hence recourse to that last weapon that last trick which you cannot evade by mere politeness

LEWIS CARROLL TAKES THE CHILD AS TOUCHSTONE



GENERATIONS of children have tumbled down the Rabbit Hole into Wonderland with Alice and climbed through the mirror with her into the topsy turvydom of Looking Glass Country They have delighted in the Mock Turtle the Mad Hatter the White Knight and the rest of that glorious company with no suspicion that they were a comic-pantomime version of people we all know and their enchanting world a witty parody of the world we all live in And there are some adults who prefer Alice in Wonderland to remain what Gulliver s Travels has become merely a delightful fantasy for children having only the most glimmering references to serious reality The brooks and hills of Alice s chessboard world must be as remote from this world as the Hills of Chankly Bore the Cheshire Cat s grin as devoid of metaphysical implications as Aunt Jobiska s Runcible Cat with Crimson Whiskers the March Hare must be defended from the horrid imputation of having any sense Carroll's inspired creation for these readers must be kept only a kind of dream nonsense

Most of us however find it impossible to remain in this realm of pure poetry We observe that How doth the little crocodile does strange

things to the moral of the little busy bee We notice that You are old Father William is a parody of Southey and the White Knight s Song (whose name *you remember was* called *Haddocks Eyes) a parody of Wordsworth We wonder if the reiterated chorus in the railway carriage His time is worth a thousand pounds a minute The smoke alone is worth a thousand pounds a puff might not be an Oxford don s sardonic comment on the gospels of speed and gain Perhaps we notice that the man clad in white paper looks oddly like Disraeli and we may learn that Carroll gave instructions for him to be portrayed so The biography by his nephew Collingwood will even tell us that the Mad Hatter was a member of Carroll s mess at Christ Church Gradually while we still delight in Carroll s imaginative playfulness and his exquisite gaiety of tone we come to see that he is irradiated by gleams of comic satire*

Even so it may not always be noticed how all *the details support an underlying design and how systematic a satire is concealed in this tissue of fantasy Highbrows who like to remind us that Carroll wrote treatises on determinants and calculus are fond of saying that his fantasy is the se verely logical fantasy of the mathematician This is true but we ought to see what it means Now the outstanding characteristic of the mathematical imagination is that it assigns consistent meanings to all its symbols Let* $x =$ *a function of a says the algebraist and proceeds to manipulate his equations through whatever labyrinthine transformations may be needed to come out with the solution in his grasp Carroll asks*

What mean all these mysteries to me
Whose life is full of indices and surds?

$$x^2 + 7x + 53 = 11/3$$

What are the unknowns his *fantastic symbols stand for?*

We will have the clue to them if we realize that Alice in Wonderland *and* Through the Looking Glass *form a satiric fantasy on education They reveal the grown up world seen through the eyes of a child Dreamlike and distorted with the child s innocent ignorance they are filled with strange and unintelligible happenings because so much of what happens to a child is mysterious to it Wonderland and Looking-Glass Country are simply the nursery the schoolroom and their surrounding countryside colored by wonder and inexperience The strange creatures who have perpetual tea parties there or put you through confusing cross-examinations are only symbolic versions of the animals fellow children parents teachers and*

other adults who people the child's world But more than all this as Alice moves through the story we see the child learning in spite of all the muddle stupidity unfairness and obstruction she has to deal with By the end of the first book she has seen through the pompous grown up façade You're nothing but a pack of cards! By the end of the second she has learned how to deal with them all—the loquacious Flowers the eternal schoolboys Tweedledum and Tweedledee the frowsily incompetent White Queen and the bullying Red Queen If she were to encounter again any of the creatures of the first book the curt and morose Caterpillar, or that prosy bore the Duchess she would know how to handle them too Alice's adventures in education are complete

It might be instructive to pursue her through some of them Let us leave it to the psychoanalysts to decide just how far Carroll's unconscious was choosing his symbols for him when he pictures Alice's career as beginning with a fall through a deep hole into a confined space from which she has great difficulty in emerging They will doubtless find much to say about the facts that when she is small enough to go through the doorway into the bright garden she lacks the key and when she has the key she is too large to get out that she grows until the hall seems about to crush her and during this stage of her biological history finds herself mingling with extinct creatures like the Lory and the Dodo (Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny) Once in the outer world she cannot remember how or when the hall vanished

Poor little Alice doesn't make much of a success of things at first She is surrounded by loud voices and bullying directions contradicted orders about Hand it over! Run home this moment and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Come back! Keep your temper! Look up speak nicely and don't twiddle your fingers The Mad Hatter and the Duchess make rude personal remarks to her Your hair wants cutting You don't know much and that's a fact They ask hard questions and are never satisfied with her answers when she gives up and asks for explanations it either turns out that there aren't any or that they are completely unintelligible Why is a raven like a writing desk? So they had to fall a long way So they got their tails fast in their mouths So they couldn't get them out again Let adults deny if they can the truth in this picture of the child's world

Alice's early efforts to be friendly with the Mouse and the Birds are a dismal failure The Caterpillar snubs her, the Frog Footman ignores her the Cheshire Cat bewilders her When she tries to apply what she has

been taught in the schoolroom it doesn t work out right her arithmetic gets snarled up the geography doesn t fit the facts and the verses come wrong She tries to assert herself with the Dormouse the Mad Hatter and the March Hare and is shouted down by a chorus of You might as well say that— Nevertheless she has learned to adjust herself to some of these challenges and to speak up for herself she is able at last to fit the key to the door and walk into the garden

Even then she doesn t see through the stupidity and illiteracy of the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle those two Old Grads with their tenuous shreds of academic nourishment and their continuing adolescent enthusiasm for games But at the end of the book she does see through the flat pasteboard fatuity of the trial scene And in Looking Glass Country Humpty Dumpty starts her on the process of analyzing and understanding words Finally the White Knight the one creature in the whole story who shows the little girl a touch of human affection imparts the lesson of tenderness Waving her handkerchief to him as he had asked and waiting till he is out of sight I hope it encouraged him she says and now for the last brook and to be a queen!

Carroll has achieved the very great feat of inventing a wise and tender variation on the pastoral convention The shepherds of the pastoral lyric we saw in our glance at Gay s Newgate Pastoral The Beggar s Opera *were used to throw an unfamiliar light on the values of a more sophisticated world and Gay turns his shepherds into thieves and fences illumining the world of business and politics With still another brilliant transformation Carroll uses the naive symbolic dream of a child to see through the shams of adult society He does more for those who have eyes to see he shows how inadequate are the sympathy and understanding we give our own children If Alice finds nearly all the creatures she encounters in her journey arbitrary and incomprehensible it is no less significant that few of them make the effort to be kind or understanding with her And near the end the episode of the Lion and the Unicorn as Professor Harry Morgan Ayres points out makes clear Carroll s point that the one fabulous monster in all creation the one thing nobody will accept as a fact and treat helpfully and affectionately is a human child Surely here is meaning enough though disguised as a dream jingling cap and bells This is no mere mad highhearted excursion in pure whimsy It turns out instead to hold a loving wisdom which all parents and teachers might ponder and for which we should be forever grateful*

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

*** *Alice* was originally published in 1866 The selection given here is from Chapters 9 and 10 ***

Two Old Grads Remember Their Schooldays

THEY very soon came upon a Gryphon lying fast asleep in the sun (If you don t know what a Gryphon is look at the picture) Up, lazy thing! ' said the Queen, ' and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle and to hear his history I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered," and she walked off, leaving Alice alone with the Gryphon Alice did not quite like the look of the creature but on the whole she thought it would be quite as safe to stay with it as to go after that savage Queen so she waited

The Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes then it watched the Queen till she was out of sight then it chuckled ' What fun' said the Gryphon, half to itself half to Alice

' What *is* the fun? said Alice

' Why *she* said the Gryphon ' It s all her fancy that they never executes nobody you know Come on'

Everybody says come on'' here ' thought Alice as she went slowly after it I never was so ordered about before, in all my life never'

They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock and as they came nearer Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break She pitied him deeply What is his sorrow? she asked the Gryphon And the Gryphon answered very nearly in the same words as before 'It s all his fancy, that he hasn t got no sorrow you know Come on' '

So they went up to the Mock Turtle who looked at them with large eyes full of tears but said nothing

This here young lady said the Gryphon she wants for to know your history, she do

I ll tell it her ' said the Mock Turtle in a deep hollow tone Sit down, both of you and don t speak a word till I ve finished

So they sat down and nobody spoke for some minutes Alice thought to herself I don t see how he can *ever* finish if he doesn t begin' But she waited patiently

used to sing in the water has quite escaped me Swans suggests one of his audience No not swans Very like swans too Thank you Oysters propounds another No nor oysters But by no means unlike oysters a very excellent idea thank you my dear sir very much Wait! Sirens Could anything be more ludicrous or more true to the man?

Only in the end when Pecksniff is exposed and ruined does Dickens artistry desert him Contrary to all probability then for a moral gesture he depicts Pecksniff as permanently undone become a drunken squalid begging letter writing man haunting his erstwhile dupes and whining of their ingratitude Molière had more tact and more truth Tartuffe exposed merely goes to jail He will get out again and turn up somewhere else And Pecksniff too would turn up again So much oil in one body will always float to the surface

It is this same determination to underline the moral that spoils the design of what in its social insights is one of Dickens greatest books Hard Times *Carlyle never made a more burning denunciation of the dismal science of classical economic theory or the heartlessness of cash nexus as the only connection between man and man The relations between master and man were all fact between the lying in hospital and the cemetery and what you couldn t state in figures or show to be purchasable in the cheapest market and salable in the dearest was not and never should be world without end Amen Fact fact fact! says Thomas Gradgrind This is the principle on which I bring up my own children and this is the principle on which I bring up these children Stick to facts Sir How pitiful the Gradgrinds and M Choakumchilds find Cissy Jupe s inability to get the hang of facts!— after eight weeks of induction into the elements of Political Economy she had only yesterday been set right by a prattler three feet high for returning to the question 'What is the first principle of this science? the absurd answer To do unto others as I would that they should do unto me*

For Coketown read Fall River Pittsburgh Manchester Birmingham all the industrial cities of the world with their brick factories and tenements that would have been red if the smoke and ashes had not made them an unnatural red and black like the painted face of a savage And the ninety years that have passed since Hard Times *was written have done hardly more to date the cant with which industrial exploitation is defended than they have to brighten the drab and brutal thing Laboring men who protested wanted to be set up in a coach and six and to be fed on turtle*

soup and venison with a gold spoon , the laboring class 'were a bad lot altogether gentlemen restless never knew what they wanted lived upon the best and bought fresh butter rejected all but prime parts of meat and yet were eternally dissatisfied and unmanageable As for the labor unions the united masters should not allow of any such class combinations

The wit and penetration of all this are as undeniable as the pity and just indignation behind it Dickens sees the evils of industrialism with as clear a gaze as ever a man had But his attitude is the attitude of the benevolent reformer hoping to accomplish everything by appeals to generosity and good will It seems to him understandable enough that workingmen in their desperation should turn to agitators and labor organizers but he distrusts such leaders as fearfully as any member of the Liberty League His antagonism to the labor leader Slackbridge is so intense that not content with making him a ranting and dishonest demagogue, he must be portrayed a physically ill made and in mongrel dress his features crushed into an habitually sour expression Not by their united action are workers to be raised but (presumably) by some happy chance humiliating the vulgar braggart Bounderby and by a change of heart converting Gradgrind to loving kindness

Such confusions are absurd and they are constant in Dickens He never seems sure whether evils are the outcome of social conditions that need to be changed or manifestations of individual cruelties and meannesses that ought to be punished But businessmen and financiers are no more uniformly Scrooges Merdles and Bounderbys than they are Boffins Jarndyce and Cheerybles Dickens noblehearted anger should have been directed not so much at villainy as at ill-adjusted social machinery and bungled solutions of human problems But he habitually confuses the two with all the heat of moral indignation and habitually mistakes the individual for the institution

These facts are the key to Dickens strength and his weakness Both in his burlesque moods and in his melodramatic anger he carries us with him when the core of feeling and representation is sound When he fails it is not because of his exaggerations but because the judgment and spirit behind them failed when both of these are balanced and strong Dickens technique is triumphant That triumph is so much the outcome of a tremendous vitality that we should not perhaps regret its shortcomings Without the weaknesses we might not have had the genius Dickens was

so bursting with intense energy that everything erupted out of him as if out of a volcano—fire smoke white hot metal lava and shooting stars—and rubble and mud as well His very intellectual vivacity was not philo sophic or scientific but visceral his brain was half blood stream He had to observe the thronging life that he did observe he had to shower a shin ing rain of ridicule and burlesque he had to luxuriate in melodrama and pathos He captures by furious or hilarious storm That is his victory and his defect

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

«« *Martin Chuzzlewit* was first published in 1843 44 The selections given here are from Chapters 16 and 33 »»

Martin Encounters Freedom of the Press in New York

SOME trifling excitement prevailed upon the very brink and margin of the land of liberty, for an alderman had been elected the day before and Party Feeling naturally running rather high on such an exciting occasion the friends of the disappointed candidate had found it necessary to assert the great principles of Purity of Election and Freedom of Opinion by breaking a few legs and arms, and furthermore pursuing one obnoxious gentleman through the streets with the design of slitting his nose These good humoured little outbursts of the popular fancy were not in themselves sufficiently remarkable to create any great stir after the lapse of a whole night but they found fresh life and notoriety in the breath of the newsboys, who not only proclaimed them with shrill yells in all the highways and byways of the town, upon the wharves and among the shipping but on the deck and down in the cabins of the steamboat, which before she touched the shore was boarded and overrun by a legion of those young citizens

Here s this morning's New York Sewer' cried one "Here s this morning s New York Stabber' Here s the New York Family Spy' Here s the New York Private Listener' Here s the New York Peeper' Here s the New York Plunderer' Here s the New York Keyhole Reporter' Here s the New York Rowdy Journal' Here s all the New York papers' Here s full particulars of the patriotic loco foco movement yesterday in which the whigs was so chawed up and the last Alabama gouging case and the interesting Arkansas dooel with Bowie knives, and all the Political Commercial, and Fashionable News Here they are' Here they are' Here s the papers, here s the papers'

Here s the Sewer' cried another ' Here s the New York Sewer' Here s some of the twelfth thousand of to day s Sewer with the best accounts of the markets and all the shipping news and four whole columns of country correspondence and a full account of the Ball at Mrs White s last night, where all the beauty and fashion of New York was assembled with the Sewer s own particulars of the private lives of all the ladies that was there'

Here s the Sewer! Here s some of the twelfth thousand of the New York Sewer! *Here s the Sewers exposure of the Wall Street Gang* and the Sewer s exposure of the Washington Gang and the Sewer s exclusive ac count of a flagrant act of dishonesty committed by the Secretary of State when he was eight years old now communicated at a great expense by his own nurse Here s the Sewer! Here s the New York Sewer in its twelfth thousand with a whole column of New Yorkers to be shown up and all their names printed! Here s the Sewer s article upon the Judge that tried him, day afore yesterday for libel and the Sewer s tribute to the independ ent Jury that didn t convict him and the Sewer s account of what they might have expected if they had! Here s the Sewer here s the Sewer! Here s the wide awake Sewer always on the look out the leading Journal of the United States now in its twelfth thousand and still a printing off Here s the New York Sewer!

It is in such enlightened means said a voice almost in Martin s ear that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent

Martin turned involuntarily and saw standing close at his side a sallow gentleman, with sunken cheeks black hair small twinkling eyes and a singular expression hovering about that region of his face which was not a frown nor a leer and yet might have been mistaken at the first glance for either Indeed it would have been difficult on a much closer acquaintance to describe it in any more satisfactory terms than as a mixed expression of vulgar cunning and conceit This gentleman wore a rather broad brimmed hat for the greater wisdom of his appearance and had his arms folded for the greater impressiveness of his attitude He was somewhat shabbily dressed in a blue surtout reaching nearly to his ankles short loose trousers of the same colour and a faded buff waistcoat through which a discoloured shirt frill struggled to force itself into notice as asserting an equality of civil rights with the other portions of his dress and maintaining a declaration of Independence on its own account His feet which were of unusually large proportions were leisurely crossed before him as he half leaned against half sat upon the steamboat s bulwark and his thick cane shod with a mighty ferule at one end and armed with a great metal knob at the other depended from a line and tassel on his wrist Thus attired and thus com posed into an aspect of great profundity the gentleman twitched up the right hand corner of his mouth and his right eye simultaneously and said once more

It is in such enlightened means that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent

As he looked at Martin and nobody else was by Martin inclined his head and said

'You allude to—?'

"To the Palladium of rational Liberty at home sir, and the dread of Foreign oppression abroad returned the gentleman as he pointed with his cane to an uncommonly dirty newsboy with one eye 'To the Envy of the world, sir and the leaders of Human Civilization Let me ask you sir he added bringing the ferule of his stick heavily upon the deck with the air of a man who must not be equivocated with 'how do you like my Country?'

'I am hardly prepared to answer that question yet,' said Martin, seeing that I have not been ashore '

Well I should expect you were not prepared sir said the gentleman, to behold such signs of National Prosperity as those?

He pointed to the vessels lying at the wharves, and then gave a vague flourish with his stick, as if he would include the air and water generally in this remark

Really said Martin, 'I don t know Yes I think I was'

The gentleman glanced at him with a knowing look and said he liked his policy It was natural he said and it pleased him as a philosopher to observe the prejudices of human nature

You have brought I see sir he said turning round towards Martin, and resting his chin on the top of his stick the usual amount of misery and poverty and ignorance and crime to be located in the bosom of the great Republic Well sir! let em come on in ship loads from the old country When vessels are about to founder the rats are said to leave em There is considerable of truth I find in that remark

'The old ship will keep afloat a year or two longer yet perhaps," said Martin with a smile partly occasioned by what the gentleman said and partly by his manner of saying it which was odd enough for he emphasised all the small words and syllables in his discourse and left the others to take care of themselves as if he thought the larger parts of speech could be trusted alone but the little ones required to be constantly looked after

Hope is said by the poet sir observed the gentleman, 'to be the nurse of young Desire

Martin signified that he had heard of the cardinal virtue in question serving occasionally in that domestic capacity

She will not rear her infant in the present instance sir, you ll find, observed the gentleman

'Time will show' said Martin

The gentleman nodded his head gravely, and said What is your name, sir?

Martin told him

How old are you sir?

Martin told him

What is your profession sir?

Martin told him that also

What is your destination sir? inquired the gentleman

Really said Martin laughing I can t satisfy you in that particular for I don t know it myself

Yes? said the gentleman

No said Martin

The gentleman adjusted his cane under his left arm and took a more deliberate and complete survey of Martin than he had yet had leisure to make When he had completed his inspection he put out his right hand shook Martin s hand and said

My name is Colonel Diver sir I am the Editor of the New York Rowdy Journal

Martin received the communication with that degree of respect which an announcement so distinguished appeared to demand

The New York Rowdy Journal sir resumed the colonel is as I expect you know the organ of our aristocracy in this city

Oh! there *is* an aristocracy here then? said Martin Of what is it composed?

Of intelligence sir replied the colonel of intelligence and virtue And of their necessary consequence in this republic Dollars sir

Martin was very glad to hear this feeling well assured that if intelligence and virtue led as a matter of course to the acquisition of dollars he would speedily become a great capitalist He was about to express the gratification such news afforded him when he was interrupted by the captain of the ship who came up at the moment to shake hands with the colonel and who seeing a well dressed stranger on the deck (for Martin had thrown aside his cloak) shook hands with him also This was an unspeakable relief to Martin who in spite of the acknowledged supremacy of intelligence and virtue in that happy country would have been deeply mortified to appear before Colonel Diver in the poor character of a steerage passenger

'Well cap en' said the colonel

Well colonel cried the captain 'You re looking most uncommon bright sir I can hardly realise its being you and that s a fact

A good passage cap en? inquired the colonel taking him aside

Well now! It was a pretty spanking run sir said or rather sung the captain who was a genuine New Englander con sidern the weather

Yes? said the colonel

'Well! It was sir, said the captain I ve just now sent a boy up to your office with the passenger-list colonel

You haven t got another boy to spare p raps cap en? said the colonel, in a tone almost amounting to severity

I guess there air a dozen if you want em, colonel said the captain

One moderate big un could convey a dozen champagne perhaps, observed the colonel musing ' to my office You said a spanking run, I think

Well so I did was the reply

It s very nigh you know, observed the colonel I m glad it was a spanking run cap en Don t mind about quarts if you re short of em Th boy can as well bring four and twenty pints and travel twice as once—A first rate spanker, cap en was it? Yes?

A most e—tarnal spanker ' said the skipper

I admire at your good fortun cap en You might loan me a corkscrew at the same time and half a dozen glasses if you liked However bad the elements combine against my country s noble packet ship the Screw sir said the colonel turning to Martin and drawing a flourish on the surface of the deck with his cane, ' her passage either way is almost certain to eventuate a spanker!

The captain who had the Sewer below at that moment lunching expensively in one cabin while the amiable Stabber was drinking himself into a state of blind madness in another took a cordial leave of his friend the colonel and hurried away to dispatch the champagne well knowing (as it afterwards appeared) that if he failed to conciliate the editor of the Rowdy Journal that potentate would denounce him and his ship in large capitals before he was a day older, and would probably assault the memory of his mother also who had not been dead more than twenty years The colonel being again left alone with Martin checked him as he was moving away and offered in consideration of his being an Englishman to show him the town and to introduce him if such were his desire to a genteel boarding house But before they entered on these proceedings (he said) he would beseech the honour of his company at the office of the Rowdy Journal, to partake of a bottle of champagne of his own importation

All this was so extremely kind and hospitable that Martin though it was quite early in the morning readily acquiesced So instructing Mark who was deeply engaged with his friend and her three children that when he had done assisting them and had cleared the baggage he was to wait for further orders at the Rowdy Journal Office Martin accompanied his new friend on shore

They made their way as they best could through the melancholy crowd

of emigrants upon the wharf who grouped about their beds and boxes with the bare ground below them and the bare sky above might have fallen from another planet, for anything they knew of the country and walked for some short distance along a busy street bounded on one side by the quays and shipping and on the other by a long row of staring red brick storehouses and offices ornamented with more black boards and white letters and more white boards and black letters than Martin had ever seen before in fifty times the space Presently they turned up a narrow street, and presently into other narrow streets until at last they stopped before a house whereon was painted in great characters 'Rowdy Journal

The colonel who had walked the whole way with one hand in his breast his head occasionally wagging from side to side and his hat thrown back upon his ears like a man who was oppressed to inconvenience by a sense of his own greatness led the way up a dark and dirty flight of stairs into a room of similar character all littered and bestrewn with odds and ends of newspapers and other crumpled fragments both in proof and manuscript Behind a mangy old writing table in this apartment sat a figure with a stump of a pen in its mouth and a great pair of scissors in its right hand clipping and slicing at a file of Rowdy Journals and it was such a laughable figure that Martin had some difficulty in preserving his gravity though conscious of the close observation of Colonel Diver

The individual who sat clipping and slicing as aforesaid at the Rowdy Journals was a small young gentleman of very juvenile appearance and unwholesomely pale in the face partly perhaps from intense thought, but partly there is no doubt from the excessive use of tobacco which he was at that moment chewing vigorously He wore his shirt-collar turned down over a black ribbon and his lank hair a fragile crop was not only smoothed and parted back from his brow that none of the Poetry of his aspect might be lost but had here and there been grubbed up by the roots which accounted for his loftiest developments being somewhat pimply He had that order of nose on which the envy of mankind has bestowed the appellation snub and it was very much turned up at the end as with a lofty scorn Upon the upper lip of this young gentleman were tokens of a sandy down so very very smooth and scant, that, though encouraged to the utmost, it looked more like a recent trace of gingerbread than the fair promise of a moustache and this conjecture his apparently tender age went far to strengthen He was intent upon his work Every time he snapped the great pair of scissors he made a corresponding motion with his jaws which gave him a very terrible appearance

Martin was not long in determining within himself that this must be Colonel Diver's son, the hope of the family and future mainspring of the

Rowdy Journal Indeed he had begun to say that he presumed this was the colonel s little boy and that it was very pleasant to see him playing at Editor in all the guilelessness of childhood, when the colonel proudly interposed and said

My War Correspondent sir Mr Jefferson Brick!"

Martin could not help starting at this unexpected announcement, and the consciousness of the irretrievable mistake he had nearly made

Mr Brick seemed pleased with the sensation he produced upon the stranger, and shook hands with him with an air of patronage designed to reassure him, and to let him know that there was no occasion to be frightened for he (Brick) wouldn't hurt him

You have heard of Jefferson Brick I see sir' quoth the colonel with a smile 'England has heard of Jefferson Brick Europe has heard of Jefferson Brick Let me see When did you leave England sir?

'Five weeks ago said Martin

'Five weeks ago repeated the colonel thoughtfully as he took his seat upon the table and swung his legs "Now let me ask you sir which of Mr Brick s articles had become at that time the most obnoxious to the British Parliament and the Court of Saint James s?

'Upon my word said Martin I—

"I have reason to know sir interrupted the colonel that the aristocratic circles of your country quail before the name of Jefferson Brick I should like to be informed sir from your lips which of his sentiments has struck the deadliest blow—'

'At the hundred heads of the Hydra of Corruption now grovelling in the dust beneath the lance of Reason and spouting up to the universal arch above us its sanguinary gore' said Mr Brick putting on a little blue cloth cap with a glazed front and quoting his last article

The libation of freedom Brick hinted the colonel

'Must sometimes be quaffed in blood colonel cried Brick And when he said blood' he gave the great pair of scissors a sharp snap as if *they* said blood too and were quite of his opinion

This done they both looked at Martin pausing for a reply

Upon my life said Martin who had by this time quite recovered his usual coolness I can t give you any satisfactory information about it for the truth is that I—'

'Stop' cried the colonel glancing sternly at his war correspondent and giving his head one shake after every sentence That you never heard of Jefferson Brick, sir That you never read Jefferson Brick sir That you never saw the Rowdy Journal sir That you never knew sir of its mighty influence upon the cabinets of Eu-rope Yes?

That s what I was about to observe certainly said Martin

Keep cool Jefferson said the colonel gravely Don t bust! oh you Europeans! Arter that let s have a glass of wine! So saying he got down from the table and produced from a basket outside the door a bottle of champagne and three glasses

'Mr Jefferson Brick, sir said the colonel filling Martin s glass and his own and pushing the bottle to that gentleman, will give us a sentiment.

Well, sir! cried the war correspondent, since you have concluded to call upon me I will respond I will give you sir The Rowdy Journal and its brethren the well of Truth, whose waters are black from being composed of printers ink but are quite clear enough for my country to behold the shadow of her Destiny reflected in

Hear hear! cried the colonel, with great complacency There are flowery components sir in the language of my friend?

Very much so indeed said Martin

There is to-day s Rowdy sir observed the colonel handing him a paper You ll find Jefferson Brick at his usual post in the van of human civilisation and moral purity

The colonel was by this time seated on the table again Mr Brick also took up a position on that same piece of furniture and they fell to drinking pretty hard They often looked at Martin as he read the paper and then at each other When he laid it down which was not until they had finished a second bottle the colonel asked him what he thought of it.

'Why its horribly personal said Martin

The colonel seemed much flattered by this remark and said he hoped it was

We are independent here sir said Mr Jefferson Brick 'We do as we like

'If I may judge from this specimen returned Martin there must be a few thousands here rather the reverse of independent, who do as they don t like

'Well! They yield to the popular mind of the Popular Instructor sir said the colonel They rile up sometimes but in general we have a hold upon our citizens both in public and in private life which is as much one of the ennobling institutions of our happy country as—

As nigger slavery itself suggested Mr Brick.

En—tirely so remarked the colonel

Pray said Martin after some hesitation, may I venture to ask, with reference to a case I observe in this paper of yours whether the Popular Instructor often deals in—I am at a loss to express it without giving you offence—in forgery? In forged letters for instance he pursued, for the

colonel was perfectly calm and quite at his ease 'solemnly purporting to have been written at recent periods by living men?"

Well, sir! replied the colonel 'It does, now and then '

'And the popular instructed, what do they do? asked Martin

'Buy em said the colonel

Mr Jefferson Brick expectorated and laughed the former copiously the latter approvingly

Buy 'em by hundreds of thousands resumed the colonel 'We are a smart people here, and can appreciate smartness'

'Is smartness American for forgery? asked Martin

Well! said the colonel 'I expect it s American for a good many things that you call by other names But you can't help yourself in Europe We can

'And do sometimes" thought Martin 'You help yourselves with very little ceremony too!

'At all events whatever name we choose to employ' said the colonel, stooping down to roll the third empty bottle into a corner after the other two I suppose the art of forgery was not invented here sir?

"I suppose not replied Martin

"Nor any other kind of smartness I reckon?"

'Invented! No, I presume not'

'Well!' said the colonel then we got it all from the old country and the old country s to blame for it and not the new un There's an end of *that* Now if Mr Jefferson Brick and you will be so good as to clear I'll come out last and lock the door"

Rightly interpreting this as the signal for their departure Martin walked down stairs after the war correspondent who preceded him with great majesty The colonel following they left the Rowdy Journal Office and walked forth into the streets Martin feeling doubtful whether he ought to kick the colonel for having presumed to speak to him or whether it came within the bounds of possibility that he and his establishment could be among the boasted usages of that regenerated land

It was clear that Colonel Diver in the security of his strong position, and in his perfect understanding of the public sentiment, cared very little what Martin or anybody else thought about him His high spiced wares were made to sell and they sold and his thousands of readers could as rationally charge their delight in filth upon him as a glutton can shift upon his cook the responsibility of his beastly excess Nothing would have delighted the colonel more than to be told that no such man as he could walk in high success the streets of any other country in the world for that would only have been a logical assurance to him of the correct adaptation of his labours

to the prevailing taste and of his being strictly and peculiarly a national feature of America

They walked a mile or more along a handsome street which the colonel said was called Broadway and which Mr Jefferson Brick said whipped the universe Turning at length into one of the numerous streets which branched from this main thoroughfare they stopped before a rather mean looking house with jalousie blinds to every window a flight of steps before the green street door a shining white ornament on the rails on either side like a petrified pine apple polished a little oblong plate of the same material over the knocker whereon the name of Pawkins was engraved and four accidental pigs looking down the area

The colonel knocked at this house with the air of a man who lived there and an Irish girl popped her head out of one of the top windows to see who it was Pending her journey down stairs the pigs were joined by two or three friends from the next street in company with whom they lay down sociably in the gutter

Is the major in doors? inquired the colonel as he entered

Is it the master sir? returned the girl with a hesitation which seemed to imply that they were rather flush of majors in that establishment

The master! said Colonel Diver stopping short and looking round at his war correspondent

Oh! The depressing institutions of that British empire colonel! said Jefferson Brick Master!

What s the matter with the word? asked Martin

I should hope it was never heard in our country sir that s all said Jefferson Brick except when it is used by some degraded Help as new to the blessings of our form of government as this Help is There are no masters here

All 'owners are they? said Martin

Mr Jefferson Brick followed in the Rowdy Journal s footsteps without returning any answer Martin took the same course thinking as he went, that perhaps the free and independent citizens who in their moral elevation owned the colonel for their master might render better homage to the goddess Liberty *in nightly dreams upon the oven of a Russian Serf*

Martin Encounters Freedom of Speech in Eden

[*Arriving in the miserable and swampy settlement of Eden, Martin promptly falls ill with malaria, and is nursed by his companion, Mark Tapley*]

There's one good thing in this place sir said Mr Tapley, scrubbing away at the linen, as disposes me to be jolly, and that is that it's a reg'lar little United States in itself There's two or three American settlers left, and they coolly comes over one even here, sir, as if it was the wholesomest and loveliest spot in the world But they're like the cock that went and hid himself to save his life and was found out by the noise he made They can't help crowing They was born to do it and do it they must whatever comes of it

Glancing from his work out at the door as he said these words Mark's eyes encountered a lean person in a blue frock and a straw hat, with a short black pipe in his mouth, and a great hickory stick studded all over with knots in his hand who smoking and chewing as he came along and spitting frequently recorded his progress by a train of decomposed tobacco on the ground

Here's one on 'em cried Mark Hannibal Chollop'

Don't let him in said Martin feebly

He won't want any letting in replied Mark He'll come in sir' Which turned out to be quite true for he did His face was almost as hard and knobby as his stick, and so were his hands His head was like an old black hearth broom He sat down on the chest with his hat on and crossing his legs and looking up at Mark said without removing his pipe

'Well Mr Co' and how do you git along sir?

It may be necessary to observe that Mr Tapley had gravely introduced himself to all strangers by that name

'Pretty well, sir pretty well said Mark

'If this ain't Mr Chuzzlewit ain't it!' exclaimed the visitor 'How do you git along sir?

Martin shook his head and drew the blanket over it involuntarily for he felt that Hannibal was going to spit and his eye as the song says was upon him

You need not regard me sir observed Mr Chollop complacently I am fever proof and likewise agur

Mine was a more selfish motive said Martin looking out again "I was afraid you were going to—

I can calc late my distance, sir returned Mr Chollop to an inch

With a proof of which happy faculty he immediately favoured him

I re quire, sir said Hannibal, two foot clear in a circ lar di rection and can engage my self toe keep within it I *have* gone ten foot, in a circ lar direction but that was for a wager

I hope you won it sir said Mark

Well sir I realised the stakes said Chollop Yes sir

He was silent for a time during which he was actively engaged in the formation of a magic circle round the chest on which he sat When it was completed he began to talk again

How do you like our country sir? he inquired looking at Martin

Not at all was the invalid s reply

Chollop continued to smoke without the least appearance of emotion until he felt disposed to speak again That time at length arriving he took his pipe from his mouth and said

I am not surprised to hear you say so It re quires An elevation and A preparation of the intellect The mind of man must be prepared for Free dom Mr Co

He addressed himself to Mark because he saw that Martin who wished him to go being already half mad with feverish irritation which the dron ing voice of this new horror rendered almost insupportable had closed his eyes and turned on his uneasy bed

A little bodily preparation wouldn t be amiss either would it sir said Mark in the case of a blessed old swamp like this?

Do you con sider this a swamp sir? inquired Chollop gravely

Why yes sir returned Mark I haven t a doubt about it myself

The sentiment is quite European said the major and does not surprise me what would your English millions say to such a swamp in England sir?

They d say it was an uncommon nasty one I should think ' said Mark and that they would rather be inoculated for fever in some other way

European! remarked Chollop with sardonic pity Quite European!

And there he sat Silent and cool as if the house were his smoking away like a factory chimney

Mr Chollop was of course one of the most remarkable men in the country but he really was a notorious person besides He was usually described by his friends in the South and West, as a splendid sample of our na tive raw material sir and was much esteemed for his devotion to rational Liberty for the better propagation whereof he usually carried a brace of revolving pistols in his coat pocket with seven barrels a piece He also carried amongst other trinkets a sword stick which he called his Tickler

and a great knife, which (for he was a man of a pleasant turn of humour) he called Ripper in allusion to its usefulness as a means of ventilating the stomach of any adversary in a close contest He had used these weapons with distinguished effect in several instances all duly chronicled in the newspapers and was greatly beloved for the gallant manner in which he had jobbed out the eye of one gentleman as he was in the act of knocking at his own street door

Mr Chollop was a man of a roving disposition, and in any less advance' community might have been mistaken for a violent vagabond But his fine qualities being perfectly understood and appreciated in those regions where his lot was cast and where he had many kindred spirits to consort with he may be regarded as having been born under a fortunate star, which is not always the case with a man so much before the age in which he lives Preferring with a view to the gratification of his tickling and ripping fancies, to dwell upon the outskirts of society, and in the more remote towns and cities, he was in the habit of emigrating from place to place and establishing in each some business—usually a newspaper—which he presently sold for the most part closing the bargain by challenging stabbing pistoling or gouging the new editor before he had quite taken possession of the property

He had come to Eden on a speculation of this kind but had abandoned it, and was about to leave He always introduced himself to strangers as a worshipper of Freedom was the consistent advocate of Lynch law and slavery and invariably recommended both in print and speech the tarring and feathering of any unpopular person who differed from himself He called this 'planting the standard of civilisation in the wilder gardens of My country'

There is little doubt that Chollop would have planted this standard in Eden at Mark s expense, in return for his plainness of speech (for the genuine Freedom is dumb save when she vaunts herself) but for the utter desolation and decay prevailing in the settlement, and his own approaching departure from it As it was he contented himself with showing Mark one of the revolving pistols and asking him what he thought of that weapon

It ain t long since I shot a man down with that sir, in the State of Illinoy' observed Chollop

Did you indeed' said Mark without the smallest agitation "Very free of you And very independent'

'I shot him down sir," pursued Chollop for asserting in the Spartan Portico a tri weekly journal that the ancient Athenians went a head of the present Locofoco Ticket

And what s that? asked Mark.

Once said the Mock Turtle at last with a deep sigh I was a real Turtle'

These words were followed by a very long silence broken only by an occasional exclamation of 'Hjckrrh' from the Gryphon and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle Alice was very nearly getting up and saying Thank you Sir for your interesting story but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come so she sat still and said nothing

When we were little the Mock Turtle went on at last more calmly though still sobbing a little now and then we went to school in the sea The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise—



Why did you call him Tortoise if he wasn t one? Alice asked

We called him Tortoise because he taught us said the Mock Turtle angrily Really you are very dull!

You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question, added the Gryphon and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice who felt ready to sink into the earth At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle Drive on old fellow! Don t be all day about it! and he went on in these words —

Yes we went to school in the sea though you mayn t believe it—

I never said I didn t! interrupted Alice

You did said the Mock Turtle

Hold your tongue! added the Gryphon before Alice could speak again The Mock Turtle went on

We had the best of educations—in fact we went to school every day—

'I've been to a day school, too,' said Alice. 'You needn't be so proud as all that.'

'With extras?' asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

'Yes,' said Alice: 'we learned French and music.'

'And washing?' said the Mock Turtle.

'Certainly not!' said Alice indignantly.

'Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school,' said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. 'Now at *ours*, they had at the end of the bill, French, music, *and washing*—extra.'

'You couldn't have wanted it much,' said Alice, 'living at the bottom of the sea.'

'I couldn't afford to learn it,' said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. 'I only took the regular course.'

'What was that?' inquired Alice.

'Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with,' the Mock Turtle replied; 'and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.'

'I never heard of "Uglification",' Alice ventured to say. 'What is it?'

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. 'Never heard of uglifying!' it exclaimed. 'You know what to beautify is, I suppose?'

'Yes,' said Alice doubtfully: 'it means—to—make—anything—prettier.'

'Well, then,' the Gryphon went on, 'if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton.'

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said, 'What else had you to learn?'

'Well, there was Mystery,' the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers—'Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger eel, that used to come once a week: *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.'

'What was *that* like?' said Alice.

'Well, I can't show it to you myself,' the Mock Turtle said: 'I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it.'

'Hadn't time,' said the Gryphon: 'I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was.'

'I never went to him,' the Mock Turtle said with a sigh: 'he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.'

'So he did, so he did,' said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

'And how many hours a day did you do lessons?' said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

'Ten hours the first day said the Mock Turtle nine the next, and so on'

What a curious plan' exclaimed Alice

That's the reason they re called lessons the Gryphon remarked because they lessen from day to day'

This was quite a new idea to Alice and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?'

Of course it was said the Mock Turtle

And how did you manage on the twelfth? Alice went on eagerly

That's enough about lessons the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone Tell her something about the games now

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes He looked at Alice and tried to speak, but, for a minute or two sobs choked his voice 'Same as if he had a bone in his throat, said the Gryphon and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice and with tears running down his cheeks he went on again —

'You may not have lived much under the sea—' (I haven t' said Alice) — and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster— (Alice began to say I once tasted— but checked herself hastily and said No never) '—so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!'

No indeed' said Alice 'What sort of a dance is it?

Why said the Gryphon you first form into a line along the sea shore—

Two lines' cried the Mock Turtle Seals turtles salmon and so on then when you ve cleared all the jelly fish out of the way—

That generally takes some time interrupted the Gryphon

—you advance twice—'

Each with a lobster as a partner' cried the Gryphon

"Of course' the Mock Turtle said advance twice set to partners—

—change lobsters and retire in same order continued the Gryphon

'Then you know the Mock Turtle went on, you throw the—

'The lobsters!' shouted the Gryphon with a bound into the air

'—as far out to sea as you can—

Swim after them' screamed the Gryphon

Turn a somersault in the sea' cried the Mock Turtle capering wildly about

Change lobsters again!" yelled the Gryphon at the top of its voice

Back to land again and—that's all the first figure said the Mock

Turtle suddenly dropping his voice, and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly and looked at Alice

'It must be a very pretty dance" said Alice timidly

Would you like to see a little of it? said the Mock Turtle

"Very much indeed' said Alice

'Come let s try the first figure!' said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. We can do it without lobsters you know Which shall sing?

'Oh *you* sing' said the Gryphon 'I've forgotten the words"

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close and waving their fore paws to mark the time while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly --

Will you walk a little faster?' said a whiting to a snail
There s a porpoise close behind us and he s treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle--will you come and join the dance?
Will you won t you, will you won t you will you join the dance?
Will you won t you will you won't you won't you join the dance

You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us with the lobsters out to sea!
But the snail replied "Too far too far! and gave a look askance--
Said he thanked the whiting kindly but he would not join the dance
Would not, could not would not could not would not join the dance.
Would not could not would not, could not could not join the dance

'What matters it how far we go?' his scaly friend replied
The further off from England the nearer is to France
There is another shore, you know upon the other side
Then turn not pale beloved snail but come and join the dance
Will you won t you will you won t you will you join the dance?
Will you, won t you, will you won t you will you join the dance?

Thank you it s a very interesting dance to watch said Alice feeling very glad that it was over at last and I do so like that curious song about the whiting!

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

««« *Through the Looking-Glass* was originally published in 1872. The selection given here is from Chapter 6 »»»

Humpty Dumpty Explains How to Rule Words

Humpty Dumpty was sitting, with his legs crossed like a Turk, on the top of a high wall—such a narrow one that Alice quite wondered how he could keep his balance—and, as his eyes were steadily fixed in the opposite direction, and he didn't take the least notice of her, she thought he must be a stuffed figure, after all.

"And how exactly like an egg he is!" she said aloud, standing with her hands ready to catch him, for she was every moment expecting him to fall.

"It's *very* provoking," Humpty Dumpty said after a long silence, looking away from Alice as he spoke, "to be called an egg—*very*!"

"I said you *looked* like an egg, Sir," Alice gently explained. "And some eggs are very pretty, you know," she added, hoping to turn her remark into a sort of compliment.

"Some people," said Humpty Dumpty, looking away from her as usual, "have no more sense than a baby!"

"Why do you sit out here all alone?" said Alice, not wishing to begin an argument.

"Why, because there's nobody with me!" cried Humpty Dumpty. "Did you think I didn't know the answer to *that*? Ask another."

"Don't you think you'd be safer down on the ground?" Alice went on, not with any idea of making another riddle, but simply in her good-natured anxiety for the queer creature. "That wall is so *very* narrow!"

"What tremendously easy riddles you ask!" Humpty Dumpty growled out. "Of course I don't think so! Why, if ever I *did* fall off—which there's no chance of—but *if* I did—" Here he pursed up his lips, and looked so solemn and grand that Alice could hardly help laughing. "*If* I *did* fall," he went on, "*The King has promised me*—ah, you may turn pale, if you like! You didn't think I was going to say that, did you? *The King has promised me—with his very own mouth*—to—to—"

"To send all his horses and all his men," Alice interrupted, rather unwisely.

'Now I declare that's too bad!' Humpty Dumpty cried, breaking into a sudden passion. 'You've been listening at doors—and behind trees—and down chimneys—or you couldn't have known it!'

'I haven't, indeed!' Alice said very gently. 'It's in a book.'

'Ah, well! They may write such things in a *book*,' Humpty Dumpty said in a calmer tone. 'That's what you call a History of England, that is. Now, take a good look at me! I'm one that has spoken to a King, *I* am: mayhap you'll never see such another: and, to show you I'm not proud, you may shake hands with me!' And he grinned almost from ear to ear, as he



leant forwards (and as nearly as possible fell off the wall in doing so) and offered Alice his hand. She watched him a little anxiously as she took it. 'If he smiled much more the ends of his mouth might meet behind,' she thought: 'And then I don't know *what* would happen to his head! I'm afraid it would come off!'

'Yes, all his horses and all his men,' Humpty Dumpty went on. 'They'd pick me up again in a minute, *they* would! However, this conversation is going on a little too fast: let's go back to the last remark but one.'

'I'm afraid I can't quite remember it,' Alice said, very politely.

'In that case we start afresh,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'and it's my turn to choose a subject——' ('He talks about it just as if it was a game!' thought Alice.) 'So here's a question for you. How old did you say you were?'

Alice made a short calculation, and said 'Seven years and six months.'

'Wrong!' Humpty Dumpty exclaimed triumphantly. 'You never said a word like it!'

'I thought you meant "How old *are* you?"' Alice explained.

If I d meant that I d have said it said Humpty Dumpty

Alice didn t want to begin another argument, so she said nothing

Seven years and six months' Humpty Dumpty repeated thoughtfully An uncomfortable sort of age Now if you d asked *my* advice I d have said 'Leave off at seven —but it s too late now

I never ask advice about growing Alice said indignantly

'Too proud? the other enquired

Alice felt even more indignant at this suggestion 'I mean ' she said that one ca n t help growing older

One ca n t, perhaps said Humpty Dumpty but *two* can With proper assistance you might have left off at seven '

'What a beautiful belt you ve got on' Alice suddenly remarked. (They had had quite enough of the subject of age she thought and if they really were to take turns in choosing subjects it was *her* turn now) At least she corrected herself on second thoughts a beautiful cravat I should have said—no a belt, I mean—I beg your pardon' she added in dismay for Humpty Dumpty looked thoroughly offended, and she began to wish she hadn t chosen that subject ' If only I knew she thought to herself which was neck and which was waist'

Evidently Humpty Dumpty was very angry though he said nothing for a minute or two When he *did* speak again it was in a deep growl

'It is a—*most*—*provoking*—thing he said at last, 'when a person doesn t know a cravat from a belt'

'I know it s very ignorant of me Alice said in so humble a tone that Humpty Dumpty relented

It s a cravat, child and a beautiful one as you say It s a present from the White King and Queen There now'

Is it really? said Alice quite pleased to find that she *had* chosen a good subject after all

They gave it me Humpty Dumpty continued thoughtfully as he crossed one knee over the other and clasped his hands round it they gave it me—for an un birthday present

I beg your pardon? Alice said with a puzzled air

I m not offended said Humpty Dumpty

'I mean, what *is* an un birthday present?

A present given when it isn t your birthday of course

Alice considered a little I like birthday presents best she said at last

'You don t know what you re talking about' cried Humpty Dumpty How many days are there in a year?

'Three hundred and sixty five said Alice.

And how many birthdays have you?

'One"

And if you take one from three hundred and sixty five what remains

"Three hundred and sixty four of course"

Humpty Dumpty looked doubtful 'I d rather see that done on paper" he said

Alice couldn't help smiling as she took out her memorandum book, and worked the sum for him

365
 1
- 364

Humpty Dumpty took the book and looked at it carefully 'That seems to be done right— he began

'You re holding it upside down' Alice interrupted

"To be sure I was' Humpty Dumpty said gaily as she turned it round for him 'I thought it looked a little queer As I was saying that *seems* to be done right—though I haven t time to look it over thoroughly just now—and that shows that there are three hundred and sixty four days when you might get un birthday presents—"

Certainly" said Alice

'And only *one* for birthday presents you know There's glory for you'

'I don t know what you mean by glory,'' Alice said

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously Of course you don t—till I tell you I meant there s a nice knock down argument for you' '

But glory doesn t mean 'a nice knock down argument,'' Alice objected

'When *I* use a word Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less'

The question is said Alice whether you *can* make words mean so many different things

'The question is said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that s all

Alice was too much puzzled to say anything so after a minute Humpty Dumpty began again They ve a temper some of them—particularly verbs they re the proudest—adjectives you can do anything with but not verbs—however *I* can manage the whole lot of them' Impenetrability' That s what *I* say"

Would you tell me please" said Alice "what that means?"

'Now you talk like a reasonable child said Humpty Dumpty looking very much pleased I meant by impenetrability' that we ve had enough of that subject and it would be just as well if you d mention what you mean

to do next, as I suppose you don t mean to stop here all the rest of your life

'That s a great deal to make one word mean' Alice said in a thoughtful tone

When I make a word do a lot of work like that' said Humpty Dumpty I always pay it extra

'Oh' said Alice She was too much puzzled to make any other remark

'Ah you should see em come round me of a Saturday night, Humpty Dumpty went on wagging his head gravely from side to side for to get their wages you know'

(Alice didn t venture to ask what he paid them with and so you see I ca n t tell *you*)

You seem very clever at explaining words Sir' said Alice 'Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the poem called Jabberwocky ?

Let s hear it said Humpty Dumpty I can explain all the poems that ever were invented—and a good many that haven t been invented just yet

This sounded very hopeful so Alice repeated the first verse —



'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe
All mimsy were the borogoves
And the mome raths outgrabe

'That s enough to begin with' Humpty Dumpty interrupted there are plenty of hard words there *Brillig means four o clock in the afternoon*—the time when you begin *broiling* things for dinner '

That ll do very well said Alice and '*slithy*'?

Well '*slithy*' means 'lithe and slimy' 'Lithe is the same as active You see it s like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed up into one word

I see it now,' Alice remarked thoughtfully 'and what are '*toves*'?'

Well '*toves* are something like badgers—they re something like lizards—and they re something like corkscrews

They must be very curious looking creatures"

They are that' said Humpty Dumpty 'also they make their nests under sun dials—also they live on cheese'

And what s to '*gyre*' and to '*gimble*'?'

To '*gyre*' is to go round and round like a gyroscope To '*gimble*' is to make holes like a gimlet.

And '*the wabe*' is the grass plot round a sun dial I suppose' said Alice surprised at her own ingenuity

Of course it is It s called '*wabe* you know, because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it——'

'And a long way beyond it on each side,' Alice added

Exactly so Well then '*mimsy*' is 'flimsy and miserable (there s another portmanteau for you) And a '*borogove*' is a thin shabby looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round—something like a live mop

And then '*mome raths*'?' said Alice 'I'm afraid I m giving you a great deal of trouble'

Well a *rath* is a sort of green pig but '*mome*' I m not certain about. I think it s short for from home—meaning that they d lost their way you know

And what does '*outgrabe*' mean?'

Well '*outgribing*' is something between bellowing and whistling with a kind of sneeze in the middle however you ll hear it done maybe—down in the wood yonder—and when you ve once heard it you ll be *quite* content. Who s been repeating all that hard stuff to you?'

I read it in a book said Alice

THE FATHERS AND THE CANTANKEROUS SAGE



NO READER of Butler's autobiographic novel The Way of All Flesh *should find it hard to understand the roots of his rebellion against the dogmas of organized society The domineering cruelty of the Reverend Theobald Pontifex the sly maternal possessiveness of Christina demanding love and trust and then betraying them these became for Butler the types of what the world would try to do to every one of its individual sons The Fathers were everywhere the Old Men of the Tribe keeping the young in subjection crushing their individuality denying them the rights of adulthood insisting upon an absolute slavish conformity smothering their spiritual freedom The Fathers took a thousand forms vested interests conventional shibboleths religious authority scientific orthodoxies Their demands would enclose life itself within rigid prison walls What else was there to do but rebel?*

What began in Butler then as rebellion against the Reverend Thomas Butler turned into rebellion against the father symbol in the world He would be the bad boy of humanity thumbing his nose at all the ecclesiastical literary artistic and scientific bigwigs and heaving bricks into the

middle of them He carried it to the point of being obstreperous and pernickety If the world glorified Beethoven he would enthrone Handel If he had to admire Homer, he would make his own translation, and insist that the Odyssey *was really written by a woman He would memorize every one of the hundred and fifty four sonnets of Shakespeare and rearrange them to prove that they told a different story than the literary scholars said they did Like David advancing with his slingshot against Goliath he would fight singlehanded against Darwin and the embattled biologists their observations doubtless were correct but their interpretations were wrong The trouble with the scientists was that they were such bad logicians!*

Butler is more however than a mere enfant terrible *and his iconoclasm has profounder bases than contrariness During the long voyage out to New Zealand in 1859 he had read* The Origin of Species *He welcomed it at first with exhilaration he saw well enough what a blow it would strike at the orthodoxies of religion On deeper second thought, though he set his mind against not the doctrine of evolution, but Darwin s version of it Butler had rebelled against rigid authoritarianism social convention, ecclesiastical dogma But how modest were the dogmas of the Church, telling you that you must believe and obey in comparison with this scientific dogma telling you that whether you believed or not you could not but obey! The inflexible workings of accidental variation struggle for existence, and survival of the fittest made a mockery of freedom and a machine of every living creature Henceforth Butler saw in mechanism the ultimate face of his foe Vitalism freedom of the will intelligence growing and clarifying its own aims became the banners under which he fought*

Erewhon *at the beginning of Butler s career in 1872 ranges over almost every field in which he was to battle it is the plan of a life long campaign In form it belongs among the imaginary voyages but his method is argument rising on wings of analogy Butler s weapons are those of the logic in which scientists were so weak Ideas and institutions we had never thought of comparing are analyzed in the same light and the most startling consequences explode in our faces Society sets out for example precisely like a bad tempered and bullheaded parent to discipline its children when they violate any of its mandates But how stupid to punish men for the moral infirmities that lead to their misdemeanors as if you were to fine a man for having influenza or jail him for tuberculosis! And conversely how blind is the conventional tolerance that will let a man sneeze cold germs in his*

neighbor's face and carry disease from door to door! Yet we are asked to respect the authority that can deal with vital matters no more intelligently than this

Everywhere that Butler turns his gaze his method is the same What have edifices of financial safety and those of supernatural faith in common with each other? Butler puts them together in the Musical Banks rabbits of paradox begin popping out of his magician s hat The instruments of credit clearly rest on faith religion invites you to pile up riches in heaven The deadly parallel has dozens of repercussions the unwillingness of the Musical Bank managers to be paid in their own coinage the malleability of the currency the cheapness of the material from which it is made the distribution of dividends every thirty thousand years

When Butler considers education he cuts through a similar clutter of delusion The dead languages that tradition had exalted as the almost exclusively needful preparation for living are replaced in the Erewhonian Colleges of Unreason by hypothetical languages of the future If in this way however Erewhon is a distorted mirror image of the real world it criticizes by example as well as by imitation The Erewhonians do not confine themselves to inculcating an ideal curriculum that would have no bearing on the way men actually think and behave Their Professors of Worldly Wisdom counsel the young how impractical is the hope of influencing men by reason and give them training in unreason by which to play upon the prejudices and superstitions of humanity In the same way while their worshipers of Ydgrun are slaves of convention (Ydgrun is an anagram for Mrs Grundy) their High Ydgrunites wisely going through the motions of conformity do as they please in private

The high point of Erewhon is The Book of the Machines Since Darwin had found it useful to consider living beings as machines Butler suggests why should it not prove equally useful to consider machines as living beings? Then he proceeds to elaborate a brilliant argument to show how many features the machine and the living organism have in common and how impossible it is to prove that machines are not an embryonic form of intelligent life The primary effect of this tour de force is to reveal how much of the orthodox biologic argument is a loose series of imperfect analogies and how often we erect our inability to deal with the more complex problems of biological existence into a denial of their reality But Butler most fantastic exercises in wit are always turning into creative intuitions that pierce deeper than at first he knew Just as his straighteners

and methods of treating moral offenses anticipate modern psychiatry and penology so the Erewhonian fear of man's being enslaved by machines seems today a symbolic prophecy of the way in which the mere machinery of industrial civilization comes to dominate its purposes Are we to blot out the sky with smoke of factories, cover the fruitful earth with barren asphalt and steel, and become, masters and men alike, a race of machine tenders, the beating of human hearts drowned out by the throb of dynamos?

These are the questions Butler asks And it is noteworthy that they are no less the questions of common sense than those of paradox The values Butler affirms are those of common sense, and are startling only because they are so seldom reached by abstract theory and so seldom maintained by academic philosophy The great virtues say the Erewhonians and Butler with them are good health good luck good sense good nature and a good balance of cash in hand The man who has these qualities won't be a crank or fanatic—either religious or scientific—and he won't be a rigid adherent of outworn dogmas He won't be bawling bloody suppression on those who disagree with him In his own conduct he will show a decent regard for public opinion but not let himself be bullied by it He will be kindly and generous but not weak and sentimental He will reconcile sincerity with good breeding He will do what he wants to do, and what he wants to do will be something useful In him life itself will grow and realize its possibilities more fully Are not these things in fact what we desire of civilization and of ourselves as civilized men? Health balance growth freedom such are Butler's watchwords Pushing his rebellion beyond all use and wont but steering with the tiller of common sense the crotchety rebel turns into the wise prophet Humanity's cantankerous child has come full circle

EREWHON

⁂ *Erewhon* was originally published in 1872 The selections given here are from Chapters 11 and 15 ⁂

Several Criminal Trials

In Erewhon as in other countries there are some courts of justice that deal with special subjects Misfortune generally as I have above explained is considered more or less criminal but it admits of classification, and a court is assigned to each of the main heads under which it can be supposed to fall Not very long after I had reached the capital I strolled into the Personal Bereavement Court and was much both interested and pained by listening to the trial of a man who was accused of having just lost a wife to whom he had been tenderly attached and who had left him with three little children of whom the eldest was only three years old

The defense which the prisoner's counsel endeavored to establish was that the prisoner had never really loved his wife but it broke down completely for the public prosecutor called witness after witness who deposed to the fact that the couple had been devoted to one another and the prisoner repeatedly wept as incidents were put in evidence that reminded him of the irreparable nature of the loss he had sustained The jury returned a verdict of guilty after very little deliberation but recommended the prisoner to mercy on the ground that he had but recently insured his wife s life for a considerable sum and might be deemed lucky inasmuch as he had received the money without demur from the insurance company though he had only paid two premiums

I have just said that the jury found the prisoner guilty When the judge passed sentence I was struck with the way in which the prisoner s counsel was rebuked for having referred to a work in which the guilt of such misfortunes as the prisoner s was extenuated to a degree that roused the indignation of the court

We shall have said the judge these crude and subversionary books from time to time until it is recognized as an axiom of morality that luck is the only fit object of human veneration How far a man has any right to be more lucky and hence more venerable than his neighbors, is a point that always has been, and always will be settled proximately by a kind of higgling and haggling of the market, and ultimately by brute force but how-

ever this may be, it stands to reason that no man should be allowed to be unlucky to more than a very moderate extent'

Then turning to the prisoner the judge continued —"You have suffered a great loss Nature attaches a severe penalty to such offenses and human law must emphasize the decrees of nature But for the recommendation of the jury I should have given you six months' hard labor I will however commute your sentence to one of three months with the option of a fine of twenty-five per cent of the money you have received from the insurance company"

The prisoner thanked the judge, and said that as he had no one to look after his children if he was sent to prison he would embrace the option mercifully permitted him by his lordship, and pay the sum he had named He was then removed from the dock

The next case was that of a youth barely arrived at man's estate who was charged with having been swindled out of large property during his minority by his guardian, who was also one of his nearest relations His father had been long dead, and it was for this reason that his offense came on for trial in the Personal Bereavement Court The lad, who was undefended, pleaded that he was young inexperienced, greatly in awe of his guardian, and without independent professional advice "Young man," said the judge sternly, do not talk nonsense People have no right to be young inexperienced, greatly in awe of their guardians, and without independent professional advice If by such indiscretions they outrage the moral sense of their friends, they must expect to suffer accordingly' He then ordered the prisoner to apologize to his guardian, and to receive twelve strokes with a cat-of nine tails

But I shall perhaps best convey to the reader an idea of the entire perversion of thought which exists among this extraordinary people, by describing the public trial of a man who was accused of pulmonary consumption—an offense which was punished with death until quite recently It did not occur till I had been some months in the country, and I am deviating from chronological order in giving it here but I had perhaps better do so in order that I may exhaust this subject before proceeding to others Moreover, I should never come to an end were I to keep to a strictly narrative form, and detail the infinite absurdities with which I daily came in contact.

The prisoner was placed in the dock and the jury were sworn much as in Europe almost all our own modes of procedure were reproduced, even to the requiring the prisoner to plead guilty or not guilty He pleaded not guilty and the case proceeded The evidence for the prosecution was very strong but I must do the court the justice to observe that the trial was abso-

lutely impartial Counsel for the prisoner was allowed to urge everything that could be said in his defense the line taken was that the prisoner was simulating consumption in order to defraud an insurance company from which he was about to buy an annuity and that he hoped thus to obtain it on more advantageous terms If this could have been shown to be the case he would have escaped a criminal prosecution and been sent to a hospital as for a moral ailment The view however was one which could not be reasonably sustained in spite of all the ingenuity and eloquence of one of the most celebrated advocates of the country The case was only too clear for the prisoner was almost at the point of death and it was astonishing that he had not been tried and convicted long previously His coughing was incessant during the whole trial and it was all that the two jailors in charge of him could do to keep him on his legs until it was over

The summing up of the judge was admirable He dwelt upon every point that could be construed in favor of the prisoner but as he proceeded it became clear that the evidence was too convincing to admit of doubt and there was but one opinion in the court as to the impending verdict when the jury retired from the box They were absent for about ten minutes and on their return the foreman pronounced the prisoner guilty There was a faint murmur of applause but it was instantly repressed The judge then proceeded to pronounce sentence in words which I can never forget and which I copied out into a note book next day from the report that was published in the leading newspaper I must condense it somewhat and nothing which I could say would give more than a faint idea of the solemn not to say majestic severity with which it was delivered The sentence was as follows —

Prisoner at the bar you have been accused of the great crime of laboring under pulmonary consumption and after an impartial trial before a jury of your countrymen you have been found guilty Against the justice of the verdict I can say nothing the evidence against you was conclusive and it only remains for me to pass such a sentence upon you as shall satisfy the ends of the law That sentence must be a very severe one It pains me much to see one who is yet so young and whose prospects in life were otherwise so excellent, brought to this distressing condition by a constitution which I can only regard as radically vicious but yours is no case for compassion this is not your first offense you have led a career of crime and have only profited by the leniency shown you upon past occasions to offend yet more seriously against the laws and institutions of your country You were convicted of aggravated bronchitis last year and I find that though you are now only twenty three years old you have been imprisoned on no less than fourteen occasions for illnesses of a more or less hateful character in fact,

is not too much to say that you have spent the greater part of your life in a jail

It is all very well for you to say that you came of unhealthy parents and had a severe accident in your childhood which permanently undermined your constitution, excuses such as these are the ordinary refuge of the criminal but they cannot for one moment be listened to by the ear of justice I am not here to enter upon curious metaphysical questions as to the origin of this or that—questions to which there would be no end were their introduction once tolerated and which would result in throwing the only guilt on the tissues of the primordial cell or on the elementary gases There is no question of how you came to be wicked, but only this—namely are you wicked or not? This has been decided in the affirmative, neither can I hesitate for a single moment to say that it has been decided justly You are a bad and dangerous person and stand branded in the eyes of your fellow countrymen with one of the most heinous known offenses

It is not my business to justify the law the law may in some cases have its inevitable hardships and I may feel regret at times that I have not the option of passing a less severe sentence than I am compelled to do But yours is no such case, on the contrary had not the capital punishment for consumption been abolished I should certainly inflict it now

It is intolerable that an example of such terrible enormity should be allowed to go at large unpunished Your presence in the society of respectable people would lead the less able bodied to think more lightly of all forms of illness, neither can it be permitted that you should have the chance of corrupting unborn beings who might hereafter pester you The unborn must not be allowed to come near you and this not so much for their protection (for they are our natural enemies) as for our own for since they will not be utterly gainsaid it must be seen to that they shall be quartered upon those who are least likely to corrupt them

But independently of this consideration, and independently of the physical guilt which attaches itself to a crime so great as yours there is yet another reason why we should be unable to show you mercy even if we were inclined to do so I refer to the existence of a class of men who lie hidden among us and who are called physicians Were the severity of the law or the current feeling of the country to be relaxed never so slightly these abandoned persons who are now compelled to practise secretly and who can be consulted only at the greatest risk would become frequent visitors in every household their organization and their intimate acquaintance with all family secrets would give them a power both social and political which nothing could resist The head of the household would become subordinate to the family doctor who would interfere between man and wife, between

master and servant until the doctors should be the only depositaries of power in the nation and have all that we hold precious at their mercy A time of universal dephysicalization would ensue medicine vendors of all kinds would abound in our streets and advertise in all our newspapers There is one remedy for this and one only It is that which the laws of this country have long received and acted upon and consists in the sternest repression of all diseases whatsoever as soon as their existence is made manifest to the eye of the law Would that that eye were far more piercing than it is

But I will enlarge no further upon things that are themselves so obvious You may say that it is not your fault The answer is ready enough at hand and it amounts to this—that if you had been born of healthy and well to do parents and been well taken care of when you were a child you would never have offended against the laws of your country nor found yourself in your present disgraceful position If you tell me that you had no hand in your parentage and education and that it is therefore unjust to lay these things to your charge I answer that whether your being in a consumption is your fault or no it is a fault in you and it is my duty to see that against such faults as this the commonwealth shall be protected You may say that it is your misfortune to be criminal I answer that it is your crime to be un fortunate

Lastly I should point out that even though the jury had acquitted you—a supposition that I cannot seriously entertain—I should have felt it my duty to inflict a sentence hardly less severe than that which I must pass at present for the more you had been found guiltless of the crime imputed to you the more you would have been found guilty of one hardly less heinous—I mean the crime of having been maligned unjustly

I do not hesitate therefore to sentence you to imprisonment, with hard labor for the rest of your miserable existence During that period I would earnestly entreat you to repent of the wrongs you have done already and to entirely reform the constitution of your whole body I entertain but little hope that you will pay attention to my advice you are already far too abandoned Did it rest with myself I should add nothing in mitigation of the sentence which I have passed but it is the merciful provision of the law that even the most hardened criminal shall be allowed some one of the three official remedies which is to be prescribed at the time of his conviction I shall therefore order that you receive two tablespoonfuls of castor oil daily until the pleasure of the court be further known'

When the sentence was concluded the prisoner acknowledged in a few scarcely audible words that he was justly punished and that he had had a fair trial He was then removed to the prison from which he was never to return There was a second attempt at applause when the judge had finished

speaking but as before it was at once repressed, and though the feeling of the court was strongly against the prisoner there was no show of any violence against him, if one may except a little hooting from the bystanders when he was being removed in the prisoners' van Indeed nothing struck me more during my whole sojourn in the country, than the general respect for law and order

Musical Banks

Now I had already collected that the mercantile affairs of the Erewhonians were conducted on a totally different system from our own I had however gathered little hitherto, except that they had two distinct commercial systems of which the one appealed more strongly to the imagination than anything to which we are accustomed in Europe inasmuch as the banks that were conducted upon this system were decorated in the most profuse fashion and all mercantile transactions were accompanied with music so that they were called Musical Banks though the music was hideous to a European ear

As for the system itself I never understood it, neither can I do so now they have a code in connection with it which I have not the slightest doubt that they understand but no foreigner can hope to do so One ru runs into and against another as in a most complicated grammar, or as Chinese pronunciation wherein I am told that the slightest change in a centuation or tone of voice alters the meaning of a whole sentence Wh ever is incoherent in my description must be referred to the fact of n never having attained to a full comprehension of the subject

So far however as I could collect anything certain I gathered that th have two distinct currencies each under the control of its own banks a mercantile codes One of these (the one with the Musical Banks) was su posed to be *the* system and to give out the currency in which all monet transactions should be carried on and as far as I could see all who wis to be considered respectable kept a larger or smaller balance at th banks On the other hand if there is one thing of which I am more sure th another it is that the amount so kept had no direct commercial value in *outside world* I am sure that the managers and cashiers of the Mus Banks were not paid in their own currency Mr Nosnibor used to g these banks or rather to the great mother bank of the city sometimes not very often He was a pillar of one of the other kind of banks thoug appeared to hold some minor office also *in the musical ones* The la generally went alone as indeed was the case in most families, except state occasions.

I had long wanted to know more of this strange system and had the greatest desire to accompany my hostess and her daughters I had seen them go out almost every morning since my arrival and had noticed that they carried their purses in their hands not exactly ostentatiously yet just so as that those who met them should see whither they were going

We passed through several streets of more or less considerable houses and at last turning round a corner we came upon a large piazza at the end of which was a magnificent building of a strange but noble architecture and of great antiquity It did not open directly on to the piazza there being a screen through which was an archway between the piazza and the actual precincts of the bank On passing under the archway we entered upon a green sward round which there ran an arcade or cloister while in front of us uprose the majestic towers of the bank and its venerable front, which was divided into three deep recesses and adorned with all sorts of marbles and many sculptures On either side there were beautiful old trees wherein the birds were busy by the hundred and a number of quaint but substantial houses of singularly comfortable appearance they were situated in the midst of orchards and gardens and gave me an impression of great peace and plenty

Indeed it had been no error to say that this building was one that appealed to the imagination it did more—it carried both imagination and judgment by storm It was an epic in stone and marble and so powerful was the effect it produced on me that as I beheld it I was charmed and melted I felt more conscious of the existence of a remote past One knows of this always but the knowledge is never so living as in the actual presence of some witness to the life of bygone ages I felt how short a space of human life was the period of our own existence I was more impressed with my own littleness and much more inclinable to believe that the people whose sense of the fitness of things was equal to the upraising of so serene a handiwork were hardly likely to be wrong in the conclusions they might come to upon any subject My feeling certainly was that the currency of this bank must be the right one

We crossed the sward and entered the building If the outside had been impressive the inside was even more so It was very lofty and divided into several parts by walls which rested upon massive pillars the windows were filled with stained glass descriptive of the principal commercial incidents of the bank for many ages In a remote part of the building there were men and boys singing As soon as the singing was over the ladies requested me to stay where I was while they went inside the place from which it had seemed to come

During their absence certain reflections forced themselves upon me

In the first place it struck me as strange that the building should be so nearly empty, I was almost alone and the few besides myself had been led by curiosity, and had no intention of doing business with the bank. But there might be more inside I stole up to the curtain and ventured to draw the extreme edge of it on one side No there was hardly any one there. I saw a large number of cashiers, all at their desks ready to pay checks, and one or two who seemed to be the managing partners I also saw my hostess and her daughters and two or three other ladies, also three or four old women and the boys from one of the neighboring Colleges of Unreason; but there was no one else This did not look as though the bank was doing a very large business, and yet I had always been told that every one in the city dealt with this establishment

I ventured to take a second look and saw Zulora in the very act of giving a piece of paper which looked like a check to one of the cashiers He did not examine it but putting his hand into an antique coffer hard by, he pulled out a quantity of metal pieces apparently at random and handed them over without counting them, neither did Zulora count them but put them into her purse and went back to her seat after dropping a few pieces of the other coinage into an alms box that stood by the cashier s side Mrs Nosnibor and Arowhena then did likewise but a little later they gave all (so far as I could see) that they had received from the cashier back to a verger who I have no doubt put it back into the coffer from which it had been taken They then began making towards the curtain, whereon I let it drop and retreated to a reasonable distance

They soon joined me For some few minutes we all kept silence but at last I ventured to remark that the bank was not so busy to day as it probably often was On this Mrs Nosnibor said that it was indeed melancholy to see what little heed people paid to the most precious of all institutions I could say nothing in reply, but I have ever been of opinion that the greater part of mankind do approximately know where they get that which does them good

Mrs Nosnibor went on to say that I must not think there was any want of confidence in the bank because I had seen so few people there the heart of the country was thoroughly devoted to these establishments and any sign of their being in danger would bring in support from the most unexpected quarters It was only because people knew them to be so very safe that in some cases (as she lamented to say in Mr Nosnibor s) they felt that their support was unnecessary Moreover these institutions never departed from the safest and most approved banking principles Thus they never allowed interest on deposit, a thing now frequently done by certain bubble companies, which by doing an illegitimate trade had drawn many customers

away and even the shareholders were fewer than formerly owing to the innovations of these unscrupulous persons for the Musical Banks paid little or no dividend but divided their profits by way of bonus on the original shares once in every thirty thousand years and as it was now only two thousand years since there had been one of these distributions people felt that they could not hope for another in their own time and preferred investments whereby they got some more tangible return all which she said was very melancholy to think of

Having made these last admissions she returned to her original statement, namely that every one in the country *really* supported these banks As to the fewness of the people and the absence of the able bodied she pointed out to me with some justice that this was exactly what we ought to expect The men who were most conversant about the stability of human institutions such as the lawyers men of science, doctors statesmen painters and the like were just those who were most likely to be misled by their own fancied accomplishments and to be made unduly suspicious by their licentious desire for greater present return which was at the root of nine tenths of the opposition by their vanity which would prompt them to affect superiority to the prejudices of the vulgar and by the stings of their own conscience which was constantly upbraiding them in the most cruel manner on account of their bodies which were generally diseased

Let a person s intellect (she continued) be ever so sound unless his body is in absolute health he can form no judgment worth having on matters of this kind The body is everything it need not perhaps be such a strong body (she said this because she saw that I was thinking of the old and infirm looking folks whom I had seen in the bank) but it must be in perfect health in this case the less active strength it had the more free would be the working of the intellect and therefore the sounder the conclusion The people then whom I had seen at the bank were in reality the very ones whose opinions were most worth having they declared its advantages to be incalculable and even professed to consider the immediate return to be far larger than they were entitled to and so she ran on, nor did she leave off till we had got back to the house

She might say what she pleased, but her manner carried no conviction and later on I saw signs of general indifference to these banks that were not to be mistaken Their supporters often denied it, but the denial was generally so couched as to add another proof of its existence In commercial panics and in times of general distress the people as a mass did not so much as even think of turning to these banks A few might do so some from habit and early training some from the instinct that prompts us to catch at any straw when we think ourselves drowning but few from a genuine belief that the

Musical Banks could save them from financial ruin if they were unable to meet their engagements in the other kind of currency

In conversation with one of the Musical Bank managers I ventured to hint this as plainly as politeness would allow He said that it had been more or less true till lately, but that now they had put fresh stained glass windows into all the banks in the country, and repaired the buildings and enlarged the organs the presidents moreover had taken to riding in omnibuses and talking nicely to people in the streets and to remembering the ages of their children and giving them things when they were naughty, so that all would henceforth go smoothly

'But haven't you done anything to the money itself? said I, timidly

It is not necessary' he rejoined not in the least necessary I assure you."

And yet any one could see that the money given out at these banks was not that with which people bought their bread meat and clothing It was like it at a first glance and was stamped with designs that were often of great beauty it was not again a spurious coinage, made with the intention that it should be mistaken for the money in actual use, it was more like a toy money, or the counters used for certain games at cards for notwithstanding the beauty of the designs, the material on which they were stamped was as nearly valueless as possible Some were covered with tin foil, but the greater part were frankly of a cheap base metal the exact nature of which I was *not* able to determine Indeed they were made of a great variety of metals or, perhaps more accurately alloys, some of which were hard while others would bend easily and assume almost any form which their possessor might desire at the moment

Of course every one knew that their commercial value was *nil*, but all those who wished to be considered respectable thought it incumbent upon them to retain a few coins in their possession, and to let them be seen from time to time in their hands and purses Not only this but they would stick to it that the current coin of the realm was dross in comparison with the Musical Bank coinage Perhaps however the strangest thing of all was that these very people would at times make fun in small ways of the whole system indeed there was hardly any insinuation against it which they would not tolerate and even applaud in their daily newspapers if written anonymously, while if the same thing were said without ambiguity to their faces–nominative case verb and accusative being all in their right places and doubt impossible–they would consider themselves very seriously and justly outraged and accuse the speaker of being unwell

I never could understand (neither can I quite do so now though I begin to see better what they mean) why a single currency should not suffice them it would seem to me as though all their dealings would have been

thus greatly simplified but I was met with a look of horror if ever I dared to hint at it Even those who to my certain knowledge kept only just enough money at the Musical Banks to swear by would call the other banks (where their securities really lay) cold deadening paralyzing and the like

Few people would speak quite openly and freely before [the Musical Bank managers] which struck me as a very bad sign When they were in the room every one would talk as though all currency save that of the Musical Banks should be abolished and yet they knew perfectly well that even the cashiers themselves hardly used the Musical Bank money more than other people It was expected of them that they should appear to do so but this was all The less thoughtful of them did not seem particularly unhappy but many were plainly sick at heart, though perhaps they hardly knew it and would not have owned to being so Some few were opponents of the whole system but these were liable to be dismissed from their employment at any moment and this rendered them very careful for a man who had *once been cashier at a Musical Bank was out of the field for other employ* ment and was generally unfitted for it by reason of that course of treatment which was commonly called his education In fact it was a career from which retreat was virtually impossible and into which young men were generally induced to enter before they could be reasonably expected con sidering their training to have formed any opinions of their own Not un frequently indeed they were induced by what we in England should call undue influence concealment and fraud Few indeed were those who had the courage to insist on seeing both sides of the question before they com mitted themselves to what was practically a leap in the dark One would have thought that caution in this respect was an elementary principle – one of the first things that an honorable man would teach his boy to under stand but in practice it was not so

I even saw cases in which parents bought the right of presenting to the office of cashier at one of these banks with the fixed determination that some one of their sons (perhaps a mere child) should fill it There was the lad himself—growing up with every promise of becoming a good and honor able man—but utterly *without warning concerning the iron shoe* which his natural protector was providing for him Who could say that the whole thing would not end in a life long lie and vain chafing to escape? I confess that there were few things in Erewhon which shocked me more than this

THE COMIC SPIRIT AND CIVILIZED LIFE



THE MOST astounding aspect of Meredith is his elaboration of surface The Elizabethans were not more ornate nor the metaphysicals more intricate His pages garland with metaphor and aphorism with profuse imagery he hunts a phrase like Apollo pursuing Daphne and subjects it to more transformations than Proteus his explosions of epigram are constant almost fatiguing in their coruscations He enmeshes his characters in a Nessus shirt of allusion clinging and caressing even as it stings he stabs into dark recesses of their feelings with a sword of intellectual light He besets them with imps ironic Then out of some such labyrinthine cloud splendor of words he will drop gnomic brevities enigmatic To read Meredith is athletically challenging to the wits as of at once wrestling with Briareus and striving to race sandals mercurial

The reader may perceive from our slightly irreverent echo of his style some of its weaknesses There is a touch of dandyism a suspicion of strain more than a danger of making us feel bedeviled with too ostentatious a byplay The trace of their creator is on even the conversation of his characters they talk often in cryptic flashes like men fencing on t

wires their reticences no less than their utterance sharp with innuendo But his merits sing aloud in clearest melody The language so often tortuous is even more often lyrical iridescent it rains he will tell us with a great noise of eager gobbling and we hear the very tumult of the downpour His wit dances His packed revelations of character plumb depths of insight with a single dramatic scene or turn of phrase he can blaze illumination If he wears out our energies with the superabundance of his own the fault is less his artificiality than our indolence

The strange thing is that all this magnificent virtuosity is maneuvered in the service of doctrines by no means complex Meredith sees man as a part of nature his spirit as truly natural as any of his grosser animal cravings The mind and heart of man are merely nature s highest flowering Their difficulty is one of harmony They must pursue their own needs without cutting themselves loose from the sustaining element in which they are rooted they must remain in nature without denying their own insights There are no supernatural forces in Meredith Intelligence is the seed of growth and it can germinate only in the soil of society As humanity slowly civilizes itself what at first may have been done by natural selection and later perhaps by instinct can only be furthered by intelligence

Meredith s appeal is consequently to intelligence, and his instrument is civilized laughter He is not interested in those problems that are still plaguing humanity only because the tail has not caught up with the vanguard Those are concerns for legislation law perhaps morality But the dilemmas for which law is too blunt and even morality too inflexible are to be approached by critical intelligence What may not be punished by law or condemned by morals may yet be foolish weak inadequate ridiculous contemptible may be no less disastrous to our spiritual health and balance than the darker evils It is against the failings that the best of us have not yet overcome not yet even realized as failings that Meredith wings his attack If we entertain ourselves wi h the risible image of human follies in certain ideal embodiments to the degree that we ourselves are civilized we shall find ourselves realizing that it is not only our next-door neighbor we find so mirrored and be spurred to self correction For Meredith comedy is thus an instrument of social improvement bringing critical laughter to bear upon conscience

In The Egoist *his method achieves its most brilliant success The ego is no doubt one of the most powerful as it is one of the most sensitive springs of action During the formative eras of society its most voracious*

activities may still be valiant 'socially valuable nationally serviceable But in a civilized world unchecked it becomes a devouring monster Let us anatomize its manifestations in its later and more subtle stages Meredith suggests and understand how disastrously it may betray us Sir Willoughby Patterne of Patterne Hall may stand as the archetype at once comic and pitiful, of what its destructions may be

Sir Willoughby is wealthy, well bred handsome even intelligent and witty He is not devoid of generosity provided it be known that he is being generous not incapable of love and sacrifice so long as his moral eminence is admired But he can be brought to any meanness by his need to be seen always as the hero in the center of the stage He cannot bear being less than another, he will employ every art and deception to avoid being humiliated he fries in flames of agony at the thought of being laughed at He is a benign potentate to his slavish household He breathes incense from the hopeless devotion of Laetitia Dale Jilted by the dashing Constantia Durham who has caught a revealing glimpse of the monster within this idol, he has exhausted every subterfuge to pull the wool over society's eyes and make it appear that he *deserted her And still it must be emphasized that Sir Willoughby can be kind and even noble But through his resistance to playing any less than the stellar role he is humiliated brought down and betrayed the logic of his own writhings pushes him in the end to an uncommonly inglorious surrender When, at last he has lost the delicious Clara Middleton and descended to propose his disillusioned and no longer adoring Laetitia with whimperings to marry him he still tries in his own mind to deny the magnitude of his defeat But he had the lady with the brains! he exults He had Meredith promises us dryly and he was to learn the nature of that possessor in the woman who is our wife*

In scene after scene there is an extraordinary ingenuity in making the most trivial word or movement light up character Immediately after his jilting by Miss Durham Willoughby rides home to bathe in the solace of Miss Dale's devotion He leans over her chattering in dazed self-protective dissimulation of how wonderfully lucky he is Laetitia who has not heard the catastrophe asks after Miss Durham's health Durham? he answers There is no Miss Durham to my knowledge So do those who have offended his pride become extinct But Meredith does not always confine the revelation to a mere glance of connivance with the reader sometimes it ricochets back upon the victim as when Clara wrings his sensitivity by a

mere deliberate closing of her eyes upon the loving portrait he is painting of himself Again telling her in the guise of humble confession that he has too much of the fallen archangel s pride and glorying in the black flames demoniacal wherewith he crowned himself how profound is his vexation to hear her say Can you not correct it?

It must not be thought that all the castigation is reserved for the unfortunate Willoughby Clara too receives a share and the wittily cryptic Mrs Mountstuart Jenkinson the vulgar Lady Busshe and that superb scholarly Juggernaut Dr Middleton Even Vernon Whitford and Laetitia Dale are not immune witness a scene where each has private and painful reasons for rejecting the commendations for constancy and perfect friendship the other tries persistently to bestow But Willoughby is the central figure He is subjected to the most piercing analysis pursued with almost torturing cruelty We follow this pursuit with a curiously ambiguous gloating We rejoice to see this complacent proud and self-centered figure grown desperate join the chase ourselves in a kind of snarling glee But when he is brought down at last there is something like pain and panic as well not merely in commiseration but in a deeper fellowship For we have gradually been made to realize that the self that wraps Sir Willoughby in burning torments is there in us as well though we may have rendered it less rapacious or disguised it better to ourselves or to the world The revelation Sir Willoughby achieves in us is self revelation and the mirth he arouses self-critical He is an idealized mirror of our own shortcomings

Meredith s wit and poetry are a wit and poetry of sanity He reveals us to ourselves for such discipline and striving as the criticism suggests If you believe that our civilization is founded in common sense he tells us you will when contemplating men discern a Spirit overhead and he paints its portrait It is not more heavenly than men s own intelligence never far ahead of them never in the rear It has the sage s brows and the sunny malice of a faun Its primary concern is with men s honesty and shapeliness of character whenever they wax out of proportion overblown affected pretentious bombastical hypocritical pedantic fantastically delicate whenever it sees them self-deceived or hoodwinked whenever they offend sound reason fair justice are false in humility or mined with conceit individually or in the bulk the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign, and cast an oblique light on them followed by volleys of silvery laughter That is the Comic Spirit

Breath holding Attacks These occur in children under five are never dangerous and thrive on attention They should be ignored and the child must never be allowed to get his own way by them

Habit Spasms (Tics) These are also a sign that all is not well The child should be reassured that the habit is a little irritation that will pass by of its own accord It will soon get better if he does not worry about it The parents will have to learn not to pay too much attention to a tic or it will tend to persist and will become difficult to cure becoming a true habit after the initial emotional stress has passed The child cannot by an effort of will refrain from the tic once it has been noticed and the effort of will must come from the parents who must avoid making any comments or appearing to notice the habit The tic is always worse among people who comment on it

Speech Disorders These are quite common in children but many are mild in character and clear spontaneously

RETARDED SPEECH DEVELOPMENT This is *commonly* due to mental deficiency of some degree and it is not wise to assure the parents that all will be well The normal child should be saying a few words by a year or eighteen months and if speech has not commenced by the age of three mental deficiency is almost certain if deafness has been excluded (audiometry is usually needed) The assessment of the child s mental development is important in making a decision on this point The mentally retarded child is usually late in passing the other milestones of development Occasionally speech does not develop until five or six in a child of normal intelligence due to developmental aphasia

STAMMERING This is usually physiological as there is often a family history of the complaint

Most children stammer a bit when they are learning to speak or during the first year of school life and are cured by simple reassurance and re education The child should not be helped out but should be listened to patiently Parents should cultivate a distinct unhurried speech If this fails then they should be referred immediately to a speech therapist (This is often done nowadays by the School Medical Officer before the child is brought to the general practitioner) An established

stammer increases the feeling of inferiority and self consciousness and is often part of an anxiety state The longer the habit persists the more tedious and difficult is the cure

Training a left handed child to be right handed often helps to perpetuate a stammer

Dyslalia The inability to pronounce consonants properly is due to faulty habits of articulation in most cases although a cleft tongue cleft palate or short frenum all interfere with the pronunciation of consonants

If there is no organic cause the condition usually clears up without treatment by the age of four or five The over-protected child sometimes persists in baby talk and this may lead to trouble when he goes to school

Mental Deficiency It has already been indicated that the child who has not begun to talk by the age of three is likely to be mentally deficient especially if he has been rather late in walking and in acquiring control of his bladder and rectum

Intelligence tests are specially liable to err in children below school age and the prognosis should remain open as even idiots continue to develop mentally until the age of sixteen As soon as the diagnosis is certain however the parents should be told that the child is backward and will always be so

Many mental defectives are well grown and good looking and trouble is likely to arise if when the time comes they are given anything other than simple jobs to do If too much is expected intellectually of a child neurosis almost invariably results Praise is necessary every time he acquires some new skill Nevertheless it is not usually realized to what extent good training in the home or an institution can make up for lack of intelligence in the child

Moodie quotes the case of a young woman of twenty three who lived an ordinary life as far as appeared on the surface She went out shopping with her mother came in to meals when guests were invited and went out to social functions She seemed normal and charming with excellent manners and a pleasant expression She was actually an imbecile with a mental age of about five

It is important to let the child feel that at least in the home he is a person of significance There are many simple jobs and responsibilities which give this sense of being of some account which every human being needs

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CHAPTER XXIII

THE CHILD WHO WON T EAT

Under no circumstances is fuss more harmful than in the feeding of children (Moodie)

This is a common cause of a mother s visit to the surgery with her child In the majority of cases the child is eating enough for his health but not enough for his mother s satis faction and it is the mother s attitude which requires treat ment Occasionally however a child is brought who is not eating because he is ill It is not usually difficult to decide to which group the child belongs The child who is not ill is commonly an only child or has only one sibling and has *never* eaten properly The mother admits that he is normally full of life and energy and that he is putting on weight The child is quite obviously therefore eating enough for his well being This history is all important The signs which have always been regarded as evidence of poor nutrition such as pallor fatigue rings poor posture and muscle tone and inelastic skin are associated more commonly with the nervous child than the undernourished child In a field trial organized by the Ministry of Health in which nine clinicians took part it was shown that the clinical evidence of malnutrition is unreliable (Bransby and Hammond 1951)

The Sick Child If the child is off colour or if he is losing weight or failing to gain weight then something is wrong and the cause of ill health usually an infection must be found

If the history does not help in finding the cause of the child s anorexia (a special point should be made concerning the character of the stools) a physical examination usually will do so

(1) The temperature is taken

(2) The chest and abdomen are examined

If there is a history of a cough however slight the lung bases should be auscultated carefully for crepitations (see p 421)

(3) The neck axillæ and groins are examined for glands

It is useful to make this examination a routine one because only

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the operation (Kaiser 1940) Ultra violet light has also had its vogue but experiments with groups of children in Great Britain have so far failed to show that ultra violet light externally or vitamin administration has any beneficial effect in reducing the incidence of respiratory tract infections

A few of these children especially those with a recent history of whooping cough are suffering from a *mild bronchiectasis in the reversible stage* If there are basal crepitations present between attacks of respiratory catarrh or a suspicious history they should be treated as such In many others however a *chronic sinus infection* is responsible for the trouble and should be treated (see Chapter VI) Plenty of exercise in the fresh air a minimum of clothing and an avoidance of overheated rooms are prophylactic but when the syndrome is fully developed rest is indicated

Persistent ill health in a child is sometimes due to a combination of causes such as a succession of minor illnesses insecurity or continuous nervous strain worms or a lack of fresh air An iron deficiency anæmia is not common in childhood but must always be considered

If the child has a poor appetite due to ill health or following an acute infection he should be given a concentrated high calorie diet (see Chapter XXXIII)

The Child who is Well Many mothers with only one or two children are fussy and over attentive to their children s health The preparation of food and the feeding of her family play so large a part in a housewife s life that this type of mother is inclined to worry if the child does not eat exactly what she thinks he ought to eat at the time she wants him to A certain amount of negativism is normal in a child particularly at the age of one or two when the battle over feeding usually commences A child tends naturally to resist anything he is forced to do and enjoys a battle especially if he is on the winning side Refusing to eat is therefore sure to attract attention especially if the parents are always anxious and coaxing The mother s anxiety tends in time to communicate itself to the child and if the child becomes anxious at meal times this is a further factor tending to diminish his appetite

Healthy children do not usually starve themselves for long and if hungry will eat

in this way can the normal variation in the size of the lymph glands be appreciated Many children and indeed many adults who are in perfect health have several or many lymph glands enlarged Generalized glandular enlargement in a child may occur when the health generally is poor and is not necessarily due to serious disease

(4) The ears are examined with an auriscope *This is an examination which should never be omitted in a child with unexplained ill health* either acute or chronic for otitis media is often symptomless Pain in the middle-ear is caused mainly by tension and a large amount of pus can collect without any bulging of the drum Indeed if the drum is not very strong the first symptom of middle ear infection may be a running ear

(5) The mouth throat teeth and tonsils must be seen

A child may be too young to localize his pain and even in older children lesions of the throat may exist for some time without giving rise to complaint This part of the examination has deliberately been left to the end as it is usually unpleasant for the child (see p 407)

A common cause of unexplained ill health of recent onset is a *symptomless otitis media* If a child fails to pick up after an infection and at the same time has pale bulky offensive stools which may also be loose there may be temporary wheat protein sensitivity (*pre cœliac disease*) and a dramatic improvement may occur on a gluten free diet (Daynes 1955)

Chronic catarrh is a common cause of lack of appetite and general debility in children

Many children especially at the age of five or six suffer from recurrent colds and coughs through each winter and general fatigue and debility are associated in a proportion of them The mother is usually worried about tuberculosis This phase usually occurs during the first few years of school life when the child first comes into massive contact with respiratory infections and the emotional upset of starting school may also lower his resistance to infection It is probable that relative dryness of the atmosphere indoors in winter is a factor in the increased incidence of respiratory disorders (Hope Simpson 1957) In some cases allergic rhinitis plays a part Most of these children grow out of the condition within a year or two

Treatment in the past has consisted mainly of giving preparations such as cod liver oil and malt together with cough medicines If the tonsils are hypertrophied as is often the case it has been a common practice to remove them although it has been shown that the tendency to recurrent colds is not decreased after

is worried about a child going out into the cold with nothing to warm him she can always give him a hot drink

Green vegetables are a constant source of strife and many adults have a life long hatred of these foods owing to being forced to eat them as children Most children will eat fruit or drink concentrated fruit juice containing vitamin C in a natural form It can be explained that together with milk and butter these are perfectly adequate substitutes for veget ables In the same way cheese milk and eggs are adequate if meat is refused

(3) *The golden rule that nothing whatsoever must be eaten between meals should be strictly enforced* Sweets must be saved until after meals

(4) *The mother must be taught never to fuss over the child at mealtimes* but to give him small helpings attractively served and to take them away without comment if he doesn t finish them If the child has been fed by himself the parents must learn to feed him at the same time as they have their meals If he feeds himself they must find something to distract their attention from watching the spoon go into his mouth Force only makes matters worse It is ineffective and it is disre garded The mother often agrees with some reluctance that it is ineffective and will usually try the doctor s methods even if only as a last resort It must be explained that there is no wonderful tonic or medicine which will make a child eat when faulty handling is the main factor governing his lack of appetite

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In the first issue of Family Doctor (1951) the story is told of a child who refused to eat at home but made a meal of the old crusts which he took every day *to a nearby pond to feed to the ducks*

Many mothers having lost the battle at mealtimes are only too happy to give the child sweets and cakes at whatever time of the day he will take them little realizing that this is the surest way possible of destroying his appetite for the main meal

In cases where the child's poor appetite is causing the mother grave concern it is wise to take a more detailed history of the condition (see Chapter XXII) In some cases the mother's overprotection is due to rejection of the child for some reason and in other cases there is maladjustment between the parents

Treatment (1) *The mother must first be persuaded that a child who is full of life and vitality and gaining weight is having sufficient to eat*

Widdowson (1947) as the result of a study of over 1 000 different childrens diets concluded that similar individuals may differ enormously and unpredictably in their food habits regarding energy value mineral and vitamin content and the foods them selves *These extraordinary departures from average are com* patible with normal physical development individual require ments must differ as much as individual intakes and an average intake should never be used to assess an individual's requirements

The following minimum and maximum intakes in five year olds are taken from her tables Bread 1 1 to 8 2 oz daily, milk 4 7 to 28 1 oz daily meat 0 to 24 5 oz weekly vitamin C 20 to 99 mg daily total calories 1 312 to 2 144 daily

She states that there was no reason to suppose that any of the children were chronically underfed Most of them were healthy middle class children from all over the country

The loss of subcutaneous fat as the child grows out of baby hood is often a source of worry to the mother Many healthy active toddlers remain the same weight for six months or longer while fat is lost due to increased mobility

(2) *Many mothers have to be taught to alter their views on dietetics* Most women in this country are firmly of the opinion that a hot cooked meal is absolutely necessary every day The mother should be told that cold food is just as nutritious as warm and produces heat in the process of digestion If she

freedom is more usually imposed by an over possessive and over protective mother She forgets that it is normal for a child especially a boy of six or seven to get dirty and tear his clothes to forget to wash his hands or comb his hair and to delight in making a noise Providing that he does not inflict discomfort on others there is rarely harm in his enjoying himself in whatever way he pleases So-called civilized behaviour takes many years to acquire and the parents who expect their children to be small editions of themselves and are constantly flinging out a stream of directives and negatives will find that the children take one of two courses —

(1) *The timid ones* succumb through fear and meekly obey the orders They will have little chance of developing their own personalities These children who have been protected from the normal hurly burly of life often have a difficult time on first going to school

(2) *The ones with more drive and personality* tend to resist commands especially those which they consider unreasonable and are regarded as naughty

There may be one or more children from each group in the same family— I can t understand why Johnny is so naughty doctor It can t be anything to do with the way I look after him because Mary is always as good as gold

The trouble with this kind of naughtiness is that the mother tends to increase her restrictions and commands and this only makes matters worse Do s and don ts especially the latter make the child want to do the opposite out of sheer cussedness and dislike of authority If the child obeyed all the commands of some parents he would be leading a life of complete self abnegation These constant commands may make the child feel that he is not loved by his parents To his naughtiness will then be added aggressive feelings towards his parents and life in general Backwardness at school often leads to some form of misbehaviour It a child is behind hand he often loses interest or becomes openly rebellious

Doctor A was visiting Mrs Smith s house for the first time She met him at the door and explained that her eldest daughter Judy aged nine was very naughty and she could not do anything with her As soon as the doctor entered the living room Judy and her young brother and sister started to howl Their mother had warned them

CHAPTER XXIV

THE NAUGHTY CHILD

In general a secure and happy child is a well behaved child (Watson)

The extent to which any of us conform to the social and criminal codes is a matter of degree *There are no blacks and whites only shades of grey* (Bowlby)

Some mothers who have naughty children approach their family doctor for advice on the problem With his knowledge of the family and of child psychology he is perhaps the best person to give advice He should be able to distinguish naughtiness from true deliquency and have a knowledge of the causes of both

In the very young child naughtiness is usually an expression of the negativism which is common between the ages of one and three years At this age he is developing his own little personality and is usually beginning to rebel against authority It is surprising to what extent a child of about two years is able to understand an explanation however and he is far more likely to carry out a course of action if the reason for it is explained to him in terms he can understand All commands which are directed to prevent him from doing as he wants appear unreasonable to him but he will often respond to reasoning and coaxing Direct orders have to be given at times and whenever they are given they must be enforced or the parents authority will be weakened Consistency is the keynote The mother who constantly needs to use dogmatic do s and don ts has already lost control or else is being too strict

Temper Tantrums Apart from avoiding accommodation to the wishes of others these are also an outlet for the child if he has no means of expressing himself in other ways e g if his play is severely restricted

Naughtiness in an older child very often results from too oppressive a restriction of freedom of movement and speech

Few fathers are domineering nowadays and restriction of

of some of man s birthrights and are trying to make up the deficiency in the only way they know

Physical defects such as stammering deafness or a squint are occasionally at the bottom of a case of delinquency and Watson (1942) quotes one case in which the cure of a squint altered the child s whole outlook on life

Stealing may also be compulsive in which case the stolen objects are often useless to the child This type of stealing shows that there is an intense conflict in the child s mind He may steal from a person of whose love he feels in need or he may give the person objects stolen elsewhere

At puberty a child may steal because he has been taught to look on sex as naughty and stealing is a substitute form of expression which is not so naughty The stealing cannot be cured unless the conflict is unearthed and resolved Punish ment only makes matters worse and the child should be referred to a Child Guidance Clinic

A child between eight and fourteen years of age if coming into contact with the police is dealt with by a juvenile court of three magistrates The understanding and kindness with which some of the magistrates deal with their cases assisted by their probation officers is exemplified by Watson s account of The Child and the Magistrate

It is important in dealing with these children not to adopt a critical or moralistic attitude and to make them realize that the doctor is still their friend

The doctor s opinion may be asked as to the advisability of using punishment including corporal punishment and it is well to remember that it depends mainly on who is to administer it Punishment given by a loving father relieves the child s guilty feelings and he feels that the slate has been wiped clean The same punishment administered some time afterwards by an angry unkind father merely tends to perpetuate the impression in the child s mind that might is right

Lying To most children the boundary between the world of real life and their own phantasy is indistinct but far fetched complicated stories often give an indication of what is missing in the child s life

In older children persistent or flagrant lying is serious and is rarely an isolated symptom The defensive lie shows that

previously that she would send for the doctor if they didn t behave better and the threat was now being carried out Judy soon responded to Dr A s interest however and before long was sitting on his knee talking to him She appeared to be a normal likeable child A few words with the mother in another room revealed that Judy s father had been killed during the war and she had been her mother s only companion for some years She was then sent away to boarding school and arrived back to find a new daddy who was not very interested in her and a new baby She had been naughty ever since Her mother was persuaded to relax some of her irksome restrictions and her father to try to treat her as if she were one of his own children Dr A pointed out to Judy how busy her mother was and how she as the eldest of the family might help her with one or two simple household chores which she had refused to do in the past He explained that her Mummy would not be so cross if she were not so busy His advice to Judy was taken as he had won her confidence and was obviously on her side Within a few weeks she had become much less of a problem to her mother

Stealing Taking things can only be called stealing if pre cautions to avoid detection are taken, and this is rare before the age of seven or eight by which age most children have come to realize that there are such things as personal posses sions Respect for other people s property is not instinctive and must be acquired

The law recognizes this as eight is the minimum age of criminal responsibility and no younger person may be charged with an offence of any kind Younger children may be brought before a court however if they are deemed to be in need of care and protection

True stealing is often associated with lying and is the com monest form of juvenile delinquency Most children of eight or over who steal have one of two factors in their history according to Bowlby (1950) —

(1) The child is more or less unwanted by parents who are unstable and unhappy—people who regard him with hostility and are critical and bitter He thinks that the world is like the people he knows best and tends to meet it with hostility and aggression

(2) The child has been separated from his mother during the first five years for six months or longer, and has been with complete strangers

In many cases these children have been therefore deprived

CHAPTER XXV

COMMON DISORDERS OF WOMEN

Much of the treatment of gynæcological disorders must be left to the consultant but many pelvic complaints are bound up with the general health and pelvic symptoms may be due to an anxiety state Many purely local complaints can also be dealt with by the general practitioner and this is usually preferred by his patients as it saves them the waiting and embarrassment of hospital attendance

The Pelvic Examination in General Practice It is possible in almost every case to make a pelvic examination without hurting the patient and a doctor who often hurts women while examining them should learn to be more patient and gentle or else give up the practice of gynæcology

There should always be another person present or within hearing for the doctor s own protection

The patient must strip below the waist It is impossible to make an adequate pelvic examination if the patient keeps her corsets on or merely pulls her underclothes down A blanket is used to cover the patient who should empty her bladder before examination as the full bladder may be mistaken for an ovarian cyst

I have found the following method of pelvic examination to be the most useful —

The vulva is first examined with the patient in the left lateral position A cotton wool swab is placed on the anus and she is asked to bear down when an estimate can be made of the degree of laxity of the pelvic floor A high vaginal swab may now be taken if a discharge is the complaint or is apparent If using a lubricant only one finger can now be inserted with ease the other will probably be admitted when the patient is on her back and relaxed The patient is asked to turn on to her back A bimanual examination is now made The patient can relax her abdominal muscles best if she puts her heels together lets her knees drop apart and breathes slowly and deeply through the open mouth If the history or examination indicates that a view of the cervix would be advisable

the child is making a poor adjustment to his environment The lie aimed at creating a good impression or glossing over a failure is due to a general feeling of failure the child trying to bolster himself up by his own imagination In some cases wrong cannot be admitted to the parents because the child would lose his security by losing the love and affection of his parents

Sex Difficulties *These have been included in this chapter* because they are often regarded erroneously by the laity as being due to naughtiness whereas in fact it is usually the parent s viewpoint that creates the problem Difficulties rarely arise when the parents have a balanced attitude to sexual matters

MASTURBATION Masturbation has no direct physical effects and any harm it does is produced by guilty feelings arising out of adult disapproval Most children over the age of two practise masturbation at some time A mildly pleasant sensation is produced by manipulation of the sex organs which to a young child is sensual not sexual Frequent masturbation is often a sign that the child is seeking satisfaction that it cannot gain in other ways

Treatment should be directed to decreasing the child s sense of guilt and increasing his security and happiness The parents must be made to realize that masturbation is extremely common and quite harmless Circumcision should not be advised unless necessary on surgical grounds as the operation merely tends to fix attention on the genitals and may be thought of as a punishment if guilty feelings are strong

SEX PLAY between young children is common and arises out of natural inquisitiveness If information about sex is *given by the parents in a natural way* by truthfully and directly answering each question the child asks as it arises trouble is less likely to occur Once a sense of guilt is aroused it may lead to persistence of sex play The child should merely be told that these things are not done as young children usually accept social customs readily

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Cauterization cures the discharge in most cases and sometimes associated backache and abdominal pain

The discharge from an infected cervix is lessened temporarily as is that occurring after cauterization by the use of local antibiotic therapy The incidence of secondary hæmorrhage is also reduced (Roblee 1943)

Tampovagan P S S (Camden Chemical Co) contains penicillin and sulphonamides in a cocoa butter base One can be inserted high in the vagina night and morning for six days or longer

Trichomonas Vaginalis Infection A thin discharge often frothy and greenish associated with pruritus and sore ness and worse after a period is usually due to trichomonas infection Pruritus does not always occur and trichomonas is present in many vaginæ without even producing a discharge It was found in 26 per cent of pregnant women by Johnson and Mayne (1948) A vaginal smear is taken to confirm the diagnosis or a vaginal swab is sent immediately to the labora tory If there is likely to be delay in the swab reaching the laboratory it should be moistened thoroughly in normal saline so that it will not arrive dry

It is uncertain how the infection arises (it may occur in virgins) but local trauma such as sexual intercourse appears to precipitate a latent infection in many cases

In a small proportion of cases the male partner suffers from a symptomless infection and he should be examined in cases of persistent relapse if necessary by urethral scrapings (Lanceley and McEntegart 1953)

Treatment The infection is very difficult to eradicate and repeated recurrence is to be expected especially during preg nancy when cure is almost impossible A cervical erosion is a common cause of relapse

(1) *Cocaine Derivatives* Both amethocaine and amylocaine have an antiseptic as well as an analgesic effect Locan pessaries containing lactose as well as both cocaine derivatives were shown by Stewart *et al* (1957) to eradicate the infection in all of 68 cases when applied night and morning for a fort night whereas both acetarsol and Penotrane failed in about one third of cases Locan pessaries are also effective against moniliasis

this can be done in Sims position before or after the bimanual examination

Bimanual Examination The uterus must be defined, the cervix examined and an attempt made to feel the adnexæ by placing the external hand well up on the abdomen and pushing it downwards towards the internal hand

Speculum Examination A Sims or a bivalve speculum can be used With the former it is essential to have the patient in the full Sims position in which the patient s left arm is behind her the right shoulder forward towards the couch the right knee up and on the couch and the left leg down The uterus is thus thrown forwards and the vagina is ballooned with air

Vaginal Discharge

This is the commonest gynæcological complaint It is important to find out whether the discharge is heavy enough for the patient to wear a pad or whether she needs to change her underclothes frequently Some patients complain of a discharge when all that is present is the normal whitish loss This may be increased by masturbation constipation coitus interruptus or pregnancy In these cases it is not the discharge itself which is worrying the woman and an attempt must be made to find out why she is worried She may be afraid of cancer or pregnancy or she may feel guilty about masturbation coitus interruptus or marital infidelity

The common causes of a pathological discharge are in order of importance a cervical erosion trichomonas vaginalis infection and monilial infection

EROSION OR INFECTION OF THE CERVIX A discharge which only commenced after a pregnancy is likely to be due to an infected cervical erosion The discharge is usually mucoid and yellowish and is not profuse The cervix must be seen to confirm the diagnosis A lacerated cervix can be felt but not the erosion itself Erosions may also occur in virgins

Treatment Superficial cauterization as an out patient or deep cauterization under anæsthesia is curative The latter is needed for permanent cure of all severe erosions which are always associated with endocervical infection The patient should be warned to expect an offensive discharge and possibly some hæmorrhage for a month after cauterization

This responds best to local œstrogens and antibiotics Tampo vagan Stilbœstrol and Sulphathiazole (Camden Chemical Co) can be inserted nightly

(2) *B Coli infection* of the urinary tract and vagina produced by fæcal contamination A thin offensive and irritating discharge occurs which responds to sulphonamides orally The patient must be advised to wipe herself from the front towards the back after defæcation to avoid reinfection

(3) *Foreign Bodies* Menstrual tampons are sometimes left in the vagina

(4) *Gonococcal Vulvo vaginitis* This is uncommon to-day There is not always a history of acute onset and discharge may be minimal

Vulvo vaginitis in little girls This is rarely gonococcal but it is wise to take a swab in all cases An intelligent mother can be told how to do it Oral penicillin or other antibiotic depending on the result of the swab is usually curative but in resistant or recurrent cases a short course of œstrogens is necessary to raise local resistance Ethinyl œstradiol 0 01 mgm daily for a few weeks usually suffices

Pruritus Vulvæ

This symptom has a multitude of causes It is often associated with pruritus ani (p 205) Pain on micturition due to the irritant action of acid urine is common if the vulva is inflamed

(1) *Associated with a vaginal discharge*

(2) *Associated with local disease* Intertrigo kraurosis leukoplakia boils psoriasis and contact dermatitis all cause pruritus

Kraurosis Vulvæ There has been much confusion regarding the terminology of atrophic conditions of the vulva in post menopausal women In kraurosis there is severe local soreness and the main signs are around the vaginal and urethral orifices The vaginal orifice is often narrow and rigid and the whole area is atrophic with small red sensitive patches Œstrogens orally give good results although the dose may eventually have to be as high as stilbœstrol 5 mgm thrice daily Local œstrogens can be used if there is intolerance (i e Ung Stilbœstrol Crookes which contains 0 1 mgm per gm)

Leukoplakia Vulvæ It is most important that this condition should not be confused with kraurosis as it is a precancerous condi

Douches are being used less and less in gynæcology If the douche is too strong it can do harm and as it has only a transient action it is rarely worth the trouble and unpleasantness Pessaries or tablets are more satisfactory

(2) *Arsenical Preparations* Acetarsol (stovarsol) is the most efficient Pess Acetarsol B P C contain 4 gr of acetarsol Tabs S V C (stovarsol vaginal compound May and Baker) are white oblong shaped tablets and they also contain carbohydrate to promote the growth of Doderlein s bacillus by lowering the *p*H

In each case two tablets are inserted high in the vagina each night for a week followed by one tablet nightly

(3) *Penotrane* This can be used for resistant cases or if a swab shows monilia also to be present Two pessaries are inserted nightly for fourteen nights and then one nightly during the next two periods and for two nights after

(4) *For infection in the male* oral treatment by Tabs Tritheon 1 t d s for ten days is sometimes effective Oral therapy is only effective in about a third of women and local treatment is usually advisable

VAGINAL MYCOSIS Monilia the fungus responsible for thrush in the infant is the commonest invader It does not necessarily give rise to symptoms and Johnson and Mayne (1948) found it in 37 per cent of pregnant women

A thick white cheesy discharge is associated with pruritus Large flakes of material can be seen adhering to the vaginal mucosa and on removal red patches are left

Treatment Most cases respond rapidly to pessaries of the antibiotic Nystatin inserted nightly for fifteen nights Side effects or local discomfort are rare and occurred in none of 53 cases treated by Jennison and Llywelyn Jones (1957) In every case of relapse the cervix must be seen (as an erosion may be the cause) and the urine must be tested for sugar If no other cause is found for relapse the underclothes should be boiled to avoid reinfection Locan pessaries (see above) are an alternative method of treatment

Less Common Causes of Vaginal Discharge (1) *Senile vaginitis* in menopausal and older women There may be red punctate areas on the vaginal wall and local atrophic changes

weakness of the urethral sphincter may predominate In time uterine prolapse follows especially if there is a chronic cough straining at stool or any other persistent cause of raised intra abdominal pressure A bulky subinvoluted uterus also predisposes to prolapse Some women suffer from prolapse after apparently normal labours however and cases of complete prolapse occur in elderly virgins

TREATMENT (1) *Exercises* In the early state usually soon after childbirth the condition can be cured by exercises (see p 361)

(2) *Pessaries* These are the treatment of choice in the following groups —

(*a*) Within six months of childbirth They may cause considerable improvement during this time and operative treatment should never be considered

(*b*) Women of child bearing age with severe symptoms and signs It is not usually wise to advise operative cure in these cases as a further pregnancy might cause a recurrence

(*c*) Older women in whom operation would be too great a risk Many other women prefer to wear pessaries rather than undergo an operation

In most cases a rubber watch spring pessary can be used The size range is 2–12 (2 inches increasing by $\frac{1}{8}$ to $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches) although sizes up to 14 are occasionally needed The diameter of the ring necessary can usually be estimated on the index finger (the distance from a posterior fornix to the symphysis) but fitting is essentially a method of trial and error The smallest ring which will control symptoms should be used With the patient in the left lateral position the ring is lubricated squeezed between the fingers and inserted in the sagittal plane the perineum being pressed backwards The pessary is then rotated until it lies horizontally and the patient is asked to bear down If the ring tends to come out it is too small and if the patient is conscious of its presence at all it is too large On examination it should be possible to pass a finger round between the ring and the vaginal wall without causing pain Frequency of micturition may occur from the ring stretching the urethra if it is too large

Two rings are used alternately and are interchanged every two or three months In some women a discharge is caused by a ring which fits properly in which case the ring should be removed for a week or two and an attempt then made to control symptoms with a smaller ring or a plastic ring

tion and not uncommon In its fully developed state it is easily recognized as the skin is white and indurated in patches which coalesce Cracks and erosions eventually appear The labia majora are usually affected and sometimes the perianal region and the inner aspects of the thighs *The vestibule and vaginal orifice are not involved* although the labia minora may be A gynæcological opinion should always be sought and vulvectomy is often necessary

Contact dermatitis may be due to an irritating antiseptic such as Dettol black underclothes contraceptives or one of the widely advertised anti pruritics most of which contain a cocaine derivative

(3) If there is no discharge and no local disease the urine should be tested to exclude *diabetes* or concentrated acid urine

(4) A vaginal swab should be taken to exclude trichomonas infection which can cause pruritus in the absence of gross discharge

(5) If nothing has been found as the result of the above investigations it is possible that there may be a psychological basis Frigidity is often associated with pruritus which may in this case be a defence against intercourse Fear of cancer is another common factor

TREATMENT *General treatment* should include mild sedation (phenobarbitone gr ½ or amytal gr ¾ thrice daily) or relief of itching by means of antihistamines and reassurance that the condition is common and not serious

Local treatment Hydrocortisone ointment or lotion is most likely to give relief in the absence of discharge or local disease Otherwise bland soothing local applications such as oily calamine or zinc cream are preferable to potential sensitizers such as local anæsthetics and antihistamine creams

RESISTANT CASES Treat as a dermatitis (see p 194) Œstrogens may be tried in menopausal cases if there is no evidence of leukoplakia

Laxity of the Pelvic Floor

This usually follows childbirth in which there has been push ing on an undilated cervix forceps extraction with the cervix incompletely dilated or incompletely sutured tears Depend ing on the part of the musculature which has been most damaged bulging of the anterior or posterior vaginal wall or

Treatment of Retroversion *A bulky retroverted uterus which is mobile and associated with symptoms should be anteverted and kept in place with a ring pessary* or failing this a Hodge pessary The mere insertion of a pessary does not usually correct a retroversion and the uterus must first be anteverted

Technique of Replacement

In some cases this can be done quite easily with the patient in the dorsal position by pushing on the fundus with the fingers of the vaginal hand in the posterior fornix and pulling it upwards with the abdominal hand

In most cases the aid of gravity must be invoked however With the patient in the full Sims position or even the knee-chest position if necessary the fundus is pushed away from the posterior fornix with two fingers in the vagina and the cervix is then pulled posteriorly If the cervix remains posterior the uterus is probably anteverted and a pessary can be inserted immediately If not the fingers should remain in the vagina keeping the cervix posterior while the patient is turned on to her back and with the other hand on the abdomen the fundus is pulled forwards and a ring inserted If this manœuvre fails with the patient in Sims or the knee chest position a volsellum is used to pull the cervix backwards while simultaneously the fundus is pushed forwards with the two fingers of the other hand in the vagina If a ring pessary does not keep the uterus anteverted a Hodge pessary should be tried The Hodge pessary is made in sizes 1 to 12 to correspond with the ring pessaries The broad end is inserted first with the concavity anteriorly This end surrounds the cervix while the narrower end rests behind the pubes The Hodge pessary is inserted like a ring in the sagittal plane It must not be boiled or it loses its shape

The pessary should be changed every two months and it will be found that with each change the uterus becomes easier to antevert In many cases the uterus involutes and remains anteverted without the use of a pessary If there is difficulty in selecting a suitable pessary or the patient is intolerant of pessaries some form of ventrisuspension operation should be advised but only if symptoms have previously been relieved by a pessary

DISORDERS OF MENSTRUATION

Menstrual disorders while in many cases due to organic disease or mechanical factors are often disorders of function which in some cases are due to psychological factors

A rubber pessary does not interfere with coitus but a plastic pessary can be used in old women

(3) *Operative Treatment* Fothergill s operation offers practical certainty of cure of prolapse in good hands

The patient may enquire about the advisability of postponing an operation on account of menstruation This is advisable in vaginal plastic operations where pelvic hyperæmia increases the difficulty of operation but is not necessary in other gynæcological operations

A patient who has had a major operation on the pelvic floor should be treated in a similar way to one who has had a hernia repaired Constipation and straining should be avoided no lifting should be allowed until two months and no heavy lifting until three months after the operation

STRESS INCONTINENCE of mild degree is usually cured by repair of the prolapse but a severe one may need a vaginal plastic repair In some cases the symptoms of stress incontinence are psychogenic in which case plastic surgery is almost certain to fail

Retroversion

(1) *Congenital retroversion* The uterus is in the retroverted position in 20 per cent of virgins This type is not responsible for symptoms and no treatment is necessary

(2) *Acquired retroversion* This follows labour or abortion and is largely due to the dorsal position during the puerperium The uterus is usually bulky and subinvoluted

(3) *Fixed retroversion* This follows pelvic infection or endometriosis and the uterus is firmly bound down in position by fibrous adhesions This type is uncommon to day and requires pelvic diathermy or operation for relief of symptoms

Symptoms and Signs of Acquired Retroversion

Backache
Menorrhagia
Dysbareunia
} If due to retroversion these are usually associated and are relieved if the uterus is kept anteverted by a pessary and recur if the retroversion recurs

Sterility Retroversion only decreases the chances of conception in so far as the cervix is anterior and tends to be kept out of the seminal pool

amenorrhœa If none is found it is not advisable to treat the condition with hormones as they usually only provoke bleeding while they are being used and the amenorrhœa is likely to recur when their use is stopped

The main indication for therapy for primary amenorrhœa or hypomenorrhœa *per se* is when a married woman complains of sterility In some other cases however psychological benefit may follow the flow of blood

Treatment Bleeding usually occurs in primary amenorrhœa following a twenty-one day course of stilbœstrol (0 5 mgm daily) and ethisterone (10 mgm thrice daily from the fourteenth to twenty first days) If the course is repeated for several months one or two spontaneous ovulatory cycles may occasion ally follow (Bishop 1950)

Secondary Amenorrhœa Many girls and women miss a period or two when under emotional or environmental strain Nevertheless *by far the commonest cause of a missed period in a young woman who has previously had regular periods is pregnancy whatever her marital status*

Persistent secondary amenorrhœa unassociated with preg nancy or the menopause is usually due to serious local or general disease An obese patient who loses weight when put on a diet is likely to start menstruating (Mitchell and Rogers 1953)

Dysmenorrhœa

Organic Dysmenorrhœa This has a tendency to be conges tive in type and to be associated with premenstrual pain It occurs commonly in association with *fibroids pelvic inflam mation* or *endometriosis* The latter must be thought of if the pain gets worse during the period and increases in severity over the years It occurs mainly in women over thirty the pain being due to blood distending the uterine wall and not being able to reach the uterine cavity Pelvic examination may be negative in the early stages and the diagnosis only confirmed by endometrial biopsy

Functional Dysmenorrhœa This is commonest in women who have not yet borne children and is believed to be due to cervical spasm Dysmenorrhœa does not occur without ovula

Amenorrhœa menorrhagia and dysmenorrhœa are commonly caused by worry strain or change of habit and the possibility of a psychogenic origin should be thought of in all cases where organic disease has been excluded *before* recourse is made to hormone therapy

Physiology of the Menstrual Cycle and Uterine Bleeding The pre-ovulatory phase of the endometrial cycle is proliferative under the influence of the œstrogenic hormone During the post-ovulatory stage the stroma is converted into decidua by the action of both œstrogen and progesterone and the phase is often called progestational During this phase the body temperature is raised probably due to the action of progesterone Normal menstruation is due to withdrawal of both progesterone and œstrogen the former being the main factor Œstrogen withdrawal bleeding is usually brief slight and painless It has been postulated that there are two levels of effective œstrogen concentration between which bleeding will occur (threshold bleeding) Below these levels subthreshold amenorrhœa occurs and above them super threshold amenorrhœa occurs It is thus possible to control bleeding both by administering œstrogen to produce superthreshold amenorrhœa (in which case œstrogen withdrawal bleeding will follow later) or by antagonizing œstrogen with progesterone and androgens and thus producing subthreshold amenorrhœa Thus a period can usually be postponed by giving stilboestrol 1 mgm t d s or ethinyl œstradiol 0 05 mgm t d s from the end of the previous period and sometimes by giving progesterone 20 mgm intramuscularly on seven consecutive days immediately before the period and continuing as long as necessary Menstruation is likely to begin two to four days after stopping this treatment

Amenorrhœa

Primary Amenorrhœa Except for attempting to improve a girl s general health nothing should be done in the way of investigation or treatment of primary amenorrhœa until she is at least eighteen years of age and worried mothers who come with daughters of sixteen or seventeen who have not yet commenced to menstruate should be told of the tremendous variation of the normal in this as in all other physiological functions A delayed onset of menstruation may be due to a girl s dislike of her father (Robertson 1955)

At the age of eighteen the patient may be referred to hospital for investigation to exclude an endocrine origin for the

ground therefore it is difficult to decide which drugs aimed at the relief of cervical spasm have any real value One of the newer antispasmodics is worth a trial and is successful in some cases

Analgesics should be limited if possible to Tabs Codein Co or aspirin and their action should be aided by the application of heat to the lower abdomen Relief by means of analgesics during two or three periods tends to lessen that expectation of pain which increases the eventual suffering

Œstrogen therapy is said to act by inhibiting ovulation and producing a painless œstrogen withdrawal bleeding but Josephine Barnes (1957) has seen pregnancy occur during œstrogen therapy Her routine is ethinyl œstradiol 0 05 mgm b d for twenty-one days starting on the fifth day The treatment is continued for three cycles and if necessary for a further three

Androgen therapy Raymond Greene (1949) recommends methyl testosterone 5 mgm to 10 mgm daily continuously If relief occurs it need then only be used during the second half of the cycle

SEVERE CASES Most of these are cured by dilatation of the cervix The remainder justify a trial of operative measures such as presacral sympathectomy

Premenstrual Tension

Many women have minor symptoms which tell of the imminence of menstruation but some women have symptoms for a week or ten days before a period Increasing irritability headache nausea and malaise are common symptoms and the breasts may become as enlarged and tender as in early pregnancy Sexual frustration is commonly associated

A search should be made for any source of emotional strain and the patient s attitude to the fact of menstruation defined Most cases are helped by progesterone therapy Greene and Dalton (1953) found that ethisterone 25 mgm b d for twelve days commencing fourteen days before the period relieved 60 per cent of patients while progesterone 25 mgm intramuscularly on alternate days helped 90 per cent Methyl testosterone as 5 mgm tablets sublingually twice daily during the second half of the cycle often gives relief and in those who fail to respond a low salt low fluid diet should be tried

tion as anovular cycles are painless This explains why dysmenorrhœa is rarely complained of at the commencement of menstrual life when the cycles are usually anovular Painful periods usually start within a year or two of menstruation and the first episode may resemble an acute abdominal condition in the severity of the pain The pain which is lower abdominal and colicky in type but occasionally felt in the back may start a day or two before the period and work up to a peak on the first or second day but more commonly is mainly a First day pain Severe pain rarely lasts more than one or possibly two days The girl may faint or vomit with the pain and may be kept away from school or work for a day or two The condition is usually improved by marriage and cured by childbirth while after the age of thirty the pain usually gets less Most cases are cured by dilatation of the cervical canal but this should not be advised until after a good trial of other methods

Approach to the Problem The condition is rarely initiated by emotional factors but they often exacerbate it (Rees 1953) Many women who suffer from dysmenorrhœa have a low threshold to pain This is due in many cases to a wrong attitude towards menstruation and womanhood which has been inculcated by the mother The girl as a consequence may fear the possibility of coitus and childbirth or subconsciously wish she were a man Guilt at sex thoughts or at intercourse may also exacerbate the pain Nevertheless dysmenorrhœa does occur in girls who have always regarded menstruation as a natural function and endeavour to lead a normal life while menstruation is in progress

TREATMENT Minor cases can be helped by encouraging activity during the period to take the girl s mind off herself If any psychological factors are found an attempt should be made to reorientate the patient

Pelvic congestion can be lessened by treating constipation and by avoiding coitus interruptus or petting

Drug Therapy Attempts may be made to reduce the cervical spasm and also to relieve the pain when it comes The success of many methods of treatment is directly proportional to the enthusiasm and confidence with which they are prescribed As in any condition with a large psychological back

Intermenstrual bleeding apart from the bleeding of Mittelschmerz occurring at ovulation time and rarely lasting longer than twenty four hours suggests malignancy

Examination *Anæmia* is common and while usually the result of menorrhagia it may be the cause thereof A hæmo globin estimation should be made in every case

Hypertension if severe may be the cause of excessive loss

Myxœdema is frequently accompanied by menorrhagia

Vaginal and Speculum Examination This should be made in every case except in girls at puberty A cervical erosion can cause a bloodstained discharge following a period

Treatment If examination reveals no pelvic pathology and the history does not suggest malignancy expectant treatment for three months is advisable after which the case is reassessed (Stallworthy 1950) Any cause is dealt with constipation is corrected iron is given in full doses and the patient is rested in bed if the bleeding is heavy Treatment directed at the bleeding itself varies considerably with the age of the patient

Pubertal Menorrhagia This is usually self limiting and general treatment only is indicated In many cases only one prolonged and excessive bout of bleeding ever occurs If menorrhagia is severe it can be arrested by ergot or hormonal therapy

Menorrhagia of Adult Womanhood (1) ERGOT This may control the bleeding to some extent It can be given as Tabs Ergometrine Maleate B P C (0 5 mgm) 1 or 2 twice daily or Extract Ergotæ Liq ʒi twice daily

(2) HORMONES These have a very limited place in the treatment of menorrhagia (Stallworthy) *They should never be used without a pelvic examination and very rarely at puberty or the menopause* A delayed onset of menstruation may result from all forms of hormone treatment

Androgens Menorrhagia whatever the cause can usually be suppressed by the administration of methyl testosterone by mouth (Greene 1949) Methyl testosterone 5 mgm is given sublingually twice or thrice daily for two months This does not have any virilizing effects

Œstrogens These are mainly used for hæmostasis following prolonged or heavy loss *They have little effect if the menstrual*

Menorrhagia

Excessive bleeding may be occasioned by the periods being prolonged, or the loss being heavy in a period of normal length Very prolonged bleeding is usually followed by a period of amenorrhœa, the syndrome being that of metropathia hæmorrhagia in which excessive œstrogen production leads to anovular bleeding

What is excessive loss? The upper limit of normal can be regarded as four to five pads during any one day or two dozen during the period (This however, should not be regarded as an infallible criterion as the number of pads used naturally depends to a large extent on the fastidiousness of the woman) If clots are passed the loss is likely to be abnormal in amount Many women complain of excessive loss when their loss is really within normal limits

Treatment cannot be rational without knowing the cause of excessive loss and this can usually be found by means of an adequate history and examination

History A heavy loss is produced —

(1) *Post natally and after abortions* The first period is usually heavy but excessive loss after this is often due to retained products or to subinvolution and pelvic congestion *The commonest cause of a menstrual loss prolonged over several weeks in a young woman is an incomplete abortion* The abortion in some cases occurs at such an early stage that the woman does not realize that she has been pregnant Hertig and Rock (1949) have shown that early abortions are quite common (see p 479)

(2) *During convalescence and during prolonged physical strain*

(3) *By emotional causes* Some women state that their periods are always heavy when they are undergoing a worrying time Bleeding may follow an unpleasant experience in a matter of hours Yearning for a loved one and fear of conception are common causes of increased loss

(4) *By pelvic congestion* This can be produced by coitus interruptus as well as by organic disease

A progressively increasing loss suggests pelvic pathology such as fibroids or endometriosis (see p 459)

Painless bleeding associated with menstrual irregularity is usually hormonal

months Virilism is unlikely to be produced by this dosage I have had several successes with this method

Intermenstrual Bleeding

Whether this occurs spontaneously or is provoked by coitus the woman should be referred to hospital unless the case is one of spotting at mid cycle (Mittelschmerz) A carcinoma of the cervix an erosion and a cervical polyp are the commonest causes of bleeding between the periods

The Menopause

The change of life usually commences between the ages of forty five and fifty but it occasionally occurs under forty or as late as fifty five There is a slight degree of correlation between early puberty and a late onset of the menopause

Symptoms may commence a year or two before the menses cease or may not develop until years later There are no symptoms in at least 50 per cent of women The menstrual aspect has already been dealt with

The symptoms occurring are usually a complex mixture of an endocrine disturbance due to decreasing œstrogen production and psychological upsets

A careful history should always be taken and an examination made of the relevant systems to avoid missing organic disease It is very easy to ascribe any vague symptom occurring in this age group to the change

Psychological Aspects The menopause may be dreaded by a woman for any of a multitude of reasons she may be afraid that she is going to lose her womanliness and attractiveness and thus possibly her hold on her husband She may be afraid of losing sexual desire and if she is a spinster or a childless married woman her sense of frustration is likely to be increased It is usually at about this age that a woman s children begin to leave the home and she feels a gap in her life which is hard to fill She should be told that the only difference will be that she will not have the inconvenience of periods and will not be able to conceive

Common Menopausal Symptoms and Signs (1) *Hot Flushes*

cycle is regular however (Swyer, 1950) Œstradiol benzoate can be given in a single dose of 15 mgm (150 000 units) intramuscularly followed by 0 1 mgm ethinyl œstradiol t d s Ethinyl œstradiol is advised by Bishop (1950) in a dose of 0 15 mgm every two hours until the bleeding stops Swyer uses only 5 mgm stilbœstrol daily doubling this dose if no improvement occurs within forty eight hours and continuing for twenty days In all cases œstrogen withdrawal bleeding may take place two to three days after the treatment but it is usually moderate and may be lessened or prevented by a maintenance dose after initial hæmostasis (as advocated especially by Swyer)

In metropathia hæmorrhagica after œstrogen hæmostasis flooding can be averted in future by producing a progesterone withdrawal hæmorrhage Ten days after the bleeding ceases ethisterone 10 mgm is given thrice daily for a week This procedure should be continued at four weekly intervals for several cycles

Summary of Treatment A woman with a normal uterus who is bleeding heavily should be put to bed and given ergot If the bleeding does not slacken soon œstrogens are given in big doses to produce hæmostasis if the menstrual cycle is irregular or methyl testosterone if it is regular A course of iron should then be commenced

Menopausal Menorrhagia The menstrual periods usually cease either abruptly (often after an emotional upset) by a slow progressive decrease or by irregularity associated with decrease If there is increased loss especially if the period is prolonged a curettage is indicated to exclude a carcinoma of the body of the uterus which may present in this way *Hormone therapy should not be tried* In the absence of a gross lesion 50 per cent are cured by the diagnostic curettage The others are candidates for an artificial menopause either by radiotherapy or hysterectomy The earlier this happens the more severe will be the symptoms particularly flushes which may last for two years

If excessive bleeding near the menopause is associated with fibroids it is well worth trying the effect of methyl testosterone as advocated by Greene 50–200 mgm can be implanted when bleeding will cease for a year or more Alternatively 10 mgm daily can be given indefinitely or 15 mgm daily for a few

treatment Initial large doses raise the threshold of response to œstrogens so that larger and larger doses will be required even then the patient may escape from œstrogen control and begin to experience hot flushes again

It is a good plan to commence with 0 1 mgm thrice daily and then raise or lower as necessary Once the maintenance dose has been found it should be kept up for a month or two and then gradual weaning should be attempted If therapy is suddenly stopped œstrogen withdrawal bleeding may follow

Euvalerol M contains in each drachm phenobarbitone gr ¼ and stilbœstrol 0 1 mgm It can later be changed to Euvalerol B which contains no stilbœstrol

Ethinyl œstradiol has less side effects than stilbœstrol and is beginning to supplant it It is at least ten times as potent as stilbœstrol and dosage can be started with 0 01 mgm daily increasing to 0 03 mgm if necessary (Menopax the proprietary tablet contains phenobarbitone and ethinyl œstradiol)

Androgens can be given in combination with œstrogens and better effects are said to be produced than by œstrogens alone All hormone therapy for the menopause should be administered with the work of Pratt and Thomas (1937) in mind They found that relief of symptoms occurred as commonly with tablets containing lactose as with those containing œstrogens or phenobarbitone

Post menopausal Bleeding

This is due to malignancy in a high proportion of cases (30 per cent according to Claye) and also to œstrogen withdrawal Œstrogen withdrawal bleeding usually commences within a week is slight dark and may last up to a fortnight Any bleeding occurring later than two weeks after stopping œstrogens should be investigated Twenty five per cent of carcinomas of the body have a benign polyp associated with them

The Breast

Cystic Hyperplasia (Chronic Mastitis) This should be diagnosed by the exclusion of carcinoma inflammation and fibro

These affect the face and the neck and occasionally the whole body last for up to fifteen minutes and may be accompanied by excessive sweating which is often exhausting They may occur only occasionally or many times a day They are usually exacerbated by worry or excitement and can often be controlled satisfactorily by small doses of sedatives This symptom may be perpetuated for many years by psychogenic factors

(2) *Obesity* Weight reduction should be advised if there is hypertension or if exercise tolerance is affected

(3) *Nervousness Insomnia and Depression* These symptoms are usually psychogenic If they occur together there is a definite risk of suicidal attempts The depression may be endogenous (see Chapter III) in which case shock therapy may give dramatic results

(4) *Giddiness and Palpitations* These are usually psychogenic in origin but organic disease should be excluded

(5) *Paræsthesiæ in the Extremities* Acroparæsthesia and pernicious anæmia come into the differential diagnosis

(6) *Arthritis* A menopausal arthritis has been described but most cases of arthritis occurring at the menopause can be classified into the rheumatoid or osteo arthritic groups

Treatment In every case the woman s attitude to the menopause should be assessed and her ideas reorientated if necessary Reassurance and explanation may need to be supplemented by phenobarbitone gr $\frac{1}{2}$ or amytal gr $\frac{3}{4}$ thrice daily To decrease the hot flushes hot baths should be avoided as well as hot drinks or strong tea or coffee alcohol and highly seasoned foods

Many women need a little encouragement to branch out into new activities (such as Women s Institutes W V S and local societies) when the whole of their previous lives have been spent looking after their homes and families Most women will respond to the above treatment but a few require the addition of hormone therapy (Hopkins 1954)

HORMONE THERAPY *Œstrogens* Stilbœstrol can be used in doses of 0 1–1 0 mgm daily Large doses such as 1 mgm thrice daily are often given and even advised by some gynæcologists but Bishop (1950) states that *high dosage œstrogen therapy is probably responsible for most of the failures of this form of*

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adenoma A painful lump is common in this condition and the greater the fear of cancer the more painful does the lump tend to be The pain is usually worse during menstruation

There may also be pain without a lump if the patient has felt normal breast tissue and thought a lump to be present

Examination Both breasts should be examined in a good light with the patient lying sitting up with the hands to the side and above the head

Diagnosis from Carcinoma (1) The most important single diagnostic sign of carcinoma is attachment to the skin This may be shown merely as a slight dimpling in one position only

(2) The more generally lumpy the breast is the more likely it is that cystic hyperplasia is present

(3) If fluctuation can be detected in a lump over 1 in in diameter it is likely to be a cyst and this can be confirmed by tapping which is also therapeutic

(4) The lump of cystic hyperplasia is often difficult to feel with the flat of the hand

Treatment Any doubtful lump requires local excision or mastectomy Large cysts can be tapped A generalized cystic hyperplasia requires *reassurance* to the patient and a six monthly check up to be on the safe side This can be explained as necessary to find out whether any cysts develop Atkins (1950) reports only 2 cases of carcinoma developing in 200 cases of fibro adenosis followed up at six month intervals for up to fourteen years One of them had been given large doses of testosterone propionate Firm support to the breasts is often helpful and elastoplast strapping can be used if necessary

Hormone therapy has not proved itself and appears un justified Many cases clear up on being left alone and œstrogens may even make the condition worse (Atkins 1949)

Some cases of pain in the breast are due to sexual mal adjustment or anxieties

Bleeding from the Nipple A lump is usually to be found behind the nipple If this disappears on pressure or on bleed ing from the nipple it is almost certain to be a duct papilloma and only local excision is necessary (Wakeley 1951) A brownish or greenish nipple discharge is probably due to duct stasis and only justifies operative cure past the age of lactation (Handley 1957)

Adequate investigation by the practitioner may take up to an hour but this can often be split up into several shorter sessions

(1) HISTORY An answer should be obtained to the following questions How long has the couple been married? How long have they wanted a child? Have they employed contraceptives or coitus interruptus? (withdrawal or being careful) If so for how long? Is there any difficulty in achieving complete coitus?

Apareunia is by no means uncommon even after many years of marriage

If a married couple have been living together for a year during which time normal intercourse has occurred it is reasonable to assume that some factors of subfertility are present Fertility tends to decline after the age of twenty five and above the age of forty 80 per cent of women are sterile (Ten Teachers)

An opportunity may arise during the investigation to discover tactfully how often coitus takes place There is a tremendous variation in the norm but twice weekly is common during the first five years of marriage and weekly thereafter Whether the husband has had a child by another woman should also be ascertained

(2) THE HUSBAND IS ASKED TO SEND A SPECIMEN OF SEMEN TO THE LABORATORY There is a male element in from 30 per cent to 50 per cent of cases of subfertility

(3) EXAMINATION OF THE WIFE AND TREATMENT OF ANY ABNORMALITIES FOUND

A short general and gynæcological history should be taken followed by a general examination including blood pressure estimation and urine testing Pelvic examination should include a view of the cervix as this may be the only way of detecting a small cervical erosion which is not causing a large enough volume of discharge for the woman to notice it

Many general conditions especially urinary infections lower female fertility A mild iron deficiency anæmia is the most common abnormality encountered

If there is clinical evidence suggesting a mild thyroid deficiency the basal metabolic rate should be estimated or thyroid given empirically as it has been found that hypothyroid states are associated with infertility (Grant 1948)

CHAPTER XXVI

STERILITY SUBFERTILITY AND RECURRENT ABORTION

The Investigation and Treatment of Sterility and Subfertility

THE report of the Royal Commission on Population (1949) estimates that 8 per cent of the married couples in this country suffer from involuntary sterility This means that in the average practice of 2 300 patients there are approximately thirty married couples aged between twenty and forty who are not able to have children and there are many others who have to wait years before a child arrives To a large number of these couples their childless state is the cause of much sorrow and frustration and it is a satisfying experience to investigate a case of this nature if the woman afterwards bears a child

Much can be done without recourse to hospital or laboratory investigation but it is necessary to know the scope of and be able to interpret the results of, such investigations If certain procedures cannot be undertaken at the local hospital it is advisable to know what more can be expected from attendance at a fertility clinic and whether it is worth while making what may be a long journey to attend one

There are usually several factors which combine to produce infertility and if one or more of these can be corrected conception may occur provided of course that there is no mechanical barrier to conception and that coitus occurs within a few days of ovulation The general practitioner can give advice and correct minor abnormalities while hospital investigation is awaited or if the marriage is fairly recent and the woman young he can treat empirically over a period of several months In this way there is sometimes a saving of unpleasantness for the woman and of time and expense for the hospital It has been shown (Bender 1952) that approximately 50 per cent of women investigated for sterility subsequently bear children More than half of the successes would appear to be due to spontaneous cure

three days in each menstrual cycle at about the time of ovulation Unless coitus is frequent these few days may be missed each month quite by chance over a period of months or years

The time of ovulation is thought to coincide with or immediately precede a rise in a woman s basal temperature The graph of a woman s daily morning temperature shows a rise of about 0 5° F usually between the twelfth and sixteenth days of a twenty eight day cycle the rise being maintained until menstruation occurs and persisting if pregnancy supervenes

The oral temperature should be taken immediately on waking the thermometer being kept in the mouth for two minutes It should be read to the nearest 0 1° F It is not necessary to take the rectal or vaginal temperature

An abrupt temperature shift and a high level during the second half of the cycle are thought to indicate a high degree of fertility

If a woman s periods are irregular there is no other simple way of finding the fertile period but if the woman s cycle is regular she can be told that her fertile period is likely to be between twelve and sixteen days *before* her expected date of menstruation and that intercourse should take place between the eleventh and eighteenth days before her expected date (i e from the tenth to the seventeenth day of the cycle counting from the first day in a twenty eight day cycle or from the eighth to the fifteenth day in a twenty six day cycle) Mittelschmerz or intermenstrual loss varying from spotting to a one day period when they occur are pointers to ovulation time In all cases however if the woman is really eager to have a child it is wise for her to make a temperature chart for at least two cycles The time of ovulation before the next period is usually constant The timing of the fertile period is fundamental to any investigation of sterility Advice about this alone is all the treatment necessary in some cases

Abstention from coitus after menstruation and before the fertile period leads to an increased volume of semen in some cases and thus to a larger number of spermatozoa This is particularly important if the man is subfertile as Farris (1951) has shown

Any gynaecological abnormality should be treated Apart from major abnormalities those which may produce a state of infertility are as follows —

(a) *Pelvic Hypoplasia* A small uterus acutely ante flexed with a long narrow conical cervix and a pinhole os indicates the probability of subfertility especially if associated with hypomenorrhœa Stilbœstrol 2 mgm and ethisterone 10 mgm can be given daily during the second half of the menstrual cycle Ethinyl œstradiol 0 05 mgm and ethisterone 10 mgm are combined in one tablet of Orasecron

(b) *Cervical Erosion* Although many women conceive in spite of a large erosion this is a common cause of subfertility and should always be treated

(c) *Retroversion* This occurs in approximately 20 per cent of all women and if the uterus is mobile and normal it should be anteverted and kept in position with a Hodge pessary (see p 457) The only way in which anteversion increases fertility however is by bringing the os into such a position that it will be more completely bathed in the seminal fluid after coitus

(d) *Fibroids* Myomectomy is likely to help only if menor rhagia has been produced in which case the fibroids may inter fere with nidation of the fertilized ovum

(4) Treatment of any Abnormality of Sexual Life (see Chapter XXVIII) Many of these result in subfertility

(5) Advice regarding the Optimum Conditions for Conception Sexual feeling on the part of the wife is not necessary for conception to occur but some cases of sterility may be due to spasm of the Fallopian tubes possibly due to psychological factors The spasm may be overcome if the woman can achieve an orgasm If she is adequately prepared for coitus moreover the cervical secretions will be increased and conditions will be more favourable for the ascent of spermatozoa *The suggestions which follow should never be applied too rigidly therefore*

The Fertile Period The ovum remains capable of fertilization for only twenty four hours after being released Sperm will occasionally fertilize the ovum five days after coitus but it is rare for them to live longer than forty eight hours Conception can normally only occur therefore during two or

Quantity Over 1 0 ml and over 30 million spermatozoa/ml
Quality Over 40 per cent of the sperms motile
Less than 50 per cent of the sperms malformed

These criteria are based on those laid down by the Family Planning Association

Subfertile Semen The common causes of poor semen are orchitis associated with mumps late descent of the testicles trauma (including that during repair of hernia) hydrocœle and gonorrhœa Fertility may be depressed if the testicles are kept at too high a temperature There is no evidence that malnutrition or chronic ill health are of importance

Treatment A varicocœle may keep the testicles warm and should be removed In most cases the sperm count will increase If a hydrocœle is present it should receive operative treatment as it compresses the testicle and may be associated with low grade infection Azoospermia due to old epididymitis is occasionally cured by epididymostomy The wearing of suspensory bandages or the supporting type of underwear should cease Davidson (1954) reported several cases in which this improved a sperm count and conception occurred

Deficient spermatogenesis not due to organic blockage may occasionally be helped by testosterone if given in large doses by subcutaneous implantation Swyer (1954) using 200 or 300 mgm in this way produced improvement in 50 per cent of 56 men with sperm counts of 20 to 30 million or low motility seventeen pregnancies resulted

The spermatic function of an undescended testicle cannot be altered by bringing the testicle down after puberty

(2) LIPIODOL SALPINGOGRAPHY OR CARBON DIOXIDE INSUFFLATION Non patency of the tubes may be due to organic obstruction or to spasm and it is thought that these investigations owe their therapeutic effect in a proportion of cases to the relief of such spasm Spasm in some cases may be due to nervous tension *Absolute sterility should not be presumed until three consecutive salpingographs have shown both tubes to be closed*

Treatment If tubal spasm has been shown to occur and the woman is tense mild sedation may help For tubal occlusion which is normally secondary to pelvic infection providing the male is fertile a course of pelvic diathermy and

that the number of sperm falls considerably in such men with consecutive daily emissions

The longer the cervix is bathed in semen the more chance is there of spermatozoa entering the cervical mucus Conception will therefore be facilitated if semen is prevented from flowing out of the vagina The woman should place two pillows under her buttocks and remove any from under her head before coitus takes place in order that the slope of the vagina should be altered She should endeavour to remain in this position during the whole of the night In cases where the vagina is long or the cervix short it may help if the woman flexes the hips and knees during coitus

The following are two forms of treatment which may produce conditions conducive to conception They can be used after investigation or can be tried empirically in the early stages

(a) A pre coital vaginal douche (see later)

(b) Christie Brown (1957) believes that some cases of infertility are due to failure of nidation of the fertilized ovum and he advises preparation of the endometrium during the second half of the cycle by daily oral doses of dienœstrol 0 6 mgm (equivalent to stilbœstrol 2 mgm) and ethisterone 10 mgm (or one tablet of Orasecron)

Interpreting Hospital Investigations (1) SEMEN EXAMINATION The interpretation of abnormalities of the semen is still in its infancy and the principle stressed by Greenhill is sound—that *if a man can produce a single living sperm he should not be told that it is impossible for him to procreate* Moore White and Barton (1951) of the Fertility Department of the Royal Free Hospital recorded three cases in which conception occurred in spite of extreme oligospermia

At least three specimens should be examined unless the first or second is within normal limits as there is great variability in the sperm count Each specimen should be collected after several days sexual abstinence in a dry tube and put in a box surrounded by cotton wool for transport to the laboratory which should receive it as early as possible and not later than six hours after collection (a condom specimen is useless)

There is likely to be an element of male subfertility if the following standards are not satisfied in *at least one* specimen —

A couple should in general be advised to adopt if conception has not occurred within a year of initiating investigations The following further procedures are available for those who wish to continue trying after the preceding investigations have been concluded

Post Coital Test of Huhner Within twelve hours of inter course at the time of ovulation specimens of fluid from the posterior vaginal fornix and the cervical canal are examined in normal saline under the microscope The interpretation of the results of this test is still in its infancy but it is generally agreed that unless motile sperm are found in the cervical canal conception is unlikely to occur

Treatment If sperm are alive in the vagina and dead in the cervical canal (cervical hostility) cauterization of the cervix may help especially if the cervical mucus is thick and highly cellular If the cervical mucus is scanty there is likely to be some female subfertility and œstrogens which stimulate cervical secretions should be given during the first part of the cycle Stilbœstrol 1–2 mgm daily should be sufficient A higher dose usually produces an anovular cycle

Pre Coital Douches It may be that the vaginal and cervical secretions together do not produce the optimum conditions for spermatozoal migration Many spermatozoa rapidly lose their mobility in a glucose free medium for instance

Siegler (1946) used isotonic Ringer glucose solution as a pre-coital douche in 106 couples with no obstruction to sperm migration and in whom other routine anti sterility therapy had failed In 27 cases the women were pregnant within seven months of the treatment and in 19 cases the post coital test was positive after having been negative previously One of these douches can therefore be used after a post coital test has failed to show any motile sperm in the cervical canal or empirically

Artificial Insemination with the Husband s Semen (A I H) This may be used when fertility is due to premature ejacula tion and also for impotence as in most cases a fertile semen can be produced by masturbation A post coital test is per formed and if positive the wife is taught to carry out *self insemination* during the fertile period Conception should occur readily

systematic penicillin may be tried Should this fail, a plastic operation on the tubes can be undertaken in a last desperate attempt to restore patency The success of this procedure is of the order of 10 per cent

(3) ENDOMETRIAL BIOPSY This should be undertaken a few days before the onset of menstruation and will have to be repeated if the period does not follow as expected The preliminary dilatation of the cervix may have a slight therapeutic value in itself The following abnormalities affecting fertility may be found —

(a) *Tuberculous Endometritis* This is found in about 5 per cent of women complaining of primary infertility The modern treatment of thorough curetting followed by a course of systematic streptomycin has resulted in negative curettings subsequently and occasionally pregnancy

(b) *Anovular Menstruation Curettings showing this state of affairs merely prove that the particular cycle during which the curettings were taken was anovular* Most women have an occasional anovular cycle It is possible to have regular menstruation associated with only occasional ovulation whilst on the other hand irregular cycles may be associated with a high frequency of ovulation The frequency of anovular cycles can be shown by keeping a regular temperature chart in which the absence of a rise in temperature is evidence of an anovular cycle *Treatment* Small doses of thyroid (i e gr ¼ b d) may decrease the number of anovular cycles Bishop (1948) states that ovulation may be produced by giving 0 5 mgm stilbœstrol daily for twenty one days after menstruation together with 10 mgm ethisterone thrice daily during the last seven days and repeating this for several cycles One or two spontaneous ovulatory cycles may then follow

(c) *Endometriosis* This is another of the silent causes of sterility occurring mainly in women over thirty but it may be associated with pain often referred down the inner aspect of the thigh occurring premenstrually and relieved by menstruation

Treatment Treatment where necessary is surgical Schmitz and Towne (1948) reviewed 110 cases of endometriosis In 47 treated surgically with preservation of one or both ovaries 11 later conceived (23 per cent)

abortions should be in the region of 62 per cent and after three only 27 per cent

Owing to this high incidence of spontaneous cure after two abortions and the small number of women who undergo three successive abortions it is very difficult to assess the value of any form of therapy

The majority of abortions in healthy women are thought to be due to defects in the germ plasm

Hertig and Rock (1949) examined 28 early human conceptuses in hysterectomies performed on 136 young women (average age thirty three) none of whom had missed a period i e all the conceptuses were less than sixteen days old Of these they stated that seven were certainly destined to abort and five others were abnormal four were so abnormal that it is doubtful whether they would have produced clinical signs of pregnancy the abortion would therefore appear to be a heavy late period

These abortions are therefore inevitable Most other abortions are thought by some to be due to hormonal effects Both Smith in America (1948) using stilbœstrol and Bishop in this country (1950) using progesterone have claimed a much higher rate of success than the spontaneous cure rate calculated by Malpas Bevis (1951) has produced similar figures by merely investigating the patients and treating any abnormalities found results which tend to cast doubt upon Malpas s figures for the spontaneous cure rate although Bevis thinks that *psychological factors* played a part in any successes occurring after detailed investigation

He found that of 32 patients 2 had impaired thyroid function and he gave these thyroid gr ½ b d eight patients had persistently low urinary pregnanediol excretions and progesterone 5 mgm was given to these two or three times weekly

I have selected for comparison those cases which have had three consecutive abortions previously

Author	Treatment	Cases having had Three Consecutive Abortions	Live Foetus	Per Cent. Cure
Smith	Œstrogens	41	32	78
Bishop	Progesterone	17	13	76
Bevis	Investigation and treatment of specific defects	19	15	77

The husband passes semen into a dry glass tube and allows it to liquify (ten minutes) The wife draws it up into a glass insemination syringe (Allen and Hanburys) and lying on her back with knees drawn up and a pillow under her buttocks passes the syringe into the vagina and slowly expels the semen She should remain on her back for eight hours

CERVICAL INSEMINATION may be used for oligospermia or empirically in selected cases It must not be considered if there is likely to be any psychological damage to the couple concerned who should be well balanced personalities

A masturbation specimen is taken at the time of the rise in basal temperature With the patient in the lithotomy position the cervix is swabbed with dry cotton wool The liquified semen is drawn up into a glass insemination syringe and slowly injected into the cervical canal or sprayed on to the cervix The woman should rest as above for eight hours

The procedure is without danger provided no air is injected It may have to be carried out monthly for a considerable time *There is a higher incidence of spontaneous abortion with sub-fertile semen* but not of accidents of pregnancy and labour Lane Roberts records a conception rate of less than 30 per cent and a birth rate of not more than 15 per cent in 100 consecutive cases of cervical insemination

Artificial Insemination with Semen from a Donor (A I D) This procedure raises serious moral social and medico legal implications and cannot be recommended

Recurrent Abortion

This condition while not so common as infertility is even more distressing to the couple concerned

The Royal Commission on Population (1949) concludes that between 7 and 11 per cent of all pregnancies end in spontaneous abortion Something like 1 in 100 women therefore will have *two successive abortions purely by chance* Malpas (1938) in a survey of 115 abortions occurring in 6 000 pregnancies estimated that 17 of the 18 abortions in every 100 pregnancies were casual and the other was due to recurrent causes He worked out that the spontaneous cure rate after two consecutive

MOORE WHITE M and BARTON M (1951) *Brit Med J* i 741
ROYAL COMMISSION ON POPULATION (1949) Family Limitation and its Influence on Human Fertility during the last 50 Years H M S O
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From these figures it is hard to disagree with Bevis who says The best form of treatment in such cases is to instil confidence in the patient and to get her to rest over the time when her periods would have been due although Bishop (1952) is still convinced that patients carry to term on his treatment who would not have done so otherwise

Details of the routine treatment given by Bishop

Six 25 gm pellets of progesterone are implanted beneath the deep fascia of the thigh as early as possible in pregnancy preferably before the tenth week

There are two other ways in which a couple may be helped *The husband s semen is examined* and treatment is instituted if it is subfertile If the woman s external os is patulous and abortions have occurred later than three months and especially if they have been preceded by rupture of the membranes *weakness of the external os* may be a predisposing factor Green Armitage and Brown (1957) treated 7 cases surgically 5 of whom produced living children

Other Causes of Abortion Fibroids—only if submucous high amputation of the cervix chronic nephritis essential hypertension

None of these are likely to lead to recurrent abortion

Neither retroversion nor the Rh factor have been shown to be important factors Syphilis and diabetes tend to cause premature labour and stillbirths

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The cap consists of a dome of rubber attached to a flat watch spring rim and fits diagonally across the vagina from the posterior fornix to the back of the symphysis pubis It should remain in place all night It is best for the cap to be fitted by a doctor

The names of teaching clinics can be obtained from the Family Planning Association 64 Sloane Street London S W 1

A set of rings for fitting can be purchased for 17/6 (these cannot be used other than for fitting) or discarded caps can be obtained from a Family Planning Association clinic Individual Dutch caps cost from 7/6 to 15/ and last several years Spermicidal jellies cost from 1/6 to 5/ per tube Reliable makes approved by the F P A are Orthogynol Prentif Milsa Kylon c c jelly Duracream G P ointment and Volpar paste (this diffuses rapidly and coitus should take place within one hour of its insertion)

Sizes range from 50 mm increasing by 2 5 mm to 100 mm A virgin or a woman recently married requires sizes 50–60 mm and a woman with one or two children usually needs a size 70 mm

Technique of Fitting With the patient on her back a bimanual pelvic examination is made and the diameter of the pessary needed is gauged by measuring on the index finger the distance from the posterior fornix to the back of the symphysis The rim of the appropriate pessary is then gripped between the finger and the thumb and inserted along the posterior vaginal wall with the dome upwards (this way up is preferable as it brings the spermicide into closest contact with the cervix) If it is the correct size the woman is not conscious of its presence and on bearing down there is no tendency for it to descend below the symphysis A finger can be passed round between the ring and the vaginal wall When the correct size has been found the woman is taught to smear the pessary on both sides and around the rim with spermicidal jelly and to insert it She is then told how to hook it out while she is in the squatting position She is informed that although the procedure may be distasteful at first it will soon become part of her toilet routine The pessary should be inserted in the evening and washed in the morning before being put away She may douche herself with warm soapy water if she wishes It is essential that the pessary should remain in the vagina all night (preferably for eight hours) as otherwise sperm deposited in the vagina will be alive and able to swim up to the cervix A douche should always be used if the pessary has to be removed early for any reason

The woman should return later with the cap in position to check the size and the fact that the cervix is covered

CHAPTER XXVII

CONTRACEPTION

BIRTH control or the lack of it plays an important part in the lives of most married couples to day The Royal Commission on Population as a result of questioning over 3 000 women estimated that two out of every three women married since 1925 (i e the women now in the child bearing age groups) had at some time used a form of birth control Even among Roman Catholics in this small series 40 per cent had used birth control

There are very few young married people at the present time who want as many children as would arrive following free sexual activity and the vast majority of young married women with two or more children are afraid of a further pregnancy Many depend on relatively inefficient methods of birth control The Royal Commission estimated that one in four of all women married in 1940–47 used coitus interruptus alone In spite of contraception of some sort or other 14 per cent of those women married before 1935 had at least one unwanted child and others must have resorted in desperation to procuring abortion

The most reliable form of contraception consists in the combination of male and female methods but in practice the use of an efficient female method is perfectly satisfactory if carried out correctly and it means that control is in the woman s own hands

Female Methods of Contraception (1) THE DUTCH CAP PESSARY (In conjunction with a spermicidal paste) This is the commonest method advocated by Birth Control Clinics and is satisfactory for most women Used without a spermicide the method is unreliable but with one the unaccountable failure rate is only 1–3 per cent This method has the advantage that it does not interfere with the normal sexual relationship The woman fits the appliance before she retires and is not conscious of its presence while the man usually cannot tell whether his wife is protected or not

The cap consists of a dome of rubber attached to a flat watch spring rim and fits diagonally across the vagina from the posterior fornix to the back of the symphysis pubis It should remain in place all night It is best for the cap to be fitted by a doctor

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The woman should return later with the cap in position to check the size and the fact that the cervix is covered

At the initial consultation the fit should be a little on the tight side as unless the woman is completely relaxed on her return the cap may be found to be too loose Constipation may also cause a bad fit

Failure of the Dutch Cap Most cases of failure resolve into omission to use it on one particular night or a failure in technique the commonest being too early removal If the cervix lies posteriorly the cap may be inserted into the anterior fornix

(2) The Cervical Cap Pessary

This is a small rubber cap manufactured in four sizes which fits closely to the cervix It is more difficult for the woman to apply than the Dutch cap and it is inefficient if there is a cervical tear but is useful for a patient with a badly torn perineum or a cystocœle who cannot keep a Dutch cap in place and who has a long easily accessible cervix

(3) The Dumas Cap Pessary

This is intermediate between the cervical and Dutch cap pessaries It fits firmly in the vault of the vagina by suction but does not grip the cervix as does the cervical cap (Inter ference with vaginal sensation is minimal as it does not cover the anterior vaginal wall) It is made in four sizes only and is available in plastic as well as rubber material (small inter mediate and large are the three common sizes)

(4) The Sponge or Plug

A rubber sponge with string attached for removal can be used as an alternative to the cervical cap for women with a badly torn perineum or a cystocœle who are unable to retain a cap type pessary A piece of sponge rubber can be used as an alternative It is cut to the appropriate size (usually about 3 in in diameter) and soaked in olive oil before insertion in the upper part of the vagina The olive oil acts as a contra ceptive by immobilizing spermatozoa

Some women use other articles to plug the top of the vagina Cotton wool tissue paper or a handkerchief are soaked in olive oil

or a spermicidal jelly before insertion If used in conjunction with a douche before removal this is a relatively safe method and almost costless

(5) THE SOLUBLE PESSARY This type of pessary is well advertised a very popular make being Rendell s Most of these pessaries have to be inserted five to ten minutes before coitus and act for several hours They are not a satisfactory method of contraception used alone as direct insemination at the moment of ejaculation is not prevented Some contain cocoa butter which acts in a similar way to olive oil by immobilizing spermatozoa and can *only* be used alone as cocoa butter damages rubber Other pessaries dissolve in the vaginal moisture and therefore produce a burning sensation in some individuals while ulceration is possible from long continued use Delfen cream (Ortho) used with an applicator is claimed to be as effective as a cap and is pleasant to use

(6) MECHANICAL REMOVAL OF SEMINAL FLUID This method is useful when a condom has split or a pessary has slipped The woman squats and bears down and with two fingers vigorously rubs the upper part of the vagina and the cervix with strong soap-suds An immediate douche is an alternative

(7) STERILIZATION There is a failure rate of about 0 2 per cent even if the tubes are inserted into the uterine wall Many women ask for this operation but very few requests are founded upon strong enough grounds for the practitioner to be safe in advising it Strictly the only grounds are when preg nancy would be likely to endanger the life of the woman or seriously to affect her health The only firm psychiatric ground is psychosis Some gynæcologists prefer the request for this procedure to come from a consultant in another branch of medicine but others rely on their own judgment The step is one which should be considered seriously from every aspect The written consent of husband and wife and the considered opinion of two medical men are the minimum criteria necessary for the performance of the operation Patients have very hazy and incorrect notions as to what sterilization implies A woman who is to be sterilized should be made to realize

that the procedure is merely a mechanical one and that it involves no loss of feminity or sexual desire

(8) THE GRÄFENBURG RING This and all other methods involving the intra uterine use of appliances is mentioned only to be condemned It is used widely on the continent and in the United States but rarely in this country The ring made of silver or gold is inserted through the internal os remains inside the uterus for a year or more and acts by irritating the endometrium so that the fertilized ovum fails to embed itself It cannot be guaranteed to do this however and moreover the ring may fall out without the woman being aware of it It is therefore an unsatisfactory method of contraception In some cases embedding in the uterine wall has occurred necessitating surgical removal (Wright 1950) and the prolonged irritation of the endometrium is dangerous The goldpin and wishbone pessaries act in a similar way and are equally to be condemned

Male Methods of Contraception (1) THE SHEATH The male sheath or French letter' is still the commonest form of contraceptive Its disadvantages are that it interferes some what with sensation and has to be rolled on to the penis after erection has occurred As with any method depending for its application on the male it is not absolutely safe as far as the woman is concerned Used alone there are the additional dangers that it may split and that sperm may gain entrance to the vagina round its edge Providing that it does not split however it is a reliable single method There was a 2 per cent failure rate over fourteen years when used in conjunction with a spermicide (Wright 1950) Sheaths made of thin rubber are for use on one occasion each Durex sheaths cost 2s 6d for three Thicker sheaths are washable and may be used repeatedly

(2) COITUS INTERRUPTUS (Withdrawal or Being careful) This is a very commonly used method especially among working class people and is neither safe nor satisfactory Apart from the possibility that withdrawal may not occur in time to prevent sperm from being deposited in the upper part of the vagina it is quite common for some seminal fluid to be left at the introitus rendering conception possible This form of contraception is often a source of great mental strain to the woman who is worried lest withdrawal should occur too late and a pregnancy result It is often unsatisfactory to both partners owing to the fact that the physical act is incomplete

In a woman who achieves an orgasm except when withdrawal is practised the fact that there is no relief of sexual tension leads to pelvic congestion which may produce a sacral back ache and an increased menstrual flow

Coitus reservatus consists of withdrawal without ejaculation The psychological defects of this method are even worse than those of the usual type of coitus interruptus

Combined Methods (1) THE USE OF THE SAFE PERIOD This is the method advocated by the Roman Catholic Church and indeed is the only method they allow apart from abstention It has been known for conception to occur on every day of the menstrual cycle It is a fallacy that conception cannot occur while menstruation is proceeding as in a short cycle ovulation may occur during or immediately after menstruation and apart from this sperm from coitus taking place forty eight hours prior to ovulation often fertilize the ovum The only way to make this method in any way reliable is for the woman to find and avoid her own fertile period by constructing a morning temperature chart (see p 473)

In a normal 28 day cycle with ovulation at the average time (about the 14th day) conception is unlikely to occur if coitus is avoided from the 10th to the 16th day

If no temperature chart has been made and the date of ovulation is not known the fertile period for any particular woman may be outside the above limits and the safe period should be regarded as before the 8th day and after the 18th day In a woman who had irregular cycles the method is completely unreliable unless the temperature is taken regularly and coitus only takes place three days after the temperature rise indicating ovulation

Avoiding from 7–21 days before the period there were only 13 failures in 390 woman years (i e 3 3 pregnancies per 100 years exposure) according to Dunn (1956)

(2) ABSTENTION In young married people this is of course thoroughly unsatisfactory Sexual continence is not physiological and although a woman with a young family does not usually feel frustrated her husband does and may be driven to masturbation or worse

The avoidance of orgasm and the prolongation of suckling are of no value as methods of birth control

Premarital Advice This is requested by some young couples In some cases the woman wishes a cap to be fitted

before marriage and the hymen may have to be stretched before this can be done

She can be taught to do this herself by daily gradual stretching One lubricated finger is inserted and gentle pressure is exerted without causing severe pain As stretching proceeds day by day two fingers are inserted then three fingers bunched together and finally three fingers side by side There may be slight bleeding at some stage as the hymen gives way If stretching is difficult it can be done for her under a light anæsthetic

Unless the woman asks specific questions about sexual matters it is best to refer her to a good book such as Helena Wright s The Sex Factor in Marriage or for intelligent patients Van de Velde s classic Ideal Marriage

The Abuse of Contraception The small family is a sign of the times In most cases an only child is handicapped in his home life through lack of siblings and has an increased chance of being highly strung or developing neurosis

Many young couples wish to wait several years after marriage before having a child Some have good reasons but others merely selfish ones The tragedy is that owing to a woman s fertility declining in many cases after the age of twenty five by the time some couples decide to have a child they may have to wait a considerable time or the woman may fail to conceive Contraception in childless women over twenty five should therefore be discouraged

The Fear of Conception In my experience fear of conception is one of the common causes of an anxiety state in women with a young family It has already been mentioned that about one in every six women born before 1935 had at least one unwanted child Although the proportion is undoubtedly lower to day there are still a considerable number of women who conceive against their wish

Whenever therefore an emotional cause is suspected for symptoms in a young married woman or an organic cause cannot be found an enquiry should be made as to whether she would like any more children If she does not want more children her fear of conception is often exacerbated each time she has intercourse and is brought to a high pitch should a period be a day or two overdue

Women in their twenties who have had two or more children

in quick succession are often worried about their financial position or the difficulties of coping with several young children at once while women in their late thirties or forties with a large family think they have quite enough to cope with and many have a rather irrational fear of becoming pregnant on entering the menopause (See case history on p 38)

The fear of pregnancy is still present in some women who are using contraceptives as most of them have heard of women who have conceived in spite of contraception

Mrs D complained of tiredness irritability and loss of weight She was twenty five had three children and had been fitted with a Dutch cap at the local contraceptive clinic The symptoms were suggestive of an anxiety state especially as the tiredness was apparent on waking An appointment was made for her to come for examination and after this had proved negative further questioning revealed her fear of another pregnancy Advice was given regarding the construction of a temperature chart and she was instructed to avoid coitus during the fertile period and to use her Dutch cap at other times

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CHAPTER XXVIII

DISORDERS OF SEXUAL LIFE

Disorders in the Female

Time and time again after getting an interesting and important story of sexual unhappiness I have found that the woman has been to several physicians complaining perhaps of a little indigestion but *really looking for someone to whom she could really bring* herself to talk about her problem (Alvarez)

A WOMAN may bring up the problem herself if the doctor is unhurried *and obviously wishes to help her but in some cases* the doctor will have to broach the subject If therefore a patient complains of symptoms which might be due to pelvic congestion such as backache and menorrhagia and there is no pelvic pathology or if an anxiety state is present without any obvious cause she should be asked if it is possible that she is not getting satisfaction in her sexual activities

In most cases there is a psychological background to the disorder Women often enter into marriage with little knowledge of what the physical side of married life entails and often expect little *or nothing in the way of sexual feeling* Both parties may be unaware that a woman is capable of having an orgasm which is just as definite and comes to a similar type of climax to that of the male The art of love making has largely died out in Western civilization and it is not surprising therefore that sexual misunderstandings and inadequacies are the rule instead of the exception The higher her standards of moral values *the more will a woman be inclined to suppress* her sexual urge Suppression of sexuality may arise from having witnessed parental intercourse as a child or from harsh early toilet training

A family doctor should have a wide knowledge of the normal in human sexuality and the common abnormalities These notes will I hope help to stimulate interest in the subject but those who *wish to help their patients in these problems* should read widely on the subject as dealing with these intimate personal problems may be dangerous in the absence

of a deep knowledge of the subject and of the psychoneuroses A good book to start with is Any Wife or Any Husband by Medica

There are three golden rules for one who is beginning to deal with these problems —

(1) Never attempt to give any sort of treatment especially in the form of advice until a full history has been taken

(2) Never comment adversely on a woman s failure to achieve orgasm as it may effect her self esteem and produce dis ease Such failure is common (about one third of all women in this country) and many women do not realize that they are missing anything Others do not suffer from strain as a result of their failure to achieve orgasm unless a high pitch of erotic tension is regularly reached

(3) Never moralize or the chance of helping a patient may be lost Many of the people who come for advice have trans gressed the moral code of our society and an attitude of censure will not help them Indeed it may often increase unnecessarily the guilt complex which is a part of so many anxiety states (see p 57) It may help the strict moralist to know that 50 per cent of American male college students had sexual relations before marriage (Kinsey *et al* 1948) and that 17 per cent of 3 000 women questioned by the Royal Commission on Popula tion (1949) were pregnant before marriage

Apareunia As stated in a previous chapter this is not so uncommon as might be supposed Conception is not impossible but is unlikely

There are often associated anxiety symptoms Cure of apareunia is often possible by digital stretching under trilene analgesia or anæsthesia and treatment of associated vagi nismus (q v) but anxiety symptoms require common sense psychotherapy

Mrs D was an intelligent woman who felt a bit of a sham in coming to the doctor without any physical complaint She felt tired irritable and depressed and unfit for her work in a milliner s shop It transpired that on their wedding night six years previously her husband had attempted sexual relations although she was menstruating Soon afterwards he went overseas and ever since he returned she had repelled his advances Examination revealed no abnormality except a vagina which would barely admit one finger Many of Mrs D s symptoms left her when she realized

that they were the outcome of her unsatisfactory married life and cure of her apareunia has given her a chance to build up a happy marriage

Dyspareunia This may be due to a physical cause such as a laceration a bulky retroverted uterus or prolapsed or pathological ovaries It is commonly due to vaginismus however (*q v*)

Frigidity Frigidity is usually due to a vaginal anæsthesia but in many women this is not a cause for complaint In those who do complain vaginal anæsthesia is usually due to the husband s poor technique or symptomatic either of maladjustment with the husband or of fear of pregnancy

In the newly wed the condition often resolves spontaneously in time but resolution may be aided by attempting to counteract the causes of maladjustment The common initial use of a condom or coitus interruptus is not conducive to sexual satisfaction for the woman If the woman has been brought up to think of sexual matters as an unpleasant duty an attempt can be made to give her a more healthy attitude on the subject and if she is unable to relax a short acting sedative such as methyl pentynol may be taken just before retiring

Frigidity in the woman who has borne children is unlikely to respond to treatment as the causes may be deep seated and buried in the past

Secondary Frigidity Frigidity following a period of normal sexual life is sometimes due to loss of affection The woman may be secretly in love with another man Frigidity for a *short time after childbirth is protective against too early* conception and after a woman has had all the children she wants there is no biological necessity for intercourse and frigidity may result In some cases frigidity is due not to vaginal anæsthesia but to the fact that orgasms have never been completely attained although erotic sensation is experienced Pelvic congestion and an anxiety state result In some cases the fault lies with the husband who is precipitate or impotent The acute stress may be relieved by child bearing but the anxiety state should be treated Occasionally when erotic tension is high and orgasm is subconsciously inhibited at the last moment *a very serious degree of frustration* and anxiety result requiring skilled psychiatric help

In some cases where orgasm cannot be attained no attempt has been made at an orgasm produced by clitoral stimulation and digital stimulation of the clitoris by the husband should be advised (Helena Wright) The woman should be reassured that there is nothing shameful or wrong about this method

If a woman has once known libido and there is no obvious cause for her loss of it methyl testosterone in a dose of 5 mgm two or three times daily sublingually is worthy of trial

Vaginismus A spasm of the muscles surrounding the vagina sufficient to prevent penile entry or to make it painful can occur in a woman who is very fond of her husband If fear of pregnancy is absent the condition may be due to a deep seated fear of penetration due to childhood experiences or upbringing It may however have been caused initially by painful coitus due to a tight hymen or more commonly to over vigorous male attempts at penetration before the female has been adequately prepared for coitus and before muscular relaxation and vaginal lubrication have occurred The pain has led to fear and spasm has therefore occurred on coitus which has increased the pain The vicious circle must be broken for cure to take place Many women can cure them selves of flinching (Medica) if they will learn to relax their general musculature The introitus is relaxed if the sacrum is supported on a pad and the knees are held apart and up to the shoulders The woman should bear down as her husband attempts penetration A water soluble lubricant is often helpful (e g K Y or Prentif jelly) and in some cases a local anæsthetic lubricant such as xylocaine gel Some women find penetration easier with coitus a tergo with the knees drawn up A woman may need to be shown that when she is relaxed there is plenty of room and that penetration is not painful With the patient in the dorsal position with full flexion the physician should insert one well lubricated finger gently into the vagina and asking the woman to breathe in and out deeply should endeavour to insert a second and then a third finger If three fingers can be inserted without pain the woman can be re assured that coitus will be painless if she can attain complete relaxation A woman can often dilate herself for reassurance using her fingers or glass dilators In this case it may help if she uses lignocaine gel to aid relaxation

Masturbation and Homosexuality These are not uncommon especially in unmarried women and often give rise to a sense of guilt and anxiety

Disorders in the Male

Premature Ejaculation This very common complaint is usually psychological if there is no obvious organic disease and a man may be precipitate with one woman but not with another The condition is common in early marriage and after a long abstinence The temporary type can often be cured by repeating coitus almost immediately or by the use of a local anæsthetic ointment

Newly weds can be reassured that this is a common experience which usually rights itself If the premature ejaculation persists for any length of time there is thought to be a subconscious resistance to intercourse in spite of the apparent over keenness and impotence supervenes in some cases The cause of the state of anxiety may be found after questioning the man about his views on sex and his early education in such matters He may have been imbued with a sense of guilt concerning sexual matters as a result of faulty sex education or masturbation Improvement occurs after reorientation and reassurance In some cases precipitancy is mainly due to a wife s vaginismus

Long standing cases or those which do not improve with simple psychotherapy should be referred to a psychiatrist

Impotence and Loss of Libido There are many grades of impotence from complete loss of libido absence of erections incomplete and weak erections insufficient for penetration and inability to ejaculate in spite of normal erection to premature ejaculation

Organic Impotence This accounts for approximately one tenth of all cases (Simpson 1950) It is absolute If a man masturbates successfully or has nocturnal erections and emissions but is impotent with a female his impotence is likely to be psychological

Debilitating disea es malnutrition major endocrine disorders and carcinoma of the prostate treated by œstrogens produce impotence The impotence due to castration eunuchoidism or early climacteric is improved by testosterone

This may be given by injection (50 mgm on alternate days) or by sublingual administration of methyl testosterone (10 mgm to 40 mgm thrice daily reducing to 10 mgm or less) or by six monthly implantations 400 mgm of testosterone are implanted under local anæsthesia in the subcutaneous fat of the lower abdomen or thigh The incision is 1 inch long a blunt trochar and cannula are used to insert the tablet and one suture only is necessary

Testosterone therapy is contra indicated in the elderly and those with cardiac or renal disease as fluid and salt retention are caused In adolescents acne may occur as a side-effect but this is a small price to pay for what Raymonde Greene describes as the brilliant results of treatment in the eunuchoid boy in whom not only is impotence cured but the secondary sex characteristics are made more becoming to a young man

Psychological Impotence There is a great variation in normal sexual desire which is congenitally determined and some men have a natural feebleness of desire which amounts almost to absence This can be associated with a virile brain or body

Impotence may occur on the wedding night when both partners may be tired or anxious and self conscious Failure leads to further anxiety and premature ejaculation or impotence occurs again Strauss (1950) points out that perhaps the commonest type of impotence is that in which the man has subconsciously divided the other sex into nice women and fast women He associates sexual intercourse with the second group which includes prostitutes and unfaithful wives The first group which includes his mother his sister and the girl he marries are pure and to be loved He subconsciously feels that he ought not to enjoy sexual affairs with them and thus he is unable to achieve coitus Guilt at his impotence increases it The man may also have feelings of guilt concerning masturbation or homosexual experience—he *may be in love with another woman or may be having sexual* relations outside marriage Temporary impotence due to boredom fatigue or anxiety is quite common A rest from business worries reassurance that most men have failure at some time or another sedatives in some cases and an explanation of any underlying anxiety will often cure To concentrate on love making rather than on the possibility of personal failure may be helpful Some cases especially if long standing require the help of a psychiatrist Methyl testosterone 5 mgm t d s

can be given and appears to aid some cases Pillay (1948) thinks that the success of any form of endocrine treatment in these cases is usually due to psychic factors as good results have been obtained with preparations now known to be worth less A temporary release from impotence may come with a new partner and this is one of the impediments to stable marriage

Homosexuality Minor forms of this are quite common especially where men are herded together as in public schools and prison camps Kinsey (1948) reports the incidence of homosexual experience to the point of orgasm in the American male as 37 per cent There are a few men who display homo sexual tendencies under perfectly normal conditions

All men are bisexual and minor homosexual tendencies can be ignored especially if heterosexual tendencies are pre dominant Seduction in early youth often turns a bisexual into a homosexual The true homosexual pervert is an indi vidual to be pitied who requires psychiatric help Curran and Parr (1957) reviewing 100 cases seen in private psychiatric practice showed that they included important and talented individuals of high integrity who were successful efficient and respected members of the community They divided their cases into a small group of pædophiliacs who were sexually attracted by pre pubertal boys and were usually lone wolves and the large group of adult seekers who often belong to homosexual coteries Mutual masturbation was the rule and they came to the conclusion that most practising homosexuals indulge at some time or other in all available types of homo sexual acts both actively and passively In only 9 out of 59 cases was there any change towards heterosexual preference on follow up and these were mainly among those placed originally in the bisexual group Nevertheless half of those treated showed changes in adjustment Treatment has there *fore little effect on bisexuals Stilbœstrol 5 mgm* daily will however suffice to suppress the sexual impulse as long as it is taken although the subject may put on weight and suffer from mammary development The pædophiliacs should be put in jail to protect the community

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CHAPTER XXIX

COMMON DISORDERS RECENTLY RECOGNIZED

THERE are many conditions occurring in general practice in which it is difficult to make an exact diagnosis Most of them are not dangerous to life and only a few cases reach the consultant but a knowledge of them is not only advantageous in preventing overtreatment but also to the general practitioner himself in increasing his self confidence and his ability to give a confident and reassuring prognosis Some of these conditions are out lined below

Bornholm Disease (Epidemic Myalgia or Pleurodynia) A pyrexial illness of sudden onset with pain on respiration possibly combined with abdominal pain presents many diag nostic possibilities If from these can be differentiated the mild virus disease occurring in small epidemics or sporadically which usually resolves within a week without specific treat ment the relatives and doctor will be saved anxiety con sultants and hospitals time and the patient the possible toxic effects of antibiotics used empirically

HISTORY Osler states that in 1856 and 1863 Finsen observed an epidemic disease in Iceland which he reported in 1874 as pleurodynia or muscular rheumatism of the chest Epidemics were subsequently described in many countries and Sylvest a Danish general practitioner working on the island of Bornholm published in 1933 a monograph entitled Epidemic Myalgia In this country there were three descriptions in 1924 of outbreaks of epidemic pleurisy but it was left to Pickles (1933) a general practitioner to identify an epidemic in this country as Bornholm disease

Hopkins (1950) gives an account of an epidemic occurring in his own practice and quotes a case diagnosed by a consultant as atypical pneumonia A further case was subjected to laparotomy and another was discharged from hospital after two weeks investigation as prolapse of a thoracic inter vertebral disc Apart from the small epidemic he describes eight sporadic cases occurring in his practice during two years

and suggests that the disease is much commoner than is generally recognized

I agree with Hopkins as to its prevalence as I saw at least five sporadic cases in two widely separated parts of the country during the twelve months subsequent to the publication of his article and continue to meet an occasional case

ÆTIOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY The cause is probably a virus infection with one of the Cocksackie group of viruses Spread may be alimentary or by droplet The inflammation in most cases appears to be at least primarily in the diaphragm

The incubation period is two to ten days

CLINICAL DESCRIPTION Bornholm disease can occur in all degrees of severity but it is certain that few cases seen in general practice would merit the description devil s grip of the older epidemics Undoubtedly many cases are never seen by a physician

The illness is usually febrile and occurs mainly in children from five to fifteen years of age Subclinical attacks commonly occur in adults in the same household It is characterized by pain often of sudden onset and muscular in type The pain occurs in spasms and depending on the part of the diaphragm involved may be referred to the shoulder the chest wall or the abdomen Abdominal pain is common in children in whom nausea and vomiting may occur The pain is typically felt on deep respiration laughter or movement

Headache stiffness of the neck or sore throat may be associated but there is seldom any cough

On examination the respiratory rate is usually increased there may be a slight pleural rub probably of muscular origin and there is usually tenderness just below the costal margin and the xiphisternum

The fever lasts for several days but rarely longer than a week Relapse is common a day or two after the temperature has returned to normal Benign meningitis occurs in 5 per cent of cases usually towards the end of the third week

DIFFERENTIAL DIAGNOSIS *Pleurisy* will be thought of in most cases Bornholm disease can be differentiated by the greater degree of myalgia and the lack of association between the severity of the pain and the loudness of the pleural rub if present

Appendicitis will be considered in the case with abdominal pain but the characteristic history of appendicitis is lacking in Bornholm disease and the pain is worse on deep breathing (which does not occur with an unperforated appendicitis)

Poliomyelitis may cause confusion for a short time

TREATMENT is symptomatic

Roseola Infantum (Sixth Disease) This is a common member of the exanthemata occurring sporadically and almost exclusively in infants aged six months to two years Berenberg *et al* (1949) believe that it is probably the most common febrile exanthem under three years and suggest that most infants get it It has found its way into few text books however and even Osler gives it only a few lines

The incubation period is ten to fifteen days which tends to support a suggestion of its virus ætiology

The onset is usually acute with pyrexia which persists for three to five days There is often little malaise but tonsillitis headache and abdominal pains occur in some cases The suboccipital and posterior cervical lymph glands may be enlarged The infection should be thought of in any infant who has a fever without physical signs and is not ill

The eruption which usually occurs at the end of the pyrexia appears first on the neck and trunk as small rose coloured macules which fade on pressure The face usually escapes The eruption fades completely in a few hours to two days

Febrile convulsions are the commonest complication No fatalities have ever been recorded

DIFFERENTIAL DIAGNOSIS The eruption is often diagnosed as a teething rash a toxic rash or prickly heat

Rubella produces a similar rash which however usually occurs soon after the onset of pyrexia and usually involves the face

TREATMENT is symptomatic

Epidemic Vertigo This presents as a sudden onset of vertigo with no physical signs other than nystagmus which is not relieved by recumbency and lasts for days up to several weeks The cause is thought to be a virus infection of the labyrinth

TREATMENT is symptomatic

Epidemic Vomiting This often occurs as a small epidemic within one or two families and the mode of spread of this probable virus infection is likely to be respiratory Sudden repeated vomiting attacks a previously healthy victim and lasts for up to twenty four hours Frequent pale stools may subsequently be passed but complete recovery is usual within one or two days The incubation period is two days but occasionally up to a week

' Acroparæsthesia " and the Carpal Tunnel Syndrome This very common condition occurs mainly in middle aged or elderly women who have had to do full housework or other heavy work for the first time in their lives It also occurs in younger women who have had extra work on top of their normal house hold duties I see several cases each year and many women do not bother to consult a doctor as they realize themselves the cause of their symptoms and the cure

ÆTIOLOGY Walshe (1945) believes that this is mechanical pressure being caused on the brachial plexus by a normal first rib or the scalene muscles

CLINICAL DESCRIPTION The presenting symptoms are usually numbness and tingling of the hands and fingers associated with severe pain of a burning character and a tendency to drop things The symptoms are of gradual onset and usually get worse at night when the pain may prevent sleep Relief is sometimes obtained by hanging the arm out of bed The hands lose their normal dexterity during the day and the fingers are clumsy and weak

The symptoms are usually bilateral but are worse in the hand which is used most They are aggravated by a heavy day s work especially if this involves carrying heavy baskets ironing or washing

On examination the patient often appears to be suffering from chronic fatigue There are rarely any abnormal signs apart from an occasional blunting of sensation over the digits in severe cases and perhaps some pallor of the fingers The grip may be weak and in severe cases there may be wasting of the outer half of the thenar eminence

TREATMENT There should be a long period of abstention from heavy work and the worse arm should be supported in a sling whenever possible when standing or walking

Many housewives say that it is impossible for them to rest but relatives or friends will usually help and it may be possible to obtain a home help (see p 32)

The Carpal Tunnel Syndrome Many of the more severe cases of acroparæsthesia including some in which the pain may radiate as far up as the shoulder have been shown to be due to compression of the median nerve in the carpal tunnel In these cases the little finger usually escapes Division of the flexor retinaculum at the wrist usually results in immediate relief (Kremer 1953)

Cough Fracture It has been known for some time that severe coughing can lead to a fracture of the lower ribs while fracture of the first rib can arise spontaneously in those subjected to unaccustomed exertion It is only recently however that it has been realized that cough fracture is quite a common cause of pleural pain

Mitchell (1951) found that during one year of non tuberculous patients referred to a chest clinic by general practitioners 106 had pleural pain as a symptom Fourteen of these had cough fractures Wynn Williams (1951) reports 9 cases of cough fracture seen over a period of eighteen months at a chest clinic

A sudden onset of pain only occurred in 8 of the total of 23 cases in the two series The pain is clinically that of pleurisy and in several reported cases a pleural rub was heard It usually lasts however for several months

The fracture may easily be missed if a radiograph is taken in only one plane and in many cases it is not diagnosed until a repeat radiograph a few weeks later shows callus formation

Hiatus Hernia This is not uncommon and is a fairly common cause of persistent vomiting and heartburn in pregnancy Ulceration may occur at or above the cardia when burning epigastric or substernal pain is felt immediately or soon after taking food Flatulence is common and dyspepsia is often associated Pain may also come on when lying down or bending forward There are remissions as in gastric or duodenal ulcer Bleeding is common and the condition may present as chronic anæmia The condition may also present with attacks of anginal pain brought on by exertion or bending

A barium meal is only diagnostic if the patient is examined in Trendelenburg's position Many people have radiological herniation without symptoms and it is likely that achalasia of the cardia produced by physical or mental stress allows gastric juice to impinge on the gastric mucosa and produce symptoms

TREATMENT This is on similar lines to that of peptic ulcer although alkalis may give little relief as œsophagitis is probably caused more by enzyme action than by acid A demulcent antacid such as Aludrox is often successful Sleep may be improved if the patient is propped up and he should avoid stooping during the day In the obese symptoms are usually improved by losing weight If symptoms persist the diaphragmatic hernia can be repaired or a left phrenic avulsion performed

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CHAPTER XXX

PROBLEMS OF LIFE AND DEATH

The Cancer Problem THE DANGERS OF BIOPSY Ogilvie (1951 a) has written strongly against the prevalent habit of taking a biopsy specimen to confirm a diagnosis of malignancy A high tissue pressure has been shown to be the essential factor responsible for the dissemination of any malignant tumour and the cut surface from which a biopsy specimen has been taken has on it loose cancer cells some of which may get into the open veins and lymphatics which have been exposed by the same cut

Small lesions can be exercised *in toto* for section and in large lesions the diagnosis should seldom be in doubt

SHOULD THE PATIENT BE TOLD? Even if the lesion is so *early that cure by surgery or radiation therapy is almost* certain it is doubtful whether it is wise to tell the patient The knowledge can often lead to a phobia concerning recurrence and a state of perpetual anxiety In most cases of cancer it is wise however for someone to be told the truth The general principle of informing one of the relatives but keeping the news from the patient himself is a sound one but each case should be judged on its merits Many patients ask to be told the truth but few really want it It isn t cancer is it? is a request for negative reassurance Sooner or later most intelligent patients come to realize that they are not going to recover but the knowledge comes to them gradually and is not then too great a shock Occasionally however it may be necessary and wise to tell the patient Alvarez (1944) quotes the case of a man who when he eventually came to know the truth wished that he instead of his wife had been informed at the outset since his wife was much less fitted to face the news than he was Another of his patients had spent most of his wealth on palliative treatment for a carcinoma of the œsophagus and bitterly regretted that he had not known earlier as he would then have been able to leave his wife and children amply provided for

If the physician has a strong personal religious faith he may be able to remove the fear of death from his patient The truth about the condition may then be broken to him gradually and gently Hope should never be dispelled entirely and the rapid advances in all fields of medical research should be stressed

In every case where the truth is known the patient must be reassured repeatedly that severe pain will be relieved by modern treatment as many patients fear suffering more than they fear death

The Treatment of Advanced Cancer CAN CANCER BE CURED ? Orthodox medical opinion will not admit of any cure save by surgical removal or destruction by radiation but there are authenticated cases of proved inoperable cancers which have regressed permanently without treatment probably owing to some as yet unknown factor of resistance in the patient Some such cases may have been treated by a cancer cure which will thereafter naturally receive a fillip It is impossible to state dogmatically that all such cures are worth less H_{11} the best known of them was investigated for the Medical Research Council with indeterminate results (1948) but the sponsors of H_{11} say that it was not given a fair trial and claim palliation in a large proportion of cases It would appear to be worthy of trial in a young person with inoperable cancer

H_{11} can be ordered under the National Health Service but the patient has to pay the cost of certain special laboratory procedures undertaken at the Hosea Research Laboratories Sunbury on Thames Oral administration has now replaced intramuscular administration and the sponsors claim better results

PALLIATIVE TREATMENT (*a*) *Hormone Therapy*

Carcinoma of the Prostate Stilbœstrol 15 mgm daily produces regression for many years in most cases

Carcinoma of the Breast About 50 per cent of cases are hormone dependent (Hadfield 1956) and respond in some measure to the addition or removal of hormones

The Post Menopausal Woman Stilbœstrol 15 mgm daily produces remission mainly in soft tissue lesions in at least 25 per cent of cases Results are no better with higher dosage This treatment is entirely empirical and as the best results

are in patients over sixty it is advised that it be tried only in patients at least five years past the menopause Patients who respond usually do so in a month and the treatment should not be continued for longer than three months if there is no sign of clinical improvement If side effects are produced a dose as low as 2 mgm daily can be used as in one series (Stoll and Ellis 1953) equally good results were obtained with this dose as with 20 mgm daily

The Woman under 60 *Androgens* relieve 25 per cent of cases especially with bony metastases Testosterone propionate 100 mgm intramuscularly three times weekly is more reliable than larger oral doses of methyl testosterone or methyl andro stenediol Remission lasts six to eighteen months If acne occurs it can be relieved to some extent by the inunction of a cream containing œstrogens

Oophorectomy or radiological destruction of the ovaries results in remission for up to several years in 15 to 30 per cent of cases

Adrenalectomy (bilateral) can prolong remission when the beneficial effects of oophorectomy are beginning to wear off Cortisone is required for maintenance

Hypophysectomy may give better results than any of the above methods as the gonads adrenals and thyroid glands are caused to atrophy Remission is likely in 50 per cent of cases and cortisone and thyroid are needed for maintenance

(*b*) *Local* An ulcerated carcinomatous mass can give the patient and his relatives a great deal of misery The com monest types in practice are those of the breast Local applica tions are rarely successful although bromine 1/1000 or 1/500 on gauze which is kept moist with the solution may take away the odour and remove some of the slough

Radium needles inserted under a short general anæsthetic are stated by Fitzwilliams (1946) to be of real value in healing most ulcers and thereby improving the patient s general health The whole mental outlook of the patient changes as his health improves and he feels that he has been cured He later fades away peacefully from the effect of metastases

(*c*) *Operative* Palliative surgery is justified in most cases of abdominal cancer for the obstruction is relieved and the patient eventually dies of metastases in the liver In recent

years American surgeons have developed radical methods of palliative surgery which tend to convert some cases previously considered inoperable into the operable group Brunschwig (1951) reports that of eleven patients with carcinoma of the colon which had invaded the anterior abdominal wall at the time of operation three were alive five years after the operation

Complete pelvic exenteration has also been tried of recent years by Brunschwig and others for inoperable female genital cancer which metastasises late In some cases the bowel is spared The operative mortality (within one month) is about 25 per cent but some patients are enabled to resume a useful and reasonably normal life afterwards and there have been some apparent cures

Living with a Colostomy Every effort should be made to leave the bowel to evacuate itself naturally rather than to rely on daily washouts The secret of a successful colostomy is constipation a low residue diet and the avoidance of excessive fluids are helpful as are sedatives in the worrying type of patient In most cases however substances which increase the bulk of the stool are necessary methyl cellulose Isogel or Normacol are all effective Opiates are occasionally required in addition The bowel of the colostomy should be protected by gauze smeared with Vaseline outside which is placed cellulose wadding and jaconet The skin around the colostomy may need protection against excoriation by a preparation containing silicones

The Patient who is Dying Experience alone will tell when a patient is likely to recover and even the most experienced physicians give an occasional incorrect prognosis To give a firm opinion as to how long a patient will live is usually unwise Everyone has met the man whom the doctors gave six months to live many years ago

There are several signs which herald death in old people who are gravely ill—the blood pressure is usually gradually lowered there is mental confusion and nocturnal restlessness increases There may be a sudden onset of bed sores or incontinence

If the patient is certain to die any interference should be reduced to a minimum investigations or surgery should not be contemplated and all must be done to make the patient

comfortable The 'death rattle , which is distressing to the attendants, can be reduced by an injection of atropine

The doctor usually knows his patient well by the time the end draws near and will know how to answer him if he asks whether he is going to die or not All Roman Catholic patients want a priest who will deal with this problem Whatever the physician s personal views about the possibility of life after death he should act in the presence of a dying man as if he believed in it In most cases the mind is clouded towards the end and awareness of the imminence of death is unusual

The only really reliable test for death is to listen for heart sounds with the stethoscope for five minutes as extreme cold severe loss of blood and shock vagal inhibition (as from immersion in cold water) and electrocution may all simulate death closely In most cases in which the doctor has been attending an ill patient however the look of death is unmistakable

Dealing with the Relatives The relatives need constant reassurance that the patient s ending will be without distress If the final coma is prolonged they should be encouraged to sleep in turns during the night watches Even if they have known for some time that the patient is dying the actual moment of death comes as a great shock to many of them, and most close relatives require a sedative if only for the first night In most cases a call should be made the following day

The undertaker will usually make all arrangements about laying out the body Some relatives prefer to have this done immediately however and there are women in most districts who will perform this task for them The District Nurse usually knows how to contact them

The Death Certificate is required to be posted to the Registrar but in practice it is given to the relatives in a sealed envelope to take with them and thus avoid the possibility of delay

The Question of Euthanasia This has been a subject for debate for many years The attitude of the late Lord Dawson of Penn shows a well balanced approach to the problem He emphasized the dangers inherent in the legislation of euthanasia— hopeless cases have been known to recover and a medical method of cure for cancer may arrive at any time

Nevertheless although doctors are pledged to save human life there is no need for them to prolong the actual act of dying In practice doctors always aim to allow the patient to pass away in his sleep and it is best to leave matters as they are

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CHAPTER XXXI

PAIN AND ITS RELIEF

Pain is the commonest and the most difficult of all symptoms to interpret (Clark Kennedy)

PAIN is defined in the Oxford Dictionary as A sensation one feels when hurt in body or mind Much of the difficulty in the interpretation of this sensation which leads in many cases to errors in diagnosis is due to the failure to make full use of existing knowledge of pain

It is rarely possible to measure the severity of a patient s pain except under research conditions and the physician has to rely to a large extent on the patient s own description of his pain It is easy to forget the tremendous individual variation in sensitivity to pain and to think that a patient is putting it on merely because the physician himself would not expect to feel as severe a pain had he the same lesion It is common knowledge that organic pain is lessened if the mind is occupied or under the influence of a great passion or excitement and increased if it is dwelt upon Fatigue mental stress and prolonged suffering are known to lower the threshold to pain Can a patient be blamed if various factors (which may never be revealed to the physician) have lowered his threshold to pain ? *The true malingerer is rare* and when pain appears to be out of proportion to the severity of a patient s lesions the physician s attitude should be to discover the factors which are causing his pain threshold to be lowered rather than to treat him as if he were indeed a malingerer Fear makes some patients minimize their pain and others pretend they are worse than they really are

It appears probable that there are two small groups of individuals who are basically either hypersensitive or hyposensitive to pain Hyposensitives may have old scars or ununited fractures as evidence of their lack of pain s warnings and any complaint of pain in them deserves serious consideration The hypersensitives who suffer more than most people deserve deep sympathy as they are often misunderstood and looked down on Such people if they have a

neurosis tend to have many and varied somatic manifestations owing to their lowered tolerance of discomfort but neurosis is by no means confined to this group and may occur in hyposensitives

Keele (1954) has confirmed that these groups can be defined clinically by means of an algometer, which measures the pressure necessary to produce pain in a standard time when applied to the skin The normal range is 0 5–6 kg and the 10 per cent at either end of the scale (less than 2 and over 3 5) are fairly easy to differentiate

Pain can be divided roughly into three types each of which has its characteristic features —

(1) Superficial pain
(2) Deep pain
(3) Psychogenic pain

Superficial Pain This includes pain arising in the skin mucous membranes and superficial tissues including the deep fascia and subcutaneous periosteum The pain is accurately localized and has a pricking or burning quality the latter especially if mucous membranes are affected It is often associated with other sensations such as those of touch and heat produced by the same stimulus

Deep Pain This includes pain arising from muscles the vertebræ and other bones situated deeply and the viscera It is poorly localized more diffuse and often associated with nausea It can be tested for by applying pressure to the web between the first finger and the thumb *The accuracy with which a pain is localized depends on the depth at which a tissue lies and not on the nature of the tissue itself* (Kellgren 1939) Thus superficial periosteum gives rise to well localized pain while deep periosteum may give only a rough attempt at localization Muscle pain is really intermediate between deep and superficial pain Precision in locating an injury is found when it has been serviceable in the history of the species i e it is a matter of education

Deep pain is often referred to a segment of skin (mainly to one part of it)

If there are no special localizing signs —

(1) *The pain in the skin referred from a deep lesion may be judged to have arisen from a superficial lesion as there is often exactly the same local tenderness and muscle rigidity*



the viscus is the higher is the pain usually felt The sensation is in the midline whether the organ is midline or not and is appreciated as being deep to the skin

Viscus	Region where Pain is Felt
Oesophagus	Episternal
Stomach duodenum and biliary system	Upper epigastrium
Small intestine appendix and cæcum	Lower epigastrium and umbilicus
Large intestine	Hypogastrium

Morley (1931) has shown that viscera produce pain also by irritating the peritoneum which refers the pain to the skin and muscles overlying it The pain from an acutely inflamed appendix or a gastric ulcer changes position as the position of the lesion is altered The lesion itself is not tender to touch as has been confirmed by many surgeons operating under local anæsthesia Ogilvie (1950) while disagreeing that visceral pain is *never* referred direct to the skin says that referred visceral pain if it occurs at all is so inconsistent and unreliable that it is of no real help in diagnosis

A ROOT PAIN is apt to be stabbing in the early stages later becoming continuous and burning or tingling in nature It is often provoked or aggravated by anything which increases the pressure of the cerebro spinal fluid such as coughing sneezing and straining at stool The burning nature of the pain which develops is probably due to damage to the nerve giving rise to centrifugal impulses which release substances in the skin (as in herpes zoster and causalgia following direct injury to the nerve)

Psychogenic Pain Many patients cannot tell the difference between their pain due to obviously organic causes (i e toothache or a blow) and their psychogenic pain The pain of psychoneurosis is only imaginary in so far as it occurs within the mind

Psychogenic pain can often be recognized by the fact that the distribution and description of the pain do not fit in with those of organic disease There is often extreme local tenderness which varies in degree and extent on successive examinations Generalized vague pains are often secondary to the

(2) *Pain arising from different deep structures supplied by the same segment of the cord has the same segmental distribution and is accompanied by the same reflex signs* Thus as a stone descends the ureter the same characteristic renal colic occurs at whatever level the stone may be

One of the first patients I had to look after in a surgical ward was a man in his forties who had been fully investigated for renal colic with negative results A spinal anæsthetic was given for a retrograde pyelogram following which the patient developed anæsthesia of the saddle area He was discharged with residual symptoms from this but two months later was readmitted and was found to have a secondary carcinoma in the spine at the level of the tenth thoracic vertebra which had not shown on previous X rays

Sciatica is often treated as a local lesion when the cause is commonly in the spine and diaphragmatic pleurisy can give the same abdominal tenderness and rigidity as an acute abdominal catastrophe

EXPLANATION OF REFERRED PAIN There is general agreement now that the bias in favour of surface reference is a matter of faulty localization The brain has built up a detailed map of the body surface and tends to refer the pain from deep structures which are not commonly stimulated to surface structures in the same segment which it knows better

Observers disagree as to whether referred pain is abolished by local anæsthesia of the skin It is probable that both groups of observers are correct as Theobald (1949) has shown by stimulating the uterus (the only viscus in the body which can be stimulated directly without traversing other structures) that local anæsthesia can abolish minimal referred pain and greater pain can be relieved by increasing the area of local anæsthesia It has no effect on severe pain It follows that *the abolition of local tenderness by local anæsthesia does not prove that a local lesion is responsible for the tenderness*

VISCERAL PAIN is not produced by the normal stimuli of cutting and burning The adequate stimulus is *tension* or *ischæmia* Mechanical and chemical stimuli will produce pain however when acting on congested or inflamed mucosa Pain is usually felt in an area betraying the embryonic position of the viscus rather than in its present position and the higher

For minor surgical procedures analgesia or local anæsthesia should be used readily Care should be taken that only non adherent dressings are used for a wound where the dressing is likely to stick

PAIN FREE INJECTIONS A pride should be taken in giving injections as painlessly as possible It is a source of satis faction to hear patients say Have you done it already doctor ? in a tone of surprise A No 12 hypodermic needle is large enough for most intramuscular injections A heavy intramuscular needle is rarely needed except for irritant materials which must be injected very deeply

For injections to be painless the most important single factor is the sharpness of the needle

A child particularly should never see the preparations for an injection and the patient should be warned that the injection will hurt about as much as a pin prick

The stab of the needle should be made rapidly and the injection itself more slowly In children or sensitive adults the pain may be diminished by resting the point of the needle on the skin for a few seconds before breaking the surface

Removal of the Cause of Pain This is particularly important in psychogenic pain where physical treatment or analgesics often do harm and in pain due to ischæmia

Physical Measures for Pain Relief Few pains are not relieved to some extent by rest and local heat and these form the basis of physical measures of relief Many patients try these before going to a doctor but others never seem to think of them

PHYSICAL REST The importance of this was first emphasized strongly by Hilton It can be abused but it is essential for the rapid relief of most pain of any severity Muscles which have gone into spasm to protect the injured part can then relax Pain in the skin serves the purpose of enabling the injured part to be withdrawn from the stimulus but deep pain can only have the purpose of requiring the body to rest

MENTAL REST is just as important for the hurt mind and any factors working against peace of mind for the patient concerned should be removed if possible

HEAT Short wave diathermy which heats up deep struc tures can only be obtained in a physiotherapy department or

muscular tension of the taut "highly strung" worried mind part of the pain being entirely physical. Analgesics often give little relief and self pity is highly suggestive of functional pain. *Pain however should never be presumed to be psychogenic in origin merely by the absence of signs of disease*. There should be positive evidence pointing to neurosis (see Chapter III)

Pain itself diminishes resistance and a person who has suffered organic pain for a long time may have an extremely low "threshold" to any sort of pain. Nevertheless if organic pain persists for longer than expected the possibility of a psychogenic origin should be considered. Post operative pain due to intra abdominal adhesions for instance is rarely relieved by operation unless there has been actual intestinal obstruction.

Pain in Infants Pain due to injury or infection rarely bothers a baby much and the gastro-intestinal system seems to have almost a monopoly in pain production. Increased bowel tension produced by wind or a hard motion is common and appears to give rise to severe distress and the exclusion of any more serious lesion may have to wait for the passage of time and spontaneous resolution.

The Relief of Pain

It is common for pain to be relieved inadequately because the physician concentrates his attention on the underlying lesion or fails to accept the patient's word as to the severity of his pain. Tabs Codein Co are useless for any severe pain and morphia gr ¼ is often inadequate for a pain such as that of coronary thrombosis. Adequate pain relief is possible for almost every condition and is one of the physician's most important duties.

Prevention of Pain A sympathetic approach and an explanation of the nature of the proposed examination or procedure do much to lessen any pain which may be associated. The threshold to the "alarm" reaction is thus raised and any subsequent feeling of pain is actually diminished. On the other hand to tell a patient particularly a child that no pain will be felt and then to hurt him however slightly is to deceive him and lose his confidence. The pain he feels will also be increased.

preparations containing aspirin alone (not knowing them to be such) than from stronger preparations

CENTRALLY ACTING DRUGS FOR PAIN RELIEF (i) *Aspirin* Aspirin remains the safest and simplest drug for the relief of minor pain In only a very small proportion of people is gastric irritation produced and this is becoming smaller with the increased use of soluble preparations Tabs Acid Acetylsal Sol N F are not so easily soluble as Tab Solprin Paynocil a soluble aspirin and glycine preparation containing 10 gr of aspirin per tablet is equally free from gastric irritant effects as Solprin Mist Acid Acetylsal B P C contains 7½ grains of aspirin to the dose the mixture deteriorates rapidly

Tabs Codeine Co B P contain 4 grains each of aspirin and phenacetin and ⅛ grain of codeine and are equivalent to at least two 5 grain aspirin tablets Two can be given four hourly for moderate pain Codeine is constipating even in this dose to some people Tabs Hypon are similar in composition but contain phenolphthalein to counteract the constipating effect of the codeine Codis is soluble codeine compound

Veganin is the best known proprietary product containing the same ingredients in similar proportion but there are many others

(ii) *Phenacetin Derivatives* Panodol and Tabalgin consist of *n* acetyl p-aminophenol which is phenacetin with the toxic fraction removed It is a useful alternative to aspirin if the latter causes gastric upset 1 or 2 tablets give similar relief to 5 or 10 gr of aspirin

(iii) *The Newer Established Analgesics* (*a*) *Pethidine* 25 or 50 mgm tablets and 50 mgm or 100 mgm in 1 or 2 ml ampoules for injection 100 mgm is roughly equivalent to morphia gr ⅙

Pethidine has the advantage of relaxing smooth muscle spasm and has a slight sedative effect in full doses In susceptible cases vomiting may be caused and occasionally dizziness Addiction can occur

(*b*) *Amidone* (*Physeptone*) 5 mgm tablets or 10 mgm ampoules For analgesic effect 10 mgm is roughly equivalent to morphia gr ⅙ There is an almost complete absence of sedation Physeptone should rarely be given to ambulant patients Wayne (1951) gives the incidence of side effects as 10 per cent I have had several cases (including some bed cases) in which

privately For all pain arising from relatively superficial structures however an infra red lamp offers no advantage other than psychological compared with sources of infra red radiation in the home, such as fires hot baths and hot water bottles A Kaolin poultice often relieves pain by its combination of heat and counter irritation Occasionally cold compresses or evaporating lotions give more relief than hot applications

COUNTER IRRITATION Mild counter irritants producing erythema act on a local lesion mainly by bringing warm blood to the skin but *for the relief of deep pain vasodilatation is probably* unimportant MacArthur and Alsted (1953) produced experimental results suggesting that the production of skin pain or irritation is the factor causing relief Counter irritants are incorporated mainly in liniments ointments and wadding or poultices

Liniments are best for a large area They should be warmed before application

Ointments are best for smaller areas and for prolonged effect

Wadding and poultices have the most prolonged action

Proprietary liniments and ointments whether advertised to the public or not offer few advantages over the ones in the National Formulary and are much more costly

The following notes concern preparations not in the National Formulary —

Ung Capiscum This is strong and should not be rubbed in too hard as blistering may result

Adrenalin creams are said to have a prolonged action but their beneficial effects are mainly psychological and partly due to *counter irritants which are also incorporated in proprietary* creams

Capiscum cotton wool B P C is similar to the popular proprietary Thermogene Four ounces is usually enough for the chest

MASSAGE This is soothing if applied gently and with the use of a lubricant

Drugs for Pain Relief Wayne reports that in one trial inert tablets gave some form of relief to 50 per cent of patients suffering from pain of mild to moderate severity

Many sufferers from chronic pain obtain more relief from

preparations containing aspirin alone (not knowing them to be such) than from stronger preparations

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severe and persistent vomiting was produced by oral administration In other patients severe vertigo is produced by small doses There is less risk of addiction or tolerance than in morphia, and it is the drug of choice for the patient with severe persistent pain when sedation is not required

(iv) *The Opium Group* These drugs have not been replaced for the relief of severe pain and the sedative effect produced by full doses is often of great value Unfortunately at least 30 per cent of individuals experience nausea after the use of morphia and more than 10 per cent vomit (Wayne 1951) The concurrent administration of antihistamines or Largactil (see p 520) may prevent this Constipation and respiratory depression are other side effects

Dihydromorphinone (*Dilaudid*) causes less vomiting than morphia 1/16 gr is more than equivalent to morphia 1/4 gr

Levorphenol (*Dromoron*) a synthetic morphine derivative is similar to morphia in action but is said to cause less mental depression The dose is 5–10 mgm

It is usually best to disguise the fact that opiates are being administered where this knowledge could do the patient harm

(*a*) *Oral Preparations* *Nepenthe* can be used instead of Tr Opii or Liquor Morph HCl, in the same dosage 30 minims are equivalent to morphia gr 1/4 It can be included in an aspirin mixture

Chlorodyne (Tr Chlorof et Morph B P 1885) is perhaps the most pleasant preparation containing an opiate It is 1/5 strength of Tr Opii so that m 60 (ʒi) contains gr 1/10 morphia and m 120 (ʒii) relieves most pain

Tablets of Aspirin and Dover s Powder (Tabs A D) Two tablets contain morphia gr 1/20 and aspirin gr 5 as well as powdered ipecacuanha which provokes vomiting in overdosage

Tablets of Morphia or Omnopon The tablets made up for solution and injection are effective also if dissolved under the tongue (in about double the dose for injection)

(*b*) *Rectal Preparations* Morphine suppositories are made in gr 1/4 gr 1/2 and gr 1 sizes This is sometimes a convenient method of administration but unreliable Twice the oral dose is needed

(*c*) *Preparations for Injection* The standard adult dose of morphia is gr 1/4 (and of omnopon gr 1/3) but for a heavy patient

or for a severe pain this dose is often inadequate and morphia gr ½ should be given Morphia gr ¼ may be given every fifteen minutes for an hour with safety in a normal person Hyperduric morphia is put up in ampoules for injection and as its name suggests is longer acting than morphine sulphate

ANALGESICS A few drops of *trilene* or *ethyl chloride* on a handkerchief can be used for paroxysmal pain

LOCALLY ACTING DRUGS (*a*) *The cocaine group* acts locally on mucous membranes and by injection or nerve block in other superficial areas They should never be used for long periods in skin complaints owing to the danger of sensitization

(*b*) *The antihistamines* also have a mild local anæsthetic action and similarly can lead to sensitization when applied locally

Intractable Pain Severe pain which is not relieved by ordinary measures is found most commonly in inoperable cancer and causalgia

The Pain of Inoperable Cancer This often requires increasing doses of opiates For sedation at night morphia alone is often not enough and the hospital stand by Mist Three Fifteens is useful —

Tr Opii or Nepenthe m xv
Pot Brom gr xv
Chloral Hydras gr xv
Aqua chlorof ad ʒii or ℥½

The proportion of opiate can be increased as necessary and different substances used in an endeavour to mask the unpleasant taste

Hypodermic medication can be reduced and the patient s depression lifted by the Brompton mixture —

Morphine HCl gr ¼
Cocaine HCl gr ⅙
Syrup 1 ounce
Gin Brandy or Liqueur to 2 ounces
Sig 2 ounces t d s

Under the N H S alcohol and a flavouring such as Aqua Menth Pip Tr Capsicum m 2 (gin flavour) or Syr Aurantii can be used or the patient may add his own alcoholic beverage Cocaine gives the patient that euphoria which makes it the most dangerous of the habit forming drugs

Physeptone can be used particularly if sedation is unneces

sary, and as an alternative to morphia if tolerance has developed Up to 30 mgm can be given four hourly

Chlorpromazine (*Largactil*) apart from its anti emetic properties helps to free the mind from worry and potentiates the sedative action of morphia, 25 mgm tablets can be given eight hourly (one or two) or the same dose can be given by intra muscular injection (painful)

Aminophenazole (*Daptazole*) given concurrently with morphia counteracts respiratory depression and prevents tolerance developing One tablet (20 mgm) can be given with each dose of morphia which can then be pushed to as high as 1–1½ gr after a day or two In almost every case complete freedom from pain can thus be ensured by three injections a day (Shaw and Shulman 1955) If desired 25 mgm of Daptazole can be given in the same syringe as the morphia

In an occasional long standing case opiates fail and other measures have to be considered

DESTRUCTIVE MEASURES These are necessary most often in malignancy in the pelvis where a general dissemination may be long delayed

Intrathecal Alcohol Injection Urinary and fæcal incontinence are common and paralysis may occur Complete relief of pain is not guaranteed (Davis 1948) *Chordotomy or Ganglionectomy* Pain may eventually return after these operations especially if there has been a psychogenic component *Frontal Lobotomy*

HYPNOSIS Strauss (1949) is of the opinion that hypnosis has much to offer in the relief of pain He sees no reason why a person should not be trained in auto hypnosis so that he could make himself insensitive to pain of all kinds Auto hypnosis is the only rational explanation of the insensitivity to pain of Indian Fakirs and the like

Causalgic Pain This is spontaneous burning pain in the territory of a nerve following injury to it The skin is hyperæsthetic and trophic changes occur leaving it reddened smooth and sweating Sympathectomy produces satisfactory relief of pain in about 60 per cent of cases due to interruption of the sensory pathway from the hyperalgesic skin (Bingham 1948) In the other 40 per cent the sensory pathway is in the posterior cord Posterior root section usually relieves tender

ness but does not necessarily relieve pain permanently It is postulated that this lack of permanent relief is due to the development of a central form of pain production

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CHAPTER XXXII

DRUGS AND POTIONS

There are few occasions in practical therapeutics which demand the prescription of more than one drug in a bottle tablet or powder plus the vehicle and flavouring agent (Dunlop)

Many young doctors on entering general practice find prescribing very difficult Most prescribing however can be done with the aid of the National Formulary and the Drug Tariff Part IV (List of Appliances), both of which are supplied free to doctors on an Executive Council list Stock mixtures and other preparations from the National Formulary are satisfactory for most conditions encountered For preparations containing dangerous drugs and Schedule IV poisons it is a legal necessity for the prescriber to state the amount of the preparation to be dispensed In the case of all other preparations the N F specifies the amount to be supplied and the dose if no instructions are given by the prescriber

The List of Appliances includes the various types of dressings and appliances that can be ordered and the range of sizes or qualities available

RULES CONCERNING PRESCRIBING IN THE NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE

Drugs *There is no absolute restriction on the prescribing by a general practitioner of any drug which in his opinion is necessary for the treatment of his patients*

The Joint Committee on prescribing of the Central Health Services Council and the Scottish Health Services Council has however recommended that certain groups of drugs should not be prescribed If a practitioner prescribes any of these drugs he may have to justify his action before his colleagues on the Local Medical Committee

(a) Having decided that the responsibility for prescribing should rest with the practitioner *the Committee regards it as undesirable that medical preparations advertised direct to the*

public should be prescribed on Form E C 10 This ruling places the practitioner in a strong position for resisting the requests of unreasonable patients

(*b*) The Committee are not prepared to recommend that preparations not in the British Pharmacopœia British Pharmaceutical Codex or National Formulary which in the Committee s view have not been proved of therapeutic value should be freely prescribed

(*c*) The National Health Service regulations provide that *where a practitioner prescribes under the National Health Service preparations which are not medicines or drugs the Executive Council may recover their cost from him* He can refer the matter to his Local Medical Committee if he challenges their action and an appeal can be made to referees

Preparations whose primary purpose is to provide nourishment in established disease are classified as drugs These include protein hydrolysates preparations for the treatment of allergy and diseases such as sprue cœliac disease and infantile gastroenteritis and vitamin preparations such as cod liver oil and cod liver oil and malt The preparations in the latter group are regarded as foods when used as routine measures for healthy people although mothers may obtain routine supplies of these substances for children under five from Maternity and Child Welfare Centres and Food Offices

Preparations normally used as toilet preparations should not be ordered on Form E C 10 even though their composition is disclosed and even if they are included in the British Pharmacopœia or the British Pharmaceutical Codex

Proprietary preparations for which prophylactic or therapeutic claims are made should not be ordered on Form E C 10 if they *may* be used for routine toilet purposes Preparations in this category include anti midge and barrier creams medicated soaps and toilet preparations for use by persons susceptible to allergic or trophic skin reactions

Disinfectants should not be regarded as drugs if they are ordered for general hygienic purposes but only when ordered for the treatment of an individual patient either internally or externally

To sum up the general practitioner may prescribe anything he wishes but if he prescribes any of the following group of

substances he may have to justify his action before the Local Medical Committee –

(1) Preparations advertised direct to the public
(2) Preparations not of proved value
(3) Preparations which are not drugs or medicines —
Foods
Toilet preparations
Disinfectants (unless ordered for the treatment of an individual patient)

Appliances If the chemist supplies on a prescription an appliance which is not in the *Drug Tariff* he will not receive any payment for it If a practitioner is doubtful whether an appliance is allowable or not he should consult the Drug Tariff before prescribing it

Repeat Prescriptions These are not allowable but several prescriptions may be given to a patient at one time and dated ahead (with original signatures) if it is not considered necessary to see him again for a considerable time No preparation may be dispensed before the date indicated A receptionist may write the whole prescription for the doctor to sign but any alteration or addition must be initialled

SUGGESTIONS REGARDING PRESCRIBING

Many variations of the mixtures in the National Formulary can be made by adding a single ingredient

Thus Sod phenobarb gr ½
Mist Mag Trisil Co ad ℥

or Pot Brom gr x
Mist Rhei Co ad ℥½

The pharmacopœial doses in some cases do not bear a true relationship to the dosage used in practice

Phenobarbitone may be given intramuscularly in a dose of 3 grains but the official dose is ½ to 2 grains Chloral hydrate in the official top dose of 20 grains is useless for patients who do not respond to barbiturates and double this dose may be necessary

If a drug is prescribed in a dosage higher than the official maximum the prescription should be initialled If this is not done the chemist must contact the prescriber to check the correctness of the dose

When prescribing medicine in liquid form one should remember that dosage is extremely inaccurate Teaspoons dessertspoons and tablespoons in common use may hold up to twice the expected quantity especially of syrupy liquids

Side effects and Toxic Effects of Drugs It is wise to know the main side effects of drugs in common use

Codeine is constipating to some patients even in small doses and makes others depressed In larger doses it may cause restlessness and in some patients there is no apparent action on the cough centre whatever the dosage employed

Iron as ferrous sulphate causes side-effects on the gastro intestinal tract of at least one quarter of all patients Vomiting occurs occasionally and constipation is common Diarrhœa occurs in some cases Ferrous gluconate (see p 186) rarely produces side-effects

Ephedrine in a dose of only ½ grain in susceptible patients produces severe side-effects these include giddiness headache palpitations and restlessness Similar severe effects may be produced by isoprenaline sulphate sublingually in a dose of only 10 mgm (½ tablet)

Trinitrin can give rise to severe headache and giddiness

Morphine leads to nausea in 30 per cent of patients and vomiting in over 10 per cent Constipation is usual with repeated dosage

Side effects are often psychological as is shown by the relatively high incidence of them in patients on dummy tablets in controlled trials

New proprietary remedies should always be used very cautiously especially when information regarding them comes only from the manufacturers and no reports of their use have been read in the medical press

I was very worried when I first began using amidone (Physeptone) for the relief of pain on the recommendation of a hospital registrar Several patients were made violently sick for twenty four hours or more by one or two 5 mgm tablets Others suffered severe vertigo The manufacturer s brochure merely said Side effects which are generally mild are confined in the main to ambulatory patients Rest for a short time after administration usually alleviates the symptoms

Instructions to Patients Regarding Drugs The possibility of side effects should be mentioned to patients if these occur in a high proportion of ca es It is always wise to mention the possible side effects of drugs if large doses are being used

substances he may have *to justify his action before the Local* Medical Committee –

(1) Preparations advertised direct to the public
(2) Preparations not of proved value
(3) Preparations which are not drugs or medicines —
Foods
Toilet preparations
Disinfectants (unless ordered for the treatment of an individual patient)

Appliances If the chemist supplies on a prescription an appliance which is not in the Drug Tariff he will not receive any payment for it If a practitioner is doubtful whether an appliance is allowable or not he should consult the Drug Tariff before prescribing it

Repeat Prescriptions These are not allowable but several prescriptions may be given to a patient at one time and dated ahead (with original signatures) if it is not considered necessary to see him again for a considerable time No preparation may be dispensed before the date indicated A receptionist may write the whole prescription for the doctor to sign but any alteration or addition must be initialled

SUGGESTIONS REGARDING PRESCRIBING

Many variations of the mixtures in the National Formulary can be made by adding a single ingredient

Thus Sod phenobarb gr ¼
Mist Mag Trisil Co ad ½

or Pot Brom gr x
Mist Rhei Co ad ℥½

The pharmacopœial doses in some cases do not bear a true relationship to the dosage used in practice

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the placebo but this help is usually only temporary as in many cases no accurate diagnosis has been made In some cases therefore the diagnosis of organic disease is delayed In others the patient needing explanation and reassurance for his anxiety symptoms has his symptoms established by the giving of a placebo the demand for further medicine is thus ensured and trouble is stored up for the doctor as well as for the patient for many years to come The doctor who tries to save his time in this manner fails therefore in the long run Patients certainly tend to leave a practice if a placebo is not given and nothing else replaces it but they do not leave a doctor who gives his time and shows interest in them It can thus be seen that the two reasons given by some general practitioners for administering treatment which they realize is short of the ideal are not valid Apart from the moral aspect good medical care is justified purely on selfish grounds

THE INFLUENCE OF SUGGESTION Placebos are justified in some cases where it is felt that strong suggestion is required but they must be used in the knowledge that the effect they produce is merely due to suggestion

Many doctors come to believe in the specific value of certain drugs merely because patients get better after taking them This is the old fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc* Many time honoured remedies are now known to have established their reputations because they have acted through suggestion and have also been credited with results which were due to the natural process of the disease or the patient s natural powers of recovery

Expectorants are a case in point As Dunlop says It is supposed that 5 gr of ammonium chloride three times a day will liquefy the bronchial secretions yet 20 gr three times a day is often employed to render the urine acid without the patient noticing any such expectorant effect Expectorant drugs only have the effect of increasing bronchial secretions when they are given in emetic doses In smaller doses gastric irritation is produced

Placebos have in some cases a more powerful effect than known pharmacological agents Wolf (1950) showed that the circum stances in which a drug is given can alter and even reverse the expected response He gave 10 ml of syrup of ipecacuanha to two female subjects and produced nausea and vomiting

Parents should be specifically warned to keep drugs an over dose of which would be dangerous out of reach of children *Deaths have been reported from children taking over doses of antihistamine preparations iron tablets and Linctus Physeptone*

Precise instructions should always be given regarding dosage if dangerous drugs are used The type of patient who will swallow twenty aspirin tablets in an attempt to relieve a severe pain is likely to take an overdose of many other drugs thinking that the larger dose is bound to be more effective

I prescribed Gee s Linctus some years ago for a Merchant Navy man with an irritant cough giving him a 6-ounce bottle The next day he turned up for more He had drunk the whole bottle on the evening he got it and had had a wonderful sleep (Morphine content approximately ½ gr)

For unintelligent patients it is best to write out the times and dosages for them if they differ from the usual three times daily after meals

RATIONAL THERAPY

The Bottle of Medicine It has been estimated that over general practice as a whole specific or symptomatic treatment is given to 50 per cent of patients health education to 10 per cent and a bottle of medicine as a placebo to 40 per cent Dr R J F H Pinsent in opening a discussion at the Royal Society of Medicine (Pinsent 1952) gave an account of a year s practice during which he had treated at least 40 per cent of cases by health education by argument and by explanation of a patient s symptoms and only 10 per cent mainly over forty years of age by giving a placebo Several subsequent speakers felt that Dr Pinsent s approach was an ideal state of affairs but admitted that in their own practices they could not afford the time and were also afraid of losing patients if the traditional bottle of medicine were not given

A survey of over 17 000 prescriptions on E C 10 by Professor Dunlop (1952) does not bear out the impression that the proportion of patients given a placebo is as high as 40 per cent but it is certain that many patients in general practice are given a placebo to save the doctor time and to prevent them leaving the practice

Many if not most of these patients appear to be helped by

(2) Antibiotics with a wide therapeutic spectrum suppress most of the natural flora cause a *profound disturbance of symbiosis* and lay the field open to invasion by organisms resistant to treatment by all drugs Thus deaths from pulmonary moniliasis and intestinal staphylococcal infections following therapy with chloramphenicol and the tetracyclines are not rare

(3) Probably the most important problem concerning the use of antibiotics is the effect which they have on the *develop ment* of *natural immunity* especially in childhood

(4) *Resistant strains* of bacteria may be produced by the widespread use of drugs Staphylococcal infections resistant to most of the major antibiotics are becoming more common especially in hospitals It is possible that resistant staphy lococci have a greater capacity for epidemic spread than sensitive strains

Very small doses of antibiotics may actually accelerate the growth of certain bacteria

Garrod (1951) has shown that small concentrations of penicillin can accelerate the growth of staphylococci and Ps Pyocyanea

(5) All five main classes of intestinal bacteria are susceptible to the tetracyclines and in consequence a *vitamin B deficiency* may arise on prolonged use

It is clear therefore that it is not wise to administer antibiotics in infections which normally resolve within three or four days unless there are special indications

Choice of Antibiotic The majority of infections encountered in general practice can still be treated adequately with penicillin or the sulphonamides The newer antibiotics are indicated in very few conditions *Penicillin and streptomycin are bacteri cidal whereas most of the other antibiotics are merely bacterio static* As bacteriostasis may mitigate against a bacteriostatic effect antibiotics from the two groups should rarely be com bined This does not hold for penicillin and the sulphonamides (see p 536)

Lepper and Dowling (1951) treated 43 patients with pneumococcal meningitis with large doses of penicillin only and 13 died (30 per cent) of 14 patients also given aureomycin 11 died (79 per cent)

In infancy where the host resistance is low bactericidal anti biotics should be used in preference to bacteriostatic ones providing

He recorded the characteristic cessation of gastric contractions on a kymograph A dose was later introduced through a tube with the assurance that the symptoms would be abolished by it The nausea subsided and gastric contractions recurred

The only satisfactory way therefore to estimate a drug s efficiency is by the controlled therapeutic trial which eliminates the factor of suggestion and the factors of the personality and attention to detail of the doctor or doctors administering the drug This has been the method adopted by the Medical Research Council

It is difficult not to be biassed by a small personal series of successes or failures

CHEMOTHERAPY AND THE ANTIBIOTICS

The physician who shows some restraint and who makes penicillin his first choice is likely to do more good and is certain to do less harm than he who prescribes antibiotics indiscriminately (Professor E J Wayne)

The Dangers of Antibiotic Therapy There are many hazards to the use of the newer potent drugs which are now at our command

There is a danger of forgetting the need for accurate diagnosis when a panacea for all infections is fast approaching and a dangerous tendency to feel that the necessity to make a diagnosis in a fever of uncertain origin becomes less urgent when antibiotics are given

(1) *Toxic effects* are not common with penicillin although the risk of *sensitization* is not small but they occur to some extent in as many as 25 per cent of patients having full therapeutic doses of the tetracyclines The risk of death from toxicity with chloramphenicol although small is one which should not be undertaken lightly This danger was not apparent until the drug had been used for several years so that it is wise to prescribe the newest antibiotics with the utmost caution *Injury to human cells can also occur readily with broad spectrum antibiotics and the margin of safety is less than with penicillin* (Swift 1957) Suppression of inflammatory reaction can therefore occur if the dosage is too high and healing can be delayed

Sulphamethizole (Urolucosil) is highly soluble and is recommended by the makers for mild urinary infections in a dose of only 0 2 gm 6 hourly Even in cystitis however the main action of the sulphonamides is via the blood stream rather than locally and it is doubtful whether Urolucosil is effective except in curtailing self limiting infections

Bowel Infections Sulphasuxidine in a dose of 3 gm q i d or sulphathalidine 1½ gm q i d are effective in most cases of dysentery occurring in this country

Sulphonamide Emulsions These are usually necessary for infants

Nam	Dose	Comments
Mist Sulphadimidine pro Infant B P C	1 tsp = Tabs 1 (0 5 gm)	Pink Raspberry taste
Mist Succinylsulphathiazole pro Infant B P C	1 tsp = Tabs 1 (0 5 gm)	Pink Raspberry taste contains kaolin

Long acting Sulphonamides Sulphamethoxypyridazine (Lederkyn Midicel) is stated to be so slowly excreted that detectable blood levels are sometimes obtainable for ten to fourteen days The recommended dosage is two tablets (1 gm) the first day and one tablet daily for five to seven days This drug should be tried cautiously initially as it takes some years for the optimum dosage of any new drug to be ascertained

MAIN TOXIC EFFECTS OF THE SULPHONAMIDES

Nausea Vomiting Headache Depression Cyanosis	Uncommon nowadays but occur occasionally Treatment may be continued
Drug Fever Skin Rashes	Sensitization phenomena Rarely occur with less than ten days treatment but may occur after a single dose in previously sensitized individuals
Urinary tract obstruction	Rarely occurs with adequate fluid intake *except with emulsions of sulphamerazine*
Anæmia Granulocytopenia	Rare

the organism is sensitive For the same reason in a potentially serious infection the first dose should be given by injection to ensure absorption

Bactericidal drugs are preferable in any lesion with a poor blood supply

Expense should also be considered when dealing with relatively minor infections

Drug	Approximate Cost of One Week Treatment
Sulphonamides	£0 10 0
Penicillin injection	£0 10 0
oral	£1 0 0
Chloramphenicol	£5 0 0
Tetracyclines	£4 0 0

The Sulphonamides These drugs should be given in full dosage for at least five days or not at all It is always advisable to give an initial loading dose and a course of treatment should rarely last longer than seven days Five pints of water should be drunk daily during treatment

Children require relatively high doses

Age	Dose	Sixths
Over 12	Adult dose	6
6–12	2/3	4
3–6	1/2	3
1–3	1/3	2
Under 1	1/6	1

Systemic Treatment Garrod (1955) found that in vitro there was very little difference between sulphadimidine sulphathiazole sulphafurasole (Gantrisan) and sulphasomidine (Elkosin) all being very soluble and rapid in action Sulphadimidine has stood the test of time however and sulphathiazole is shorter acting and more toxic It is doubtful whether mixtures of sulphonamides have any advantage over sulphadimidine (B N F 1957) In moderate infections the dose is 2 gm initially followed by 1 gm every four to six hours A night dose can be omitted as long as the interval between doses is never more than eight hours

The main indication in general practice for the sulphonamides is the common urinary tract infections in which they are still superior to all antibiotics They are the treatment of choice in meningococcal meningitis

organisms This applied to procaine penicillin intramuscularly and penicillin V orally both in routine dosage

Large doses of penicillin will often succeed where small doses have failed In 12 cases out of 72 of minor localized pyogenic infection which failed to respond to injections of benethamine penicillin Wheatley (1956) produced healing in 10 using crystalline penicillin in large doess

Penicillin by Injection

Penicillin G (Benzyl penicillin) This can be given sub cutaneously or intramuscularly A dose of 500 000 or 1 000 000 units should be used at the start of all serious infections where penicillin is being used and 1 000 000 units should be con tinued once or twice daily whenever there is likely to be a poor blood supply or if the infection may be due to partially resistant staphylococci

Procaine penicillin This the first of the long acting penicil lins produces a therapeutic blood concentration for twenty four hours following an injection of 300 000 units but Williams *et al* (1956) found that in superficial hand infections one injection of 600 000 units of Benethamine penicillin gave better results than three daily injections of procaine penicillin

There is also some evidence that it is more liable to produce fatal reactions than other forms of penicillin (Bell *et al* 1954) and it is doubtful whether there is any indication for its use except perhaps in mixtures (q v)

Benethamine penicillin (Benapen) This has an effect lasting for three or four days (Nelson *et al* 1954) and the suspension (300 000 units ml) is stable for twelve months It appears to be superior to procaine penicillin (see above) but inferior to crystalline penicillin in minor localized septic infection as in 12 cases which failed to respond to it in a series of 72 10 responded to daily injections of penicillin G (Wheatley 1956) The solution should be injected deep into the muscle to try and cut down the incidence of severe local reactions (about 1 in 10 in both Nelson s and Wheatley s series) Despite this tendency to local reaction *this would appear to be the prepara tion of choice for patients who cannot attend for daily injections or who cannot be relied upon to take penicillin orally at the correct intervals*

PENICILLIN

By far the safest and the cheapest antibiotic (Professor E J Wayne)

The following considerations may help in the decision as to which of the many preparations to use

Intermittent or Continuous Blood Levels?

It is still not certain whether continuous blood levels are required An effective level of penicillin remains in the tissues for much longer than it does in the blood however (Eight hours compared with four hours in a series by Florey *et al* in 1946) *Any preparation which gives an adequate blood concentration for four hours can be given 4 hourly by day and the night dose omitted if the last daily dose is doubled*

A high initial blood level is more diffusible however and is undoubtedly more effective where organisms are relatively in accessible as in boils and walled off collections of pus

This persisting tissue concentration explains why satis factory results are obtained by single daily injections of 1 000 000 units of crystalline penicillin in the absence of bacteriostatic blood levels

The Dangers of Injection

To the dangers of anaphylactic shock (q v) must be added the more remote danger of the precipitation of paralysis in a patient infected with poliomyelitis virus Banks (1954) reported 6 cases of paralysis of the lower limb in children who had had penicillin injections in the buttocks and thighs *Injections of penicillin should rarely if ever be given to children while there is poliomyelitis in the district*

Many of the remote dangers of penicillin injections can be avoided by giving it subcutaneously however

The Sensitivity of the Organism

Staphylococci the only organisms which develop resistance to penicillin are often only relatively insensitive Burn *et al* (1957) working in a casualty department found that infections due to penicillin resistant organisms apparently responded to penicillin almost as well as those due to penicillin sensitive

penicillin is indicated and as follow up treatment in more serious infections in reliable patients who are not vomiting

Phenoxymethyl penicillin (Penicillin V) has now been synthesized is stable either as the free acid or the salt and is also reliably absorbed Many trials have shown it to be superior to all other forms of oral penicillin Lamb and Maclean (1957) using it routinely in hospital in all patients requiring penicillin except those seriously ill found their results no less satisfactory than those obtained when penicillin was previously given intramuscularly Sixty mgm of penicillin is equivalent to 100 000 units of penicillin G and *blood levels after 120 mgm of penicillin V compare favourably with those following 100 000 units of penicillin G by injection* (Rinsler and Cunliffe 1956) It follows that in 4 hourly dosage penicillin V is approximately equal in effect to penicillin by injection if the oral dose is double that given by injection About 25 per cent of the dose of penicillin V is excreted in the urine while about 60 per cent of the dose is recoverable after parenteral injection

Some strains of staphylococci are more sensitive to penicillin V than to penicillin G and vice versa

The potassium salt is more rapidly absorbed and gives higher peak values than the free acid (Colquhoun *et al* 1957)

Dosage For Adults In infections of moderate severity 125 mgm 4 hourly the last two doses being given together before retiring 250 or 500 mgm can be given 4 hourly if very high blood levels are required

The fact that it is safe to allow eight hours to elapse between doses overnight is confirmed by the results of Austrian and Winston (1956) who produced clinical cure in 71 out of 73 cases of mild and moderately severe pneumonia with doses of 240 mgm 12 hourly

For Children Half the adult dose

For Infants One-quarter the adult dose

Side effects Loose motions occur in about one case in twenty in my experience which is much less frequent than with other forms of oral penicillin Doses of 1200 mgm given experimentally have failed to produce serious side effects

Sensitivity A history of sensitivity to penicillin G does

Benzathine penicillin (Penidural, Permapen) The effect of a single injection of 600 000 units lasts for at least seven days and in many patients for up to twenty eight days (Fletcher and Knappett 1953) It also gives severe local reactions in a proportion of patients It finds its use in moderate infections following initial penicillin G or in mixtures

If sensitivity occurs to any of the long acting penicillins penicillinase which hydrolyses and inactivates penicillin can be given intramuscularly in a dose of 100 000 to 800 000 units Within an hour of the injection Becker (1956) could detect no circulating penicillin and the effect lasted for four to seven days although penicillin injections were continued In some cases cortisone will be needed in addition

Mixed Injections

Mixtures of penicillins *Triplopen* (Glaxo) contains in 1 2 ml of solution (made freshly from the dried powder) which keeps for seven days

Penicillin G 500 000 units
Procaine penicillin 500 000 units
Benethamine penicillin 250 000 units

and gives an immediate high blood level with a sustained action for three to four days It has the disadvantage of the possibility of local reaction but two injections are adequate for most cases of pneumonia

Penidural All-purpose (Wyeth) contains in 2 ml of solution (made freshly from the powder)

Penicillin G 300 000 units
Procaine penicillin 300 000 units
Benzathine penicillin 600 000 units

Penicillin and Streptomycin Mixtures are marketed by several firms but as resistance to streptomycin develops very rapidly it should be reserved for use in tuberculosis except in life endangering infections

ORAL PENICILLIN

The oral route for penicillin is the least likely to cause toxic and anaphylactic effects and now that a reliable oral preparation is available is to be preferred for all mild infections where

(2) Enquire for a personal or family history of allergy (which predisposes to sensitivity)
(3) Apply traction to the plunger of the syringe before inject ing to make sure that a blood vessel has not been entered

Aqueous solutions can be given subcutaneously for perfect safety

Treatment 0 5 ml of 1 in 1 000 adrenalin should be in jected intramuscularly at the first sign of an acute reaction with the addition of cortisone in severe cases

If sensitization occurs penicillin is immediately stopped and symptomatic relief is usually provided by antihistamines

The Tetracyclines

Tetracycline (*Achromycin Tetracyn*) is stated to be less toxic than chlortetracycline (Aureomycin) and oxytetracycline (Terramycin) and to produce higher blood levels with the same dose especially when combined with sodium metaphosphate as in Achromycin V The tetracyclines are more toxic and ex pensive than penicillin and are merely bacteriostatic whereas penicillin is bactericidal They should in general therefore only be used for a few specific infections or when penicillin or the sulphon amides have failed The sensitivity of the organism should be ascertained whenever possible and use together with penicillin may cancel the action of the latter

Definite Indications Brucellosis Psittacosis Lympho granuloma venereum Pertussis (first week)

Relative Indications Severe staphylococcal infections resist ant to penicillin virus pneumonia in ill patients some urinary infections not responsive to sulphonamides (an acid medium is necessary) bacillary dysentery resistant to sulphon amides and oral streptomycin non gonococcal urethritis certain cases of chronic pulmonary infection

Dosage Oral administration is effective unless vomiting or diarrhœa are present

One gm daily in divided doses is adequate for most infections but 2 gm daily may be needed exceptionally Six hourly dosage (4 x 250 mgm) is satisfactory with a lapse of eight hours overnight but there is evidence that therapeutic effects persist for eight to twelve hours

not necessarily mean that a patient will be sensitive to penicillin V and a cautious trial of small doses of penicillin V may be made in such persons

Benzathine penicillin (*Penidural Permapen*) This is inferior to penicillin V and further trials did not confirm the superiority over penicillin G which Cathie and MacFarlane claimed in 1953 It has no prolonged effect given orally and is much more expensive than other oral preparations

Penicillin G is inferior to penicillin V for oral use

Mixtures of Penicillin and Sulphonamides

The addition of sulphonamides to penicillin broadens its therapeutic spectrum and the combination is useful in staphylococcal infections and in mixed infections Shlaes (1952) found that the penicillin blood level one hour after administration was higher when 1 gm of mixed sulphonamides was given together with 200 000 or 500 000 units of oral penicillin than when the penicillin was given alone

LOCAL PENICILLIN

Penicillin should rarely if ever be used on the skin or mucous membranes owing to the risk of producing sensitization Many suitable alternatives now exist for local infections which are not suitable for parenteral use

TOXIC EFFECTS OF PENICILLIN

Penicillin is almost completely non toxic but is liable to cause sensitivity in about 2 5 per cent of cases (Hawking 1951)

Urticaria may occur seven to ten days after the beginning of treatment although it can begin a few hours after the first dose

Death from anaphylactic shock is less rare now that more patients who have previously received penicillin are being treated with further courses If penicillin has previously been administered in the form of lozenges or impregnated tulle gras the patient may be unaware of the fact

Precautions to be taken before giving an injection of penicillin to cut down the incidence of anaphylaxis —

(1) Enquire for a previous history of sensitization If found make a note on the outside of the patient s record envelope

there is some degree of glossitis in about 20 per cent of cases Mild proctitis and vulvitis also occur Deaths have been reported due to aplastic anæmia

During prolonged administration a preparation of the vitamin B complex should be given

Streptomycin

This powerful but toxic antibiotic should be reserved with few exceptions for the treatment of tuberculosis

Eighth nerve damage has occurred fairly frequently with a total dosage of only 20 gm and is much more common in elderly people especially if their renal function is poor and excretion is slow Skin rashes do not necessarily call for a cessation of therapy as they can often be controlled by the anti histamines In urinary infections due to susceptible organisms a three or four day course of 0 5 gm 8 hourly may be used but should not be prolonged as bacterial resistance develops rapidly It is justifiable to use it in conjunction with penicillin in life endangering infections of the respiratory tract

The Erythromycin Group of Antibiotics

ERYTHROMYCIN This has a similar spectrum to penicillin and is practically free from toxic effects but is bacteriostatic whereas penicillin is bactericidal Staphylococcal resistance develops rapidly if it is used indiscriminately It should be kept in reserve for staphylococcal infections which are resistant to other antibiotics as proved in vitro or which have failed to respond clinically to penicillin and one of the broad spectrum antibiotics It can also be used initially in patients sensitive to penicillin if the organism has been shown bacteriologically to be sensitive

Dosage 400 mgm (2 x 200 mgm tablets) q i d for adults The suspension contains 100 mgm /5 ml

Toxic Effects Diarrhœa or vomiting occasionally occur

SPIRAMYCIN (ROVAMYCIN) This is much less powerful than erythromycin in the same dosage in vitro (Garrod 1957) Cross-resistance occurs in vitro but not usually in vivo Staphylococci readily acquire resistance to it

OLEANDOMYCIN This has few toxic effects but early trials indicate that it is not likely to be more effective against

Each dose should be given after meals or with a milk drink to avoid gastric upset

To avoid sensitization a course of treatment should be limited to four or five days if possible

If administration is prolonged for more than a week Vitamin B complex requires to be given in addition

Toxic Effects *Nausea and vomiting* are common with high dosage *diarrhœa* which can be severe occurs in 3 to 5 per cent of cases on moderate dosage and 15 per cent on a high dose *glossitis* and *pruritus ani* are common reminders that the whole gastro intestinal tract is usually affected adversely

Injury to human cells and *suppression of inflammatory reaction* with delay of healing occur readily especially if a high dose is used (Swift 1957)

Superinfection by intestinal staphylococci or by monilia can lead to death

Sensitization Drug fever and skin rashes are not common now but will occur more frequently if these antibiotics are used locally *There is rarely any justification for their local use* Adequate alternatives exist among the newer antibiotics which cannot be used systemically

Chloramphenicol

The danger of fatal blood dyscrasias following the use of chloramphenicol has perhaps been over emphasized but Gairdner (1954) reported a death following two courses of only 4 gm each and 24 deaths had been reported by 1954 in this country alone (Hodgkinson) *Chloramphenicol should only be used on the strictest of indications and never twice in the same person*

Absolute indications are typhoid fever and influenzal meningitis but it can be used under bacteriological control in infections resistant to other antibiotics It should *not* be used for whooping cough

Dosage For all common infections 500 mgm q i d is now the normal adult dose and this should not usually be continued in general practice for more than five days

TOXIC EFFECTS These are mainly in the gastro intestinal tract and occur in about 25 per cent of cases Nausea and flatulence are common occasional loose stools may occur, and

there is some degree of glossitis in about 20 per cent of cases Mild proctitis and vulvitis also occur Deaths have been reported due to aplastic anæmia

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OLEANDOMYCIN This has few toxic effects but early trials indicate that it is not likely to be more effective against

staphylococci than erythromycin Cross resistance may occur and Garrod was unable *to confirm the synergism claimed for* it with tetracycline

CARBOMYCIN This is not a serious competitor (Garrod 1957)

NOVOBIOCIN (Biotexan Albamycin Cathomycin Cardelmycin) This antibiotic with a similar range to that of penicillin has a high degree of activity against Gram positive organisms especially staphylococci and remarkably high blood levels are attained and maintained after oral administration (Finland and Nichols 1957) It has little or no effect on the normal bowel flora Unfortunately staphylococci and other organisms rapidly develop resistance to it but resistance can be delayed by combination with another antibiotic to which the organism is also sensitive There is no cross resistance with any other known antibiotic It may find its main place in the treatment of staphylococcal infections resistant to other antibiotics

Dosage 250 mgm q i d is the normal adult dose but the high and sustained blood level permits of 12 hourly dosage and 500 mgm b d may suffice 500 mgm or 1 gm q i d may be necessary in severe infections

Toxicity is low but sensitization is fairly common

VANCOMYCIN This is bactericidal of moderate toxicity and *resistance to it of such a degree as to preclude therapeutic effect apparently cannot develop in staphylococci at all* conclude Garrod and Waterworth (1956) after extensive in vitro tests It must be given intravenously or intramuscularly except for enterocolitis when it is effective orally

Nystatin

This the first anti fungal antibiotic clears local moniliasis in the throat or vagina rapidly but unfortunately does not appear to reach a high enough blood level to be effective in the treatment of systemic infection (Childs 1956) It is non toxic

Albomycin

Great claims have been made for this antibiotic in the U S S R but initial tests in this country (Garrod and Waterworth 1956) were very disappointing

Antibiotics for Local Use

NEOMYCIN This is a wide spectrum antibiotic that is bactericidal and which rarely produces resistance It is unfortunately too toxic to be used safely except in selected patients but it *appears to be almost ideal for local use as no toxicity or local sensitization has yet been encountered*

Its use for minor diarrhœa is unjustified owing to the cost and to the fact that sick children do not tolerate it well (Waisbren 1956)

GRAMICIDIN This is one of the constituents of tyrothricin and is thus well established for its effect locally

BACITRICIN This bactericidal antibiotic shows some renal toxicity but can be used in staphylococcal infections resistant to other antibiotics It finds its main use locally

POLYMYXIN The polymyxins have a narrow antibacterial spectrum but are bactericidal Polymyxin is the antibiotic of choice against Ps Pyocyanea when it can be used intramuscularly or locally It should only be used under bacteriological control It is available as Aerosporin otic solution and Polybactrin spray

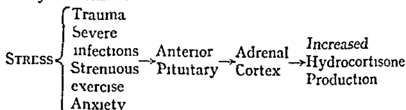
STRESS THE ADAPTATION SYNDROME AND CORTISONE THERAPY

Empiricism rather than theory is still the main justification for therapy with the corticosteroid group of hormones but an understanding of recent concepts concerning the reactions of stress on the body provides an appreciation of the dangers of cortisone therapy and gives a greater insight than formerly into many common diseases

Many diseases have no single cause no specific pathogen but are largely due to non specific stress and to pathogenic situations which result from inappropriate responses to such non specific stress (Hans Selye)

A wide variety of noxious agents produce this non specific pattern of response which is mediated to a large extent by an increased production of *hydrocortisone* which is produced continually under normal conditions by the adrenal cortex *Cortisone* is readily converted to hydrocortisone in the body Corticotrophin (*ACTH*) produced in the anterior pituitary

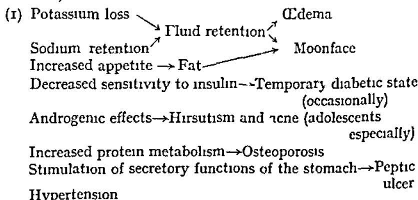
stimulates the adrenal cortex to produce more hydrocortisone *Prednisone* and *prednisolone* are synthetic analogues of cortisone and hydrocortisone



A raised hydrocortisone blood level is usually associated with an increase in the urinary output of 17 hydroxycorticosteroides

The body s adaptation to stress is optimal for a variable period (stage of resistance) following which adaptation breaks down and exhaustion occurs Adaptation usually breaks down locally and it is possible therefore for some of the features of general adaptation to be present at the same time as the symptoms of local exhaustion Local treatment by hydrocortisone has no systemic effects and is therefore much more satisfactory than general treatment which while producing local remission will at the same time give the symptoms of excessive general adaptation (side effects)

Physiological effects of hydrocortisone in large dosage ("side-effects")



(2) Hydrocortisone also causes a drop in the white cell count especially the eosinophils a fall in temperature and blood sedimentation rate a fall in gamma globulin and a suppression of the reticulo endothelial system

Hydrocortisone given parenterally has therefore two main effects —

(1) *It enhances the response of the body to stress* and is used therapeutically to supplement an inadequate natural response

(2) *It inhibits the inflammatory reaction of tissues* to infective toxic and allergic agents This is therapeutic in the stage of local exhaustion but is potentially dangerous as symptoms are suppressed and infections are enhanced

Prednisone and *prenisolone* are almost identical in effect with cortisone and hydrocortisone but *cause little or no retention of sodium* There is a *greater danger of peptic ulcer and diabetes* developing

The complications of and the contra indications to the use of the corticosteroids can now be worked out

Contra indications to the use of cortisone

ABSOLUTE	Active tuberculosis	
	Previous psychosis	
RELATIVE	Cardiac disease if there is a danger of fluid retention Hypertension	Prednisone or prednisolone indicated
	Mental disturbance and instability	
	Diabetes Peptic ulcer	Prednisone or prednisolone must *not* be used

The Use of Cortisone in Clinical Practice

Local use to suppress the inflammatory reaction of tissues is safe but owing to the danger of side effects and of the suppression of inflammation parenteral therapy should be reserved for acute emergencies or as a last resort for chronic conditions

Uses in General Practice

LOCALLY Dermatology (Chapter VIII)
Soft tissue lesions (Chapter IX)
Allergic eye conditions (in conjunction with an antibiotic only unless under consultant supervision)
Allergic rhinitis (see p 138)

SYSTEMICALLY Rheumatoid arthritis (see p 236) Rarely and usually under hospital supervision
Ulcerative colitis (see p 113) Rarely as simple psychological treatment is usually successful
Fulminating infections Together with antibiotics
Anaphylaxis

Uses in Hospital

The above conditions and also status asthmaticus rheumatic fever collagen diseases certain blood diseases and replacement therapy for Addison s Disease hypopituitrism and after adrenalectomy

Safeguards for the Use of Cortisone

These hormones are dangerous weapons which merely suppress the manifestations of disease Complications may develop insidiously They should never be used when a less dangerous drug will do as well When used in general practice the following safeguards are wise —

(1) A radiograph of the chest to exclude tuberculosis
(2) *Careful minimal dosage* should rarely exceed 100 mgm of cortisone or 20 mgm of prednisone daily initially dropping to a maintenance of 25–75 mgm of cortisone or 5–15 mgm of prednisone and *tapering off gradually on completion of treatment* By administering hormones the function of the adrenal cortex in producing these is depressed and must be given time to recover Death can occur from adrenal failure if cortisone is stopped suddenly
(3) If on high dosage for a long time a low sodium diet is wise together with added potassium citrate (at least 8 gm daily is necessary—this is contained in ½ oz Mist Pot Cit t d s) Blood pressure and urine should be checked monthly

The Dangerous Complications of Corticosteroid Therapy

Peptic ulcers which can perforate without symptoms
Asymptomatic infections especially tuberculosis and appendicitis
Pathological fractures due to osteoporosis

Severe congestive cardiac failure
Diabetes mellitus
Malignant hypertension
Psychosis

THE ANTIHISTAMINE GROUP OF DRUGS

Tolerance to the side effects of these drugs is attained without tolerance to their action (Warin 1950) Promethazine (Phenergan) has the longest action and is useful when drowsiness is required as a side effect triprolidine (Actidil) and chlorcyclizine (Histantin) act for over twelve hours and can be given twice daily these three and chlorpeniramine (Piriton) are the most powerful of the group Phenindamine (Thephorin) is distinguished from the other drugs of this group in that it rarely produces drowsiness and may even have a slight stimulating effect

A car should not be driven while taking antihistamines

Drug	Manufacturer	Preparation	Equivalent Dose	Time of Action in hours
Actidil (Triprolidine)	Burroughs Wellcome	Tablets 2 5 mgm		12
Ancolan (Meclozine)	B D H	Tablets 25 mgm		6–12
Anthisan (Mepyramine maleate B P)	May & Baker	Tablets 100 mgm 50 mgm	150 mgm	5–7
Antistin (Antazoline)	Ciba	Tablets 100 mgm	350 mgm	4½–6½
Benadryl (Diphenhydramine)	Parke Davis	Capsules 50 mgm 25 mgm	200 mgm	8–12
Di Paralene (Chlorcyclizine)	Abbott	Tablets 50 mgm	50–100 mgm	12–24
Histryl (Diphenylpyraline)	S K F	Spansule 2 5 mgm		1
Histantin (Chlorcyclizine)	Burroughs Wellcome	Tablets 50 mgm	50–100 mgm	12–24
Histostab (Antazoline)	Boots	Tablets 100 mgm	350 mgm	4½–6½
Phenergan (Promethazine Hydrochloride B P)	May & Baker	Tablets 50 mgm 10 mgm	25 mgm	24–36
Piriton (Chlorpeniramine)	Allen & Hanburys	Tablets 4 mgm		4–6
Piriton (Duolets)	Allen & Hanburys	2 x 4 mgm		8–10
Pyribenzamine (Tripelennamine)	Ciba	Tablets 50 mgm	160 mgm	4–6
Thephorin (Phenindamine)	Roche	Tablets 25 mgm		6–12

initially until it is certain that they do not cause drowsiness or disorientation

The following drugs can be prescribed in the form of an elixir Actidil Anthisan Benadryl Phenergan Piriton Pyribenzamine

The effect of antihistamines is enhanced when given intra muscularly Anthisan Antistin Histostab and Piriton are marketed in ampoules

Avomine (May & Baker) Vibazine (Buclizine) Dramamine (Dimenhydrinate) and Marzine (Cyclizine) are mainly used for travel and pregnancy sickness

Antitussives

An irritant cough can be controlled by means of drugs which depress the cough reflex or by substances having a local soothing action Coughing can also be controlled voluntarily to some extent

Boyd (1946) found that a syrup alone controlled coughing completely in two thirds of a small series for about two hours *Sucking a pebble taking frequent warm drinks or inhaling* steam will also control many coughs Simple throat lozenges such as Troch Glycyrrhize Co B P C (*Brompton Cough Lozenges*) and *Troch Formaldehydi* can be replaced by Troch Benzocaine Co B P C for a short time if the cough is very irritable

Drugs for the control of a cough are usually combined *with* a syrup in the form of a Linctus

LINCTUSES

(a) Containing Pholcodine

Experiments on animals showed pholcodine to be a more effective cough suppressant than codeine and Snell and Armitage (1957) showed in controlled experiments on 45 human subjects that pholcodine and heroin were equally effective and were better than a placebo As pholcodine is not constipating has no side effects with normal dosage and is not a drug of addiction it appears to be the best routine cough suppressant available A dose of 8 mgm or 16 mgm is often necessary in adults

Linctus Pholcodine B N F is orange in colour and contains 4 mgm of pholcodine per teaspoonful as do most of the proprietary Linctuses

Proprietary Linctuses Copholco is a black cough medicine type Ethnine is orange and has a sharp taste Lipect contains antihistamines as well Pholcodine (8 mgm per tsp) is colourless Pholcomed is a blackcurrant syrup Rubelix is red and also contains ephedrine (gr $\frac{1}{10}$ per tsp)

(*b*) *Containing Codeine*

Linct Codeine B N F 1957 is a brown syrup The suggested dose of 60 m contains only gr $\frac{1}{4}$ of codeine phosphate The top dose of codeine is gr 1 so that it is perfectly safe to double the suggested dose of the linctus Alternatively *Syrup Codeine Phosphate* (colourless) can be prescribed alone in the same dosage

Codeine proves constipating in large doses Some patients do not like the bitter sweet taste and *some derive no benefit from codeine whatever the dose* The experiments of Hillis (1952) are often quoted as proof of the ineffectiveness of codeine but these were all on one individual!

(*c*) *Containing Morphine*

Linct Scill Opiat B P C (Gee s Linctus) is often bought over the counter by patients and is not so effective as Linctus Pholcodine as it only contains about $\frac{1}{100}$ gr Morphia to the dose ʒii or ʒiii is necessary for the control of a severe cough

(*d*) *Containing Amidone* (*Physeptone*)

Linctus Physeptone is a light brown Linctus containing 2 mg Amidone in each dose of 60 m (ʒi) It is very effective but side effects of giddiness nausea and vomiting are common Patients who take a swig at the bottle may give themselves a day of severe vomiting or vertigo The Linctus should therefore be reserved for a severe cough and the patient warned of possible side effects Up to 10 mgm four hourly may be necessary for the control of a very severe cough (N F 1952) Deaths have occurred in children who have taken a large overdose of this pleasant liquid For children it should be diluted with Syrup or Linctus Simplex pro Infant

(*e*) *Linctus Simplex* This red syrup contains no antitussive and is useful sometimes for prolonged use

ANTITUSSIVE TABLETS For a severe cough dose for dose the most effective antitussive in my experience is Dicodid (Knoll) There are few side effects and it is non constipating in the usual doses There is an analgesic and a mild sedative action It is one of the few antitussives which can conveniently be carried in the bag The normal dose is one or two tablets of gr $\frac{1}{13}$ but for a very severe cough one or two of the strong gr $\frac{1}{6}$ tablets may be used Children over two can be given half a tablet of gr $\frac{1}{13}$ and babies a quarter of a tablet of gr $\frac{1}{13}$ doubling the dose if necessary

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THE DRUG TARIFF PART IV

The following notes will I hope be helpful in the understanding of this List of Appliances

(1) *Cotton wool* is supplied in 1 2 4 8 oz and 1 lb packs In many cases especially for large dressings good quality cotton wool is not necessary and there are the following alternatives —

	Basic price per 16 oz as at April 1957	
	s	*d*
Cotton Wool	5	3
Cotton Wool (Hospital quality)	3	4½
Cotton Wool (Unbleached)	2	8½
Cellulose Tissue	3	4
Cellulose Wadding	2	2½

(2) *Lint* is supplied in packs by weight like cotton wool but *Gauze* is supplied in ¼ ½ 1 3 and 6 sq yd

(3) *Jaconet* is a good alternative to rubber sheeting and is ordered in square feet

(4) *The multiple pack dressing* (*MP dressing*) is useful as it includes 1 oz cotton wool 1 sq yd of gauze and two bandages (2 in)

(5) *Elastic adhesive wound dressings* can be ordered in small medium large and extra large sizes as standard dressings 3 4 5 and 6 respectively

(6) *Elastic hosiery* must be ordered with attention to detail Thigh stockings must be prescribed if the stockings are required to reach well above the knee

The different types of stockings are as follows —

One way Stretch Fine or stout thread seamed or seamless Stout seamed are the strongest of all

Two way Stretch Elastic net Lastex yarn or nylon elastic yarn The elastic net are perhaps the most elegant but do not give much support The Lastex yarn give more support without appearing unattractive The nylon yarn give less support than Lastex and are no more attractive

are common symptoms and nicotinic acid is an important ingredient of many tonics There is danger in prescribing it before an accurate diagnosis has been made

Vitamin C Deficiency The Medical Research Council has conducted experiments showing that the minimum daily requirement is only 10 mgm It was previously thought that 50 mgm were required daily It takes several months of complete deprivation to produce symptoms of fatigue delay in wound healing and gum lesions

Vitamin D Deficiency Rickets is a rare disease in this country now owing to vitaminised margarine and extra milk and cod liver oil in infancy Infants and children under school age may possibly benefit from supplements during the winter 750 units of Vitamin D the suggested daily requirement are provided *in toto* by preparations in the following dosage —

Caps ol hippoglossi 1 twice daily
Cod liver oil compound (Ministry of Food) 2 teaspoonfuls
Adexolin m 6 or 1 capsule
Caps Vit A and D 1 daily
Malt and cod liver oil 9 teaspoonsful
Emuls Abecedin ʒ1 daily
Emuls Ol Vit B P ʒ1 thrice daily

A full list of the contents of the various vitamin preparations has been prepared by Asher (1945)

Diets There are only a few special diets which are of real importance to health and the general practitioner should have a working knowledge of all of them

The following dietary rules are useful in general practice Detailed daily dietaries are never necessary

(1) *Reducing diet* (see p 152)

(2) *Low salt diet* (see end of chapter) This can be used for congestive cardiac failure the toxæmias of pregnancy Menière s syndrome and pre menstrual tension

It is the sodium ion which it is important to reduce and proprietary salt substitutes which contain sodium salts are useless

(3) *Peptic ulcer diet* (see end of chapter) Most hospitals give ulcer patients from one to three diet sheets all of which are usually on the strict side Many of the patients do not stick to their diets and it is better to give them a less strict diet to which they will be more likely to adhere

(4) *Low residue diet* This is necessary in diverticulitis ulcerative colitis spastic colon and for patients with a colostomy The following foods should be avoided —

CHAPTER XXXIII

DIETETICS

A SOUND knowledge of the general principles of dietetics is essential to the general practitioner Patients are continually asking him what they should eat during a particular illness and whether certain foods are likely to do them harm

A rough idea of the composition of certain of the common foodstuffs is invaluable The following points are of interest and are not as well known as they should be —

(1) *Potatoes* The calorie value is only one quarter that of the same weight of bread The vitamin C content is from 1 to 8 mgm per ounce the higher values being in new potatoes In many working class families potatoes used to be the only source of this vitamin

(2) *Meat* This does not provide such concentrated protein as might be imagined Most types of meat contain only 10–20 per cent of protein White bread contains 8 5 per cent and peas beans biscuits and cereals contain similar or greater amounts (8–12 per cent)

(3) *Vitamins* A diet containing milk butter eggs fresh fruit or vegetables and cereals contains all the vitamins necessary for the normal person It is doubtful whether vitamins in normal dosage are ever of value in persons eating a normal diet

Gilder (1950) has given a good summary of the symptoms and signs of experimentally induced vitamin deficiency in man

Vitamin A Deficiency Deficiency of dark adaptation due to this cause is uncommon It is the only sign which was found in subjects deprived of vitamin A for periods up to two years compared with controls (Medical Research Council)

Vitamin B Deficiency Riboflavin is present in meat whole meal flour and milk but biosynthesis of B vitamins in the gut also occurs Deficiency leads to cheilosis

Nicotinic acid Slight deficiency leads to loss of weight and strength insomnia headaches and digestive disturbances These

are common symptoms and nicotinic acid is an important ingredient of many tonics There is danger in prescribing it before an accurate diagnosis has been made

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(4) *Low residue diet* This is necessary in diverticulitis ulcerative colitis spastic colon and for patients with a colostomy The following foods should be avoided —

(a) Skins pips, or the coarse fibre of fruit or vegetables vegetables are best passed through a sieve before serving or alternatively tins of homogenized foods can be used

(b) Coarse meat

(c) Brown bread oatmeal bran whole cereal foods

(5) *Concentrated high calorie diet* This is used in convalescence anorexia and debility

(a) *Fluid diet* Milk is the basis of this diet it can be given in variously flavoured drinks particularly those such as Bengers Horlicks etc which add to the calorific value and in custard junket jelly or soup which can be thickened with flour Eggs can be given in milk or custard Protein can be added in the form of half cream National Dried Milk or Casilan (Glaxo) which is an almost tasteless powder containing 90 per cent protein

A milk mixture should have skim milk as the basis otherwise it is too rich 2 400 calories a day and 120 gm of protein are provided by a mixture containing 6 eggs 4 oz of skim milk powder 10 oz sugar 5 gr salt in 2 pints of skim milk

Complan (Glaxo) is a complete diet in powder form and can be taken in water or milk with the addition of flavouring if necessary One pound costing 4*s* 2*d* provides 2 000 calories

(b) *Solid diet* The following foods are high in calorie value and small in bulk —

Biscuits and cheese
Bread and butter
Chocolate
Dates raisins figs nuts
Macaroni cornflour oats rice

(6) *High protein diet* Casilan powder (Glaxo) contains 90 per cent protein and can be drunk in concentrated form as medicine or added to soups milk drinks etc

The following foods have a high protein content —

Meat	10–20 per cent
Canned meat	10–25
Fish (except shell fish)	6–12
Milk	3 3 per cent
Milk powder	25
Eggs	11
Bread	8 5
Macaroni oatmeal wheat products	10–12

LOW SALT (LOW SODIUM) DIET

Do not use salt in any kind of cooking or at the table

Do not use baking powder in any kind of cooking

Use only salt free bread If bread cannot be made at home a baker may be persuaded to omit salt from one or two loaves daily providing a standing order is placed with him Energen rolls are free of salt

Use only salt free butter or margarine (stocked by most grocers now)

Use only half a pint of milk daily

Avoid the following foods which contain salt —

Bacon ham tinned meat sausage kippers meat extract
Cheese processed fish
Tinned vegetables
Sauce pickles ketchup mayonnaise
Potato crisps salted nuts
Beer mineral waters

Dishes may be made more tasty by using herbs and seasoning for cooking and mustard and vinegar on the table Neo Selavom is a salt substitute which pleases some palates

DIET FOR ACID DYSPEPSIA OR ULCER

General Rules (1) Have something to eat every two hours and something by the bedside in case you wake up in the night

(2) Eat slowly It is better to have a milk drink a biscuit or some chocolate than to rush a cooked meal or to go without

(3) Rest before you eat if you are tired or worried

(4) Smoke only after meals if you cannot give up smoking altogether

Avoid the following foods

Foods which irritate the stomach such as strong tea and coffee strong alcohol fried foods pastries new bread pickles

Highly seasoned foods which cause the stomach to pour out acid

When you are suffering from severe indigestion or vomiting
Your two hourly meals should consist mainly of milk drinks custard milk puddings soft cereals and biscuits steamed fish

and white meat If you still suffer from pain on this diet take milk drinks only at hourly or two hourly intervals You should take a dose of medicine or powder whenever you have pain or preferably just before you expect it

When your stomach is not troubling you Aim to take a snack in between each of your main meals and last thing at night Never eat a big meal when you are tired

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CHAPTER XXXIV

THE DOCTOR AND THE LAW

Admission to Mental Hospital Most patients who need mental hospital treatment can be persuaded to go as voluntary patients and this method is always to be preferred as voluntary treatment leads to a better relationship between doctor and patient in hospital Transport is arranged to hospital and the patient signs an admission form when he arrives He can discharge himself at any time after giving three days notice in writing

If voluntary admission is not agreed to by the patient and he is likely to be a danger to himself or the community the Duly Authorised Officer a full time lay official should be telephoned He can confine the patient to hospital for three days on an order signed by himself alone (three day order) but it is usually wise to meet him at the patient s house A three day order is unfortunately only valid for certain designated hospitals The D A O can also admit a patient on a fourteen day order but for this he needs the help of a magistrate Admission on one of these orders is useful if a patient states that he is willing to enter hospital voluntarily and then tries to back out at the last moment The patient can if necessary be detained further in hospital as a voluntary certified or temporary patient (this latter method is used mainly for toxic psychosis)

These methods of admission save the patient the unpleasantness and if young the future consequences of certification

Certification is usually performed in hospital but it may be necessary outside It is not a permanent step and it is possible for the patient to be discharged later on medical grounds or on the request of his next of kin a request which is rarely refused

Certification is by a Summary Reception Order (commonest) by Judicial order on Petition or by an Urgency Order

CERTIFICATION BY A SUMMARY RECEPTION ORDER The

D A O gives notice to a Justice who within three days calls in a doctor (usually the patient s general practitioner) and the three usually meet at the patient s house

CERTIFICATION BY JUDICIAL ORDER If there is no urgency a relative makes a petition to a County Court Judge a Stipendiary Magistrate or a Justice of the Peace which must be accompanied by two medical certificates One is usually signed by the patient s own medical attendant and the other must be signed by a practitioner who is not in partner ship with him nor related to him or the patient This certifi cate can be signed by a consultant psychiatrist who has been called in Each doctor must have examined the patient separately within seven days of the presentation of the petition The order remains in force for fourteen days

CERTIFICATION BY AN URGENCY ORDER The order must be signed by a relative or the D A O and requires the support of one medical certificate The order remains in force for seven days

MEDICAL CERTIFICATION OF INSANITY Should a sane person be certified he can bring an action for damages against the doctor who has certified him if he has acted in bad faith or without reasonable care The D A O will assist a doctor in drafting the certificate if he has any difficulties Good first hand evidence must be included in the certificate What the patient has said should be given in his own words and what he does and looks like should be described in detail There must be details sufficient for a diagnosis of psychosis to be made from the certificate alone

Death Certification and Inquests The Coroner should be informed (through his officer who may be full time or one of the local policemen) if a doctor is called to see a person who has died as a result of violence or suddenly from an unknown cause or who may have died an unnatural death The Coroner arranges for a post mortem if necessary and in certain cases holds an inquest

A statement is made to the coroner s officer and signed This is usually read out by the coroner at the inquest for the doctor s confirmation It usually commences in the form

I am a registered medical practitioner residing at
On (date) I was called to see Facts only should be stated and these should be written in plain English which the average juryman can understand—long technical words

should be avoided Nothing should be stated as fact which cannot be proved and the following type of jargon is therefore usual The injury is consistent with having been caused by In my opinion death was due to There is not sufficient evidence to state in what manner death was caused

Most coroners take the medical evidence first so that the doctor need not be detained

The Magistrates Court There are usually two or three magistrates and the chairman is addressed as Your Worship Always speak slowly clearly and audibly The evidence given in this court is taken down and after being read over to the witness is signed by him The evidence is subject to cross examination and if questioning is likely to arise out of it an answer should previously be decided for any possible question that may be asked The opposing solicitor usually tries to force witnesses into mistakes but there is no need to be pinned down to a definite answer One can always say possibly or under the circumstances I could not give an opinion I am not an expert in the matter

Professional privilege is not upheld in a Court of Law and a doctor may be asked to divulge matter which he has been told by the patient in confidence He can be summoned for contempt of court if he fails to answer questions concerning his patient

Serious cases are passed on from the Magistrates Court to await trial by jury at the County Assizes

The County Assizes The Judge is addressed as Your Honour Procedure is similar to that of the Magistrates Court Cross examination is usually by a barrister All evidence must be given in words which the average juryman can understand and an explanation of the evidence must be so simple that a child would understand it

Alcoholism A doctor may have to give an opinion as to whether an individual is under the influence of alcohol and if so whether he is capable of controlling a car with safety The individual may refuse an examination if he wishes

The opinion should be based on an accumulation of evidence obtained by hearing the police officer s story taking a history from the accused individual while noting his speech and

manner and examining him The blood pressure temperature and pulse should be taken he should be asked for a sample of his writing and should do a few simple tests to demonstrate co ordination The police are told merely the final opinion and no evidence obtained from the patient should be divulged

A blood or urine alcohol estimation may be of value as additional information

A negative blood alcohol reading excludes drunkenness but a positive reading does not permit of a diagnosis of drunkenness unless it is very high (0 4 per cent or above) This is a level produced by about five pints of strong beer or about one third of a bottle of spirits 0 3 per cent of alcohol in the urine usually signifies intoxication It is equivalent to a blood alcohol of 0 23 per cent (Sydney Smith)

The real alcoholic may be sobered by the accident while a nervous person who has drunk little may be shaken and upset by it

Further details are given in the B M A s pamphlet 'The Recognition of Intoxication

Legal Aspects of Adoption A doctor who is approached by parents who wish to adopt a child or wish to have a child adopted is well advised to get in touch with the Children s Officer of his County Council (or County Borough Council) and ask him to make the necessary arrangements

If he is instrumental in placing a child for adoption (i e by putting the parent and adopter in contact) he must notify the Children s Officer at least seven days before the placing or he may render himself liable for prosecution

A mother may place a child for adoption as soon as she wishes but may not give formal consent until it is at least six weeks old

The adoption order is not made until the child has been with the prospective adopting parents for at least three months after the Children s Officer has been notified of the intention to adopt

The parents must each be at least twenty one and one must be at least twenty five and at least twenty one years older than the child

Reference

SMITH SYDNEY (1949) Forensic Medicine and Toxicology 9th Edn

APPENDIX I

The Emergency Bag

Under the National Health Service a doctor is required to carry with him merely those drugs which are necessary for emergency treatment There are many occasions however when it may be several hours before a patient s relatives can get drugs from a chemist and if the doctor has a small supply of various drugs to tide a patient over until the morrow he will be responsible for much symptomatic relief and will occasionally abort a serious illness The doctor s ordinary bag should therefore also be his emergency bag It should be locked if left in the car

The following articles include all that is necessary for the immediate treatment of any emergency the general practitioner is likely to meet

(1) **Stationery etc** (Kept in wallet or folder)

Prescription pad.

Certificates (loose leaves from each pad to save space) First Intermediate Supplementary Ophthalmic Private

Forms Registration Temporary Resident Hospital Appointment Pathological Request

Record Cards Vaccination Diphtheria Immunization Male and Female Continuation Cards

Notepaper and Envelopes

British National Formulary

(2) **Tablets** (Kept in box or compartment of bag in small containers)

Sulphadimidine (or other sulphonamide) at least 20 tablets as one patient often needs 10 to last him until next day

Caps *Tetracycline V*

Tabs Codein Co

Tabs Acid Acetylsal Sol (for children)

Tabs Piriton, Phenergan } (or other antihistamines)

Tabs Cyclobarbitone gr 1½—Short acting } Barbiturates

Tabs Butobarbitone gr 1½—Medium acting } Barbiturates

Tabs Phenobarbitone gr ½ and 1—Long acting } Barbiturates

Tabs Digitalis folia

Tabs Dicodid gr 1/13

Tabs Isoprenaline Sulphate B P C

Tabs Cascara Sagrada gr 2

Tabs Prodexin
Tabs Trinitrinæ
Tabs Dindevan
Lamellæ cocaine

Several of these tablets can be kept together in one small container e g both the antihistamines or all the barbiturates In most cases only about ten of each kind of tablet need be kept

(3) **Ampoules for Injection**

Morphia gr ¼ and hyoscine gr 1/100
Morphia gr ¼ (or omnopon gr 1/3)
Sod Gardenal 1 c c (phenobarbitone 3 gr)
Adrenaline 1/1000
Nikethamide (or other analeptic)
Hydrocortisone Intravenous
Xylocaine 1 per cent
Femergin
Mersalyl
Hexamethonium bromide 25 mgm
Cyanocobalamin
Piriton
Aminophylline

Bottles of these can also be kept separately in the car or in another larger bag

(4) **Injection Box**

Syringe in screw top case or metal container (*This should be boiled between injections*)
Spare hypodermic needles
Insulin } or in car or other bag
Antitetanus serum }
Diphtheria prophylactic }
Triple antigen }
Whooping cough prophylactic
Penicillin G Triplopen Tetracycline Intramuscular
Aqua dest
Cetrimide surgical spirit (or other antiseptic)

(5) **Surgical Instruments** (In a box or case)

Some keep these in a separate bag but it sometimes saves time if a few instruments are kept in the general bag

Scalpel blades
Hæmostat
Scissors
Eye spud
Aural forceps
Splinter forceps
Trochar and cannula
Nasal speculum
Probe
Needles and suture material

(6) **Miscellaneous** (Loose in bag or in the car *)
Electric auriscope
Stethoscope
Sphygmomanometer
Death certificates
Torch
Throat swab
Thermometer
Tape measure
Rubber catheter
Stomach tube
Tubes for collection of blood specimens (straight for serum reactions and grouping oxalated for counts E S R and urea)
Clinistix 25 per cent salicyl sulphonic acid in polythene squeeze bottle (or Altest tablets)
Cetrimide cream (or other lubricant)
Finger stalls
Sodium citrate 3 8 per cent (for E S R)
Antiseptic powder

(7) **Dressings** Small quantities of these are invaluable in the general bag and larger amounts can be kept in the car or in the obstetric bag
Bandages cotton wool elastoplast tulle gras gauze

I also keep rubber gloves a vaginal speculum morphine suppositories and tablets of Pethidine 50 mgm and Physeptone 5 mgm

The bag needs refilling every week or so but as there are alternatives for most of the important drugs it is of small moment if one has run out

* If many things are left in the car it means a trip back to it when they are needed When very busy it is tempting to omit an examination if the instruments required are not immediately available

APPENDIX II

The Obstetric Bag

The list which follows is what covers the minimum requirements (including equipment necessary to deal with a case in the absence of a midwife)

(1) **For Asepsis.**
   Gown and/or rubber or plastic apron
   Masks
   Rubber gloves
   Nail brush
   Cetrimide cream (or Hibitane cream) Cetrimide solution (or Hibitane)

(2) **Instruments, etc**
   2 pairs scissors
   6 pairs hæmostats
   Dissecting forceps—toothed and non toothed
   Rubber catheter
   Mucus catheter rubber ended
   Simpsons or other obstetric forceps
   4 needles—half curved cutting
   2 needles—half curved round bodied
   Catgut (No 0 and No 1)
   Braided silk braided nylon or silk worm gut (skin sutures)
   Sim s speculum
   Syringes—2 c c and 10 c c with needles
   Fœtal stethoscope
   2 kidney bowls
   Lithotomy crutch—webbing

(3) **Anæsthetic Equipment**
   Trilene apparatus
   Chloroform or ether
   Face mask
   Drop bottle
   Airway
   Tongue forceps
   Mouth gag
   Xylocaine 1 per cent

(4) **Resuscitation Equipment**
   2 intravenous sets
   2 bottles glucose saline or Dextran

(5) **Drugs**

Pethilorphan containing pethidine 100 mgm and levallorphan 1 25 mgm in 2 ml
Ergometrine 0 5 mgm in 1 ml
Atropine gr 1/100 in 1 ml
Vitamin K 10 mgm in 1 ml
Omnopon gr ⅓ in 1 ml
Tabs Cyclobarbitone gr 1½ (or other short acting barbiturate)
Nalorphine (Lethidrone) 1 mgm in 1 ml
Hyalase

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Height This varies so tremendously that other considerations should guide the physician in deciding whether a child is progressing normally or not

Weight The weight for age and height as compared with the average matters little owing to the tremendous variation in build What matters is whether the child is gaining weight or not Failure to gain weight in a child is tantamount to a loss of weight in an adult but it must be remembered that a child gains weight irregularly Between the ages of twelve months and three years there may be no weight gain at all for periods of 6–12 months while fat is being worked off by vigorous exercise and height is increasing At six years of age the average child is 42 inches high and weighs 42 lb

APPENDIX III

Milestones in Physical and Mental Development

3 to 4 months	Recognises mother
	Holds out hands to object
	Lifts head when prone and holds it steady
5 to 6 months	Sits with slight support
	Makes vowel and consonant sounds
	Understands No
9 months	Sits without support
12 months	Stands with support and walks with help
	Says one or two words
18 months	Bowel control attained
	Walks alone
	Says a few words
	Tries to put on shoes and use a spoon
2 years	Bladder control attained
	Obeys simple orders
	Makes short sentences from vocabulary of about 200 words
2½–3 years	Puts on shoes
	Opens doors
	Does up large button

Learning to walk learning to talk and achieving control over the bowels and bladder all take place during the second year in the average child Much depends on the individual child and the way he is trained

The Teeth The first tooth may have erupted before birth or it may be delayed until 12 months The following figures are therefore average ones

6 to 8 months—lower central incisors
7 to 9 months—upper central incisors
9 to 12 months—lateral incisors
12 to 18 months—1st molars
18 to 20 months—canines
24 to 28 months—2nd molars

Permanent Teeth

6 years —1st molars
7 to 8 years—incisors
9 to 10 years—premolars
12 to 14 years—canines
17 to 25 years—wisdoms

Primary Vaccination of School Children and Adults This is not advised except in epidemic periods although it should be carried out if the parents request it Encephalomyelitis following vaccination is rare but it is most likely to occur following primary vaccination at school age

If there is no urgency the number of pressures can be reduced to ten while if there is risk of exposure to smallpox or exposure has occurred insertions should be made in two separate areas at least an inch apart Complete protection is almost certain if vaccination takes place within twenty four hours of exposure to infection and modification occurs with vaccination within three days of exposure

Re vaccination The Ministry of Health recommends this on entering and again on leaving school Re vaccination is of course necessary for those about to travel overseas Doctors and nurses should be re vaccinated every three years

Technique This is the same as for primary vaccination

Inspection This should occur on the third and seventh days

Recording of Result A record of no reaction will not be accepted A typical primary vaccination may be seen on the seventh day an accelerated reaction on the third (progressing to vesicle formation) or a local reaction without vesiculation (reaction of immunity) in the form of a small itching papule on the third day If no reaction is seen vaccination should be repeated at least twice

Immunization against Diphtheria As recently as 1941 more than one tenth of all the deaths of children from one to fourteen years was due to diphtheria To day death from diphtheria is rare and many practitioners have not seen a case of diphtheria for years This altered state of affairs can only persist if the immunization campaign which has been responsible for the change is continued

Many infants and children are immunized at Local Authority Clinics but general practitioners should always have a supply of prophylactic to hand so that they can immunize children immediately a parent expresses the desire to have it done Five shillings is paid by the Local Authority for each record of immunization

Optimum Age Three to five months At this age antibody from the mother has disappeared and the baby is too young to suffer psychological trauma from the injections

Dose 1 ml T A F subcutaneously followed by 1 ml after one month

Complications Locally a small area of tender induration is usual General febrile reactions are less common

Contra indications There has been shown to be a slight but definite risk of post inoculation poliomyelitis if injections are given at a time when there are cases of poliomyelitis in the area

Boosting Dose 1 ml T A F may be given just before school entry at age five

Immunization against Whooping Cough The value of this procedure has been *sub judice* until recently but it has now been

APPENDIX IV

Vaccination and Immunization

Vaccination against Smallpox This has not been compulsory since 1948 That it is still very necessary has been shown by recent small outbreaks of smallpox in which only unvaccinated persons have died A fee of five shillings is paid to doctors by the Local Authority for each record of successful vaccination or re vaccination

The lymph obtained from the Local Authority Laboratory will keep for seven days at room temperature or fourteen days in a refrigerator

The details which follow are based mainly on the Memorandum on Vaccination against Smallpox (No 312) issued by the Ministry of Health in 1948

Primary Vaccination of Infants Not only does this give good protection until school age and a slight degree of protection thereafter but it ensures that any subsequent vaccination performed as a routine procedure before travel or in an emergency will be unlikely to produce a severe local or general reaction

No individual should be vaccinated who is suffering from allergic eczema as the danger of death following vaccination is great There is no danger of precipitating anterior poliomyelitis

Optimum Age Four months (3 to 6 months)

Site Posterior border of the deltoid Reactions are likely to be more severe if the leg is used

Cleaning of the Skin Soap and water or spirit should be used as many antiseptics inactivate the virus

Method The Ministry of Health recommend the *multiple pressure* technique which has been used in the United States for many years It is almost painless as it involves a minimum of trauma and septic complications are uncommon

Technique A drop of lymph is placed on the skin and a sharp straight needle is held tangential to the arm The point is pressed firmly and rapidly into the drop about 30 times the needle being lifted clear of the skin each time At each pressure the elasticity of the skin pulls a little of the epidermis over the needle point so that the virus is carried into the deep layers of the epidermis Excess lymph is wiped off and the skin allowed to dry

A dressing is not recommended until the reaction occurs when a piece of sterile gauze should be used and kept in place with small strips of plaster Dressings tend to create a warm damp atmosphere favouring secondary infection

Inspection This can be done at any time from seven to ten days after vaccination

(4) 12–15 months Booster of Triple Antigen (or tetanus toxoid alone)

A call up at one year will make sure that no child misses initial immunization It is important that three doses of Triple Antigen should be given and with most patients the safest way is to have three injections at monthly intervals

Vaccination against Typhoid This is only necessary for persons going abroad or nurses going to fever hospitals The vaccine consists of killed cultures of typhoid and paratyphoid A and B (T A B) 1 ml is given subcutaneously followed by 1 ml (double strength) after ten days It is common for a first inoculation to produce redness and swelling of the whole arm together with headache and fever for twenty four to forty eight hours

Vaccination against Yellow Fever This is done at special centres for those going abroad The Medical Officer of Health knows the whereabouts of the nearest centre

Tuberculin Tests The Mantoux intracutaneous test remains the most accurate

The Mantoux Test This usually commences with 0 1 ml of 1/1000 old tuberculin and if this is negative two days later 0 1 ml of 1/100 old tuberculin A positive reaction will have appeared after forty eight hours as an area of erythema at least 5 mm in diameter with a red macule in the centre It indicates that a tubercular infection has occurred A negative reaction with the 1/100 dilution practically excludes tuberculous infection at any age

The Jelly Test This is not now regarded as reliable

B C G Vaccination The Medical Research Council trial vaccination of over 50 000 school leavers in 1951 and 1952 showed a reduction of 82 per cent in the incidence of tuberculosis in the tuberculin negative group (M R C 1956 *Brit Med J* **1** 414)

The procedure is now safe and it should be offered to all Mantoux negative contacts of cases of tuberculosis and to all those who have to work in close contact with cases of tuberculosis especially nurses

The person to be inoculated should be isolated from all active cases of tuberculosis for a period of six weeks before and six weeks after the inoculation The substance used is a living but avirulent tubercle bacillus There is little general reaction to the inoculation but the local lesion may lead to necrosis and suppuration and there may be a painful axillary adenitis Local reactions may take several months to resolve completely A small white scar similar to a vaccination scar is the usual end result

Poliomyelitis Vaccination Protection may be of the order of 80 per cent following the injection of two doses of the British vaccine at an interval of 3–6 weeks There is rarely any local reaction and no serious reactions whatever have been reported (M R C 1957 *Brit Med J* **1** 1271) It is considered safe to vaccinate while poliomyelitis is present in the district Protection is thought to commence within six weeks

shown by the Medical Research Council in controlled trials that vaccinated children have less than one third the chance of catching whooping cough and that those who catch it are only one third as likely to have a severe attack The chance of getting a severe attack is therefore greatly reduced More potent vaccines are being prepared

Optimum Age Three to five months

Dose Three doses of 1 ml intramuscularly at not less than monthly intervals

Contra indications A personal or family history of convulsions or any cerebral lesion

Combined Diphtheria and Whooping Cough Immunization This is as effective as when the immunization is performed separately and is more convenient The recent suspended vaccine gives a minimal local reaction There is possibly more danger of the precipitation of poliomyelitis with the combined vaccine

Optimum Age Three to five months

Dose Usually three doses of 1 ml at monthly intervals The interval should be lengthened rather than shortened if monthly injections are not practicable A two month delay between first and second injections and a four month delay between second and third is quite safe (Any Questions 1955 *Brit Med J* ii 447)

Antitetanus Immunization and Triple Antigen The inclusion of tetanus toxoid with the combined diphtheria and whooping cough vaccine does not increase the severity of the reaction appreciably Active immunization against tetanus is more certain than passive protection with antitoxin It eliminates the risk of immediate or delayed reactions to antitoxin (which can kill) and reduces the possibility of tetanus arising from trivial injuries A booster should be given after 6–12 months

Active immunization against tetanus should also be undertaken after anyone has received an injection of antitoxin Three 1 ml doses of toxoid are given with intervals of 6–12 weeks and 6–12 months Immunity is maintained by five yearly boosters

Persons who are actively immune (two injections within six months or three within five years) and are injured require a boosting dose of 1 ml of toxoid unless the third dose of the primary course or a boosting dose has been given less than eighteen months previously (Parish H J *et al* 1957 *Brit Med J* i 639)

A Suggested Scheme of Immunization

(The first three parts of this scheme have been found safe and practicable in general practice and the fourth completes the ideal)

(1)	3 months	1 ml Triple Antigen
(2)	4–5 months	1 ml Triple Antigen Vaccination
(3)	5–8 months	1 ml Triple Antigen Repeat Vaccination if necessary

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